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THE NEW YORKER

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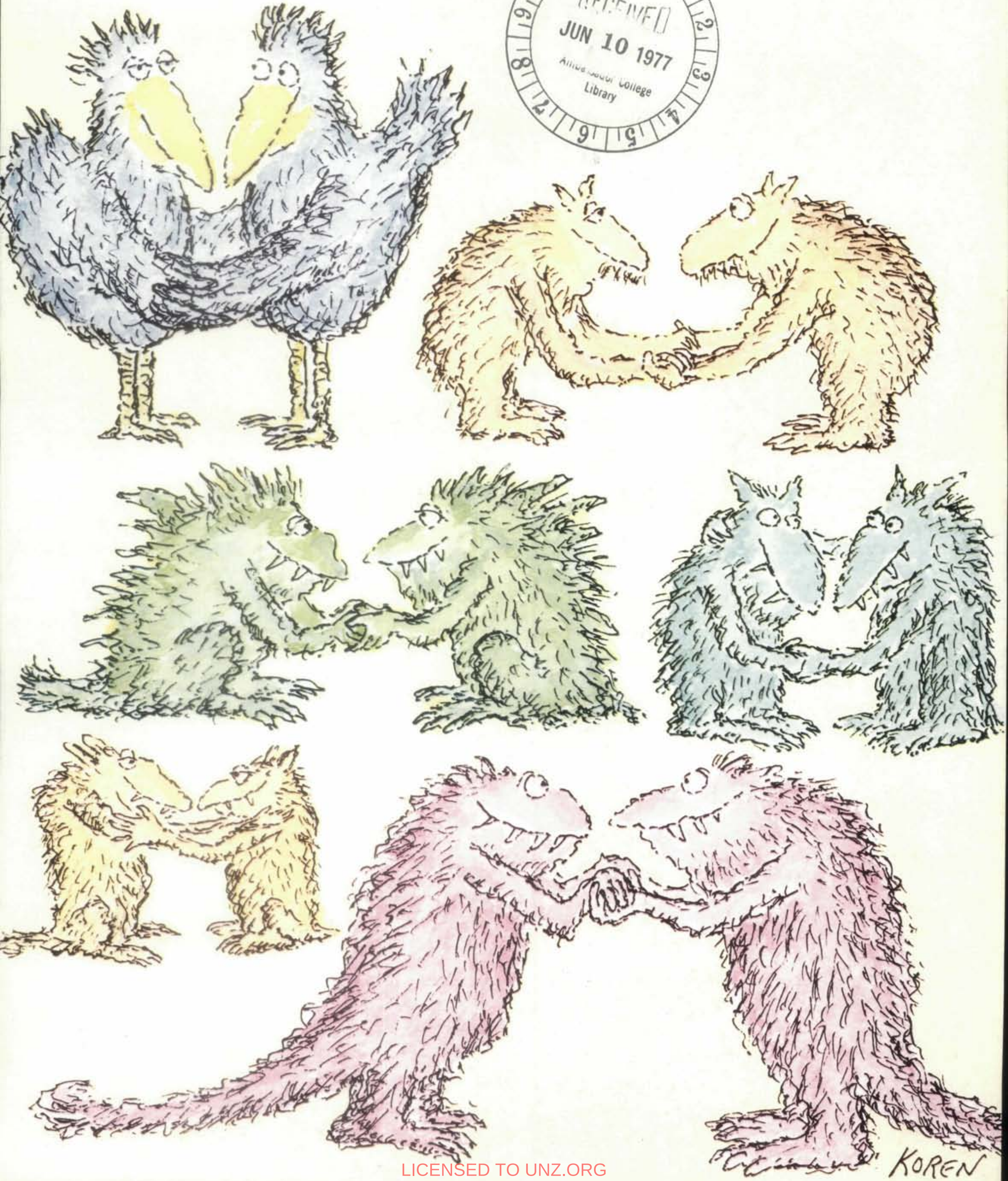

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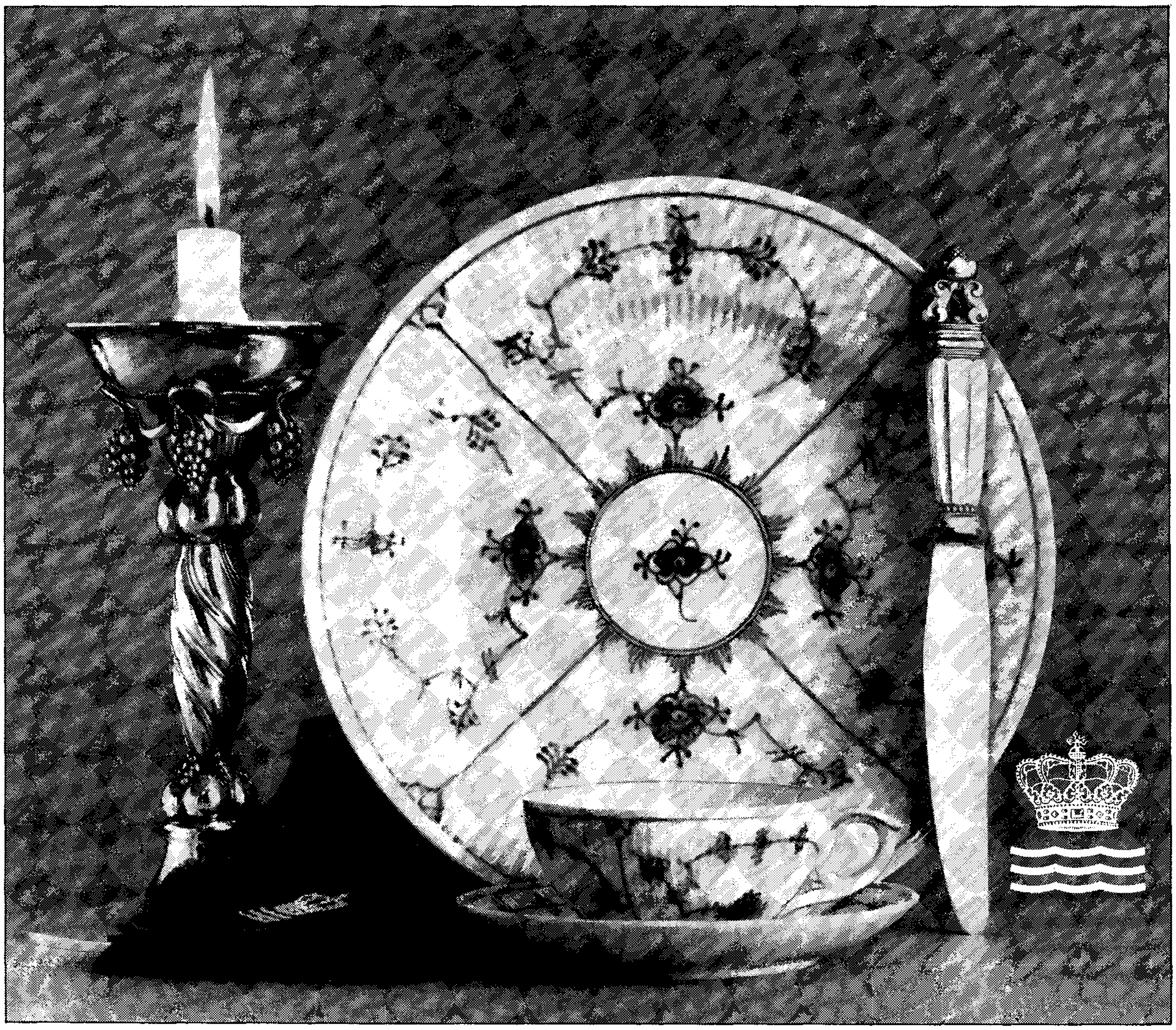

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Agamemnon—Andrei Serban's odd but often effective interpretation of the terrifying play by Aeschylus. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 787-8080. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, June 19.)

American Buffalo—A comedy by David Mamet. Kenneth McMillan, John Savage, and Robert Duvall work very hard but in vain. (Belasco, 111 W. 44th St. 354-4490. Nightly at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, June 11.)

Anna Christie—A sluggish and dull-witted play, which was in no need of revival. The early O'Neill melodrama serves as a vehicle for Liv Ullmann, who is very pretty, if not very convincing. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Annie—An old-fashioned musical, based on the once popular comic strip "Little Orphan Annie." The agreeable book is by Thomas Meehan, and the so-so songs are by Charles Strouse and Martin Charnin. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Ashes—This British import by David Rudkin tells of the unsuccessful efforts of a most engaging young couple first to conceive a child and later to adopt one—a sad situation, indeed, but an exhilarating play, for Mr. Rudkin is a true dramatist, who writes with feeling, wit, and style. The performances of Brian Murray and Roberta Maxwell as the husband and wife, and of John Tillinger and Veronica Castang as an assortment of other characters, are as close to perfection as makes no matter. Lynne Meadow is the excellent director. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, June 26.)

The Basic Training of Pavlo Hummel—A faultless revival of David Rabe's play about a miserable young soldier in Vietnam. Al Pacino gives a model performance in the role of Hummel. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

The Club—Eve Merriam's musical entertainment is set in a gentlemen's club in 1903, but the company consists of seven women, lightly disguised in top hats, white tie, and tails, who sing and dance to authentic, indelicate songs of the period. As feminist projects go, this one is unusually good-humored, and the singing, and especially the dancing, under Tommy Tune's direction is proficient and pleasing. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Daddy—A play by Ed Bullins, directed by Woodie King, Jr. Opens Thursday, June 9, and will run through Sunday, June 19. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. Thursdays through Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Free.)

Dear Liar—Jerome Kilty and Deann Mears in a revival of the two-character comedy adapted by Mr. Kilty from the correspondence of Mrs. Patrick Campbell and George Bernard Shaw. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 924-7160. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday at 2. Closes Sunday, June 12.)

Exiles—James Joyce's only play, written in 1914, is about the return home of an Irish writer and his wife after nine years in Rome, and about many other matters besides. The play is absorbing, in large part because of the ideas and feelings that preoccupied Joyce at the time, and it is competently presented with Alan Jordan and Stephanie Gordon in the leading roles. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Wednesday through Friday at 8, and Saturday at 7 and 10. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, June 12.)

Gemini—In Albert Innaurato's very funny comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social, but is actually sexual. With Danny Aiello as the father and Anne DeSalvo, Jonathan Hadary, and Robert Picardo, among other good actors. Peter Mark Schifter directed. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Happy End—Bertolt Brecht and Kurt Weill set this musical about a Salvation Army lass who loves a gangster in what was for them, in 1929, an imaginary Chicago. Meryl Streep is charming as the heroine, and Christopher Lloyd does well opposite her, but it is the marvellous score, including such songs as "Surabaya Johnny" and "The Bilbao Song," that makes the evening indelible. Translation by Michael Feingold, direction by Robert Kalfin. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

I Love My Wife—A rather simpleminded little study of attempted wife-swapping in Trenton, New Jersey. Some lively songs by Cy Coleman, and some lively performances, especially by Lenny Baker. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Importance of Being Earnest—A revival of the Oscar Wilde comedy, with Patricia Conolly, John Glover, James Valentine, Kathleen Widdoes, Elizabeth Wilson, Mary Louise Wilson, and G. Wood. Stephen Porter directed. Preview on Wednesday, June 15. Opens officially on Thursday, June 16. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The King and I—A joyous revival of the Rodgers and Hammerstein success of twenty-six years ago. Yul Brynner is better than ever as the King—and what songs! (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Lily Tomlin in "Appearing Nitely"—Miss Tom-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

lin embodies many amusing characters and a few sad ones, and is a formidable character in her own right. A most welcome Broadway début. (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Wednesday and Thursday at 8; Friday and Saturday at 7 and 10; and Sunday at 7:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, June 12.)

MUMMENSCHANZ—A merry evening of pantomime with three masked players—Andrés Bossard and Bernie Schürch, from Switzerland, and Floriana Frassetto, from Italy. The masks are ingenious and surprising, and so are the ideas of this nimble troupe. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

OH! CALCUTTA!—A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 9:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2.)

OTHERWISE ENGAGED—Tom Courtenay and a first-rate company in a comedy by the English playwright Simon Gray. The hero is a publisher who prefers to have as few feelings as possible; this proves harder than he has had reason to hope. Directed by Harold Pinter. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

DER RING GOTT FARBLONJET—A lavish, strenuous, on-and-off amusing, and interminable prank by Charles Ludlam's prankish Ridiculous Theatrical Company. The title describes all. (Truck and Warehouse Theatre, 79 E. 4th St. 228-8558. Saturdays at 8.)

THE 2ND GREATEST ENTERTAINER IN THE WHOLE WIDE WORLD—Dick Shawn in a one-man show. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

THE SHADOW BOX—A play by Michael Cristofer about how people face the imminence of death. With Joyce Ebert, Patricia Elliott, and Laurence Luckinbill. The director is Gordon Davidson. (Morosco, 217 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

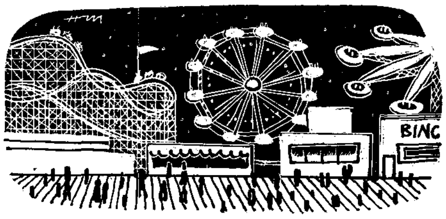
SIDE BY SIDE BY SONDHEIM—An excellent display of Sondheim songs, splendidly performed by three English singers, accompanied with modesty and grace by two American pianists. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

SLY FOX—Robert Preston, Jack Gilford, Bob Dishy, Hector Elizondo, and John Heffernan, all in rip-roaring, farcical high spirits. The author is Larry Gelbart, standing on the shoulders of rare Ben Jonson. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

STARTING HERE, STARTING NOW—The agreeable songs of Richard Maltby, Jr. (lyrics) and David Shire (music) as very well sung, with a minimum of performance, by Margery Cohen, Loni Ackerman, and George Lee Andrews. It all adds up to an evening of tuneful merriment that is more cabaret than theatre. (Barbarann, 349 W. 46th St. 541-6150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

YOUR ARMS TOO SHORT TO BOX WITH GOD—Rousing song and dance, inspired by the New Testament and turned into frisky show biz by Vinnette Carroll. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. JU 2-3897. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.)

LONG RUNS—**BUBBLING BROWN SUGAR:** Harlem in the twenties, when it was part of the nightclub merry-go-round. A scrapbook of great songs and lively dancing by a cast both old and young. (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2:30.)... **CALIFORNIA SUITE:** Four sketches about the occupants (at different times) of Suite 203 at the Beverly Hills Hotel. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **CHICAGO:** Purportedly about some tough folk in the Windy City in the twenties. A musical that defies even the great Bob Fosse to make it merry. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. A brilliant, innovative musical, conceived, choreographed, and directed by Michael Bennett. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **EQUUS:** Peter Shaffer's continuously exciting melodrama about a boy who mutilates six horses in the very act of worshipping them. With Anthony Perkins and Ralph Seymour, directed by John Dexter. Starting Tuesday, June 13, Leonard Nimoy will replace Mr. Perkins. (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** 7,129 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **FOR COLORED GIRLS WHO HAVE CONSIDERED SUICIDE:** The marvellous poems and prose of an American writer, Ntozake Shange, are spoken and danced to by seven remarkably gifted young black women. The director, Oz Scott, must be given high credit for the captivating result. Choreography by Paula Moss. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 265-1855. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)... **GREASE:** A musical that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **THE MAGIC SHOW:** A wretched musical, but the magic tricks make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)... **PIPPIN:** A great big gorgeous show, built upon a tiny and trivial book. The chief miracle worker is the director and choreographer, Bob Fosse. With Northern J. Calloway, Michael Rupert, Eric Berry, and Antonia Ellis. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **SAME TIME, NEXT YEAR:** A comedy as neatly put together as a Cartier watch and with scarcely more heart. Hope Lange and Don Murray are the cast. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **SHENANDOAH:** A musical about the Civil War, but really about show biz. Wonderfully sung by John Cullum. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **VANITIES:** In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. Garland Wright directed the attractive performance. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)... **THE WIZ:** A black musical version of that well-remembered movie "The Wizard of Oz." The stars of the occasion are Tom H. John, who did the sets, and Geoffrey Holder, who did the costumes and also directed the show. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7260. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)



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MISCELLANY

TOLLER CRANSTON'S THE ICE SHOW—Starring Mr. Cranston, Jim Millns, and Colleen O'Connor. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, June 12.)

DANCE

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Tentative schedule—Wednesday, June 8, at 8: "Serenade," "The Steadfast Tin Soldier," "Square Dance," and "La Valse."... ¶ Thursday, June 9, at 8: "Jewels."... ¶ Friday, June 10, at 8: "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 2," "The Steadfast Tin Soldier," "Le Tombeau de Couperin," and "In G Major."... ¶ Saturday, June 11, at 2: "Agon," "Le Tombeau de Couperin," "Tzigane," and "Scotch Symphony."... ¶ Saturday, June 11, at 8: "Donizetti Variations," "Stravinsky Violin Concerto," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "The Concert."... ¶ Sunday, June 12, at 1: "La Source," "Afternoon of a Faun," "Symphony in Three Movements," and "Chaconne."... ¶ Sunday, June 12, at 7: "Agon," "Variations pour une Porte et un Soupir," "Scriabin Etude" (New York première), "Valse-Fantaisie," and "Symphony in C."... ¶ Tuesday, June 14, at 8: "Bournonville Divertissements," "Agon," and "Symphony in C."... ¶ Wednesday, June 15, at 8: "Vienna Waltzes" (preview) and "Divertimento No. 15." (A benefit performance; for tickets, call TR 7-4700, Ext. 345.) ... ¶ Thursday, June 16, at 8: "Dybbuk Variations" and "Union Jack."... ¶ Friday, June 17, at 8: "Raymonda Variations," "Variations pour une Porte et un Soupir," "Pas de Deux," and "Chaconne."... ¶ Saturday, June 18, at 2: "La Source," "The Steadfast Tin Soldier," "Square Dance," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 2."... ¶ Saturday, June 18, at 8: "Bugaku," "Dybbuk Variations," and "Scotch Symphony." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, July 3.)

AMERICAN BALLET THEATRE—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday and Thursday evenings, June 8-9: "La Bayadère," "The Leaves Are Fading," and "Le Sacre du Printemps."... ¶ Friday evening, June 10, and Saturday matinée and evening, June 11: "Swan Lake." (Metropolitan Opera House. 580-9830. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

MARTHA GRAHAM DANCE COMPANY—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday matinée, June 8: "Adorations," "Shadows," and "Dark Meadow."... ¶ Wednesday evening, June 8: "Adorations," "O Thou Desire Who Art About to Sing," and "Dark Meadow."... ¶ Thursday evening, June 9: "Seraphic Dialogue," "Plain of Prayer," and "Deaths and Entrances."... ¶ Friday evening, June 10: "Adorations," "Phaedra," and "Primitive Mysteries."... ¶ Saturday matinée, June 11: "Adorations," "Primitive Mysteries," and "Dark Meadow."... ¶ Saturday evening, June 11: "Appalachian Spring," "Primitive Mysteries," "Shadows," and "Diversion of Angels." (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

STUTTGART BALLET—Opening performances of a three-week engagement that will run through Saturday, July 2—Tuesday evening, June 14, and Wednesday matinée and evening, June 15: "Eugene Onegin."... ¶ Thursday evening, June 16, and Saturday evening, June 18: "Voluntaries," "Requiem" (première),

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and "Jeu de Cartes."...¶ Friday evening, June 17, and Saturday matinée, June 18: "The Taming of the Shrew." (Metropolitan Opera House. 580-9830. Evenings at 8; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées at 2.)

MERLE MARSICANO DANCE COMPANY—A program of modern dance. (Larry Richardson's Dance Gallery, 242 E. 14th St. Wednesday through Saturday, June 8-11, at 8, and Sunday, June 12, at 2 and 8. For information about tickets, call MU 5-5972.)

SANASARDO DANCE COMPANY—Two premières—"Triad" and an unnamed work—"Abandoned Prayer," "Andantino Cantabile," and "Shadows." (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 924-7160. Tuesday, June 14 [benefit opening] and Wednesday through Saturday, June 15-18, at 8, and Sunday, June 19, at 2 and 8.)

ELEO POMARE DANCE COMPANY—"Nocturne" (première), "Hex," "Radiance of the Dark," "Roots," and "Transplant II." (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. 737-9611. Wednesday through Saturday, June 15-18, at 8, and Sunday, June 19, at 2.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.)

ALI'S ALLEY, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042)—Many of the best contemporary post-hard-bop, new-music, and new-jazz musicians are booked into these sympathetic quarters. The Jankry Ensemble—drummer Frank Clayton, singer Jay Clayton, pianist Larry Krush, and bassist Eddie Gomez—are here through Saturday, June 11. On Tuesday, June 14, bebop-vocal pathfinder **EDDIE JEFFERSON** will take over the handcrafted stage with a backing band. On Mondays, tenor saxophonist **FRANK FOSTER** presides over the Loud Minority, a *very* loose, spirited, head-turning musical monolith (twenty-two free-lance musicians, some young and promising, others older and fulfilled). Music from about ten. Dinner. Closed Sundays.

BALLROOM, 458 West Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts. (473-9367)—A cabaret that, with its white walls, white slatted-back chairs, white Formica tables, and pale-blue ceiling, is as light and airy as a breakfast room. The current attraction is singer David Summers. Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at eight-thirty and ten-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dinner.

BEEFSTEAK CHARLIE'S, 55 Fifth Ave., at 12th St. (675-4720)—Situated amid the high-rise dorms of New York University, the pleasantly relaxed cocktail lounge of this restaurant lures in fine pianists and a healthy number of customers—many of them students. Singer, pianist, and composer **ANDY BEY** performs through Saturday, June 11; on Wednesday, June 15, pianist **BARRY HARRIS**, one of many beboppers from Detroit and the Sunday-night attraction at Bradley's, around the corner, will move in for four nights. Music from nine until two Wednesdays and Thursdays, and from ten on Fridays and Saturdays. Dinner.

BOOMER'S, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—Hard-bop-and-beyond headquarters. On Wednesday, June 8, drummer Tadashi Yasunasa leads a quartet; Thursday through Saturday, June 9-11, guitarist Teruo Nakamura and his band will perform; on Tuesday and Wednesday, June 14-15, Tabasco, a jazz-rock group, will be present; and on Thursday, June 16, saxophonist Houston Person will bring in his authentic, if lethargic, rhythm-and-blues trio. Music from nine-thirty. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

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BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Something for nearly everyone. On Friday and Saturday, June 10-11, the widely respected pianist **BILL EVANS** will perform with his trio opposite **TED CURSON** and his fire-breathing septet, whose music is only a couple of steps beyond old reliable hard bop, and which sounds wonderfully contemporary. Monday and Tuesday, June 13-14, will be given over to rock and roll by Southside Johnny and the Asbury Jukes and Ronnie Spector; on Thursday, June 16, there will be more rock with the Pezband and Burton Cummings; and on Friday and Saturday, June 17-18, songwriter Carol Bayer Sager, who has written for Peter Allen and Melissa Manchester, will do her own singing. Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dinner.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—An attractive little bar where business *always* seems to be booming. Pianist Tom Garvin works here through Saturday, June 11; on Monday, June 13, pianist **JIMMY ROWLES**, one of the house favorites, will arrive with a bassist. On Sundays, pianist **BARRY HARRIS** takes a turn. Music from ten most nights; from nine-thirty on Sundays. Dinner.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—**BOBBY SHORT**, who performs Coward, Gershwin, Porter, or Sondheim classics for his ardent listeners and not for disco dancers, appears in the Café Carlyle with support from his steadfast assistants, bassist Beverly Peer and drummer Gene Gammage, Tuesdays through Saturdays. Dinner and supper. ...¶ The Bemelmans Bar, which presents some of the best solo pianists around, now boasts **TEDDY WILSON**, whose work is restrained and elegant. Weeknights, from nine.

C.B.G.B. & O.M.F.U.G., 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Local, primitive rock bands on the bandstand; local, primitive rock-band entourages in the audience—an interesting jumble of T-shirts, sneakers, rear-guard platform shoes, jeans, feathered boas, slicked-down hair, leather, and a wholesome plaid Madras shirt or two. Rock poet and singer **PATTI SMITH** is onstage with her band on Wednesday, June 8, at eleven only. Thursday through Saturday, June 9-11, the Ramones, Forest Hills' gift to punk rock, will run through their shorter-than-short oeuvres. The music usually begins after nine-thirty. Monday is showcase night.

CHUNG KUO YUAN, 1115 Third Ave., at 65th St. (371-9090)—**HUGH SHANNON** has settled in the Aquarium Lounge here, singing in his special straight-ahead Billie Holiday way, pulling song after song out of his private thin air. He works Wednesdays through Sundays from nine to two.

CLEO, 1 Lincoln Plaza, Broadway at 63rd St. (724-6301)—Pianist **DARDANELLE**, bassist **ERNIE FURTADO**, and singer Peter Dean collaborate Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to one.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—**ADAM MAKOWICZ** is a thirty-six-year-old Polish pianist who can play more notes than Art Tatum. He cannot, though, equal Tatum's touch, which remains an unclimbed pianistic peak. Blues pianist **SAMMY PRICE** performs on Sundays. Music from eight to one. Dining.

EDDIE CONDON'S, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The audiences are largely characterized by coats and ties and cigars, and they come here (and to Jimmy Ryan's, just thirty paces west) to hear traditional small-band jazz. The house band, which begins after nine-thirty, is a low-keyed and controlled sextet headed by bassist Red Balaban. Cornettist **WILD BILL DAVISON** will join them for the week beginning Monday, June 13; on Tuesday, June 14, trombonist **EDDIE HUBBLE** will drop by; and on Sunday, June 12, **SOPRANO SUMMIT**, a combo co-piloted by soprano saxophonists **KENNY DAVERN** and **BOB WILBER**, will perform from eight-thirty. Dinner.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—The resident swing threesome—drummer **SONNY GREER**, clarinettist-saxophonist **RUSSELL PROCOPE**, and pianist **HOD O'BRIEN** (who has temporarily replaced Brooks Kerr)—is here Wednesdays through Sundays. Mondays and Tuesdays, pianist **AL HAIG** works with guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** and bassist Jamil Nasser. Music from ten to three. The Sunday regulars—**WARREN CHIASSON** on vibes and **JACK SIX** on bass—will be joined on June 12 by pianist Jim Bonner, from five-thirty to nine-thirty. Weeknights, Gene Roland, Loumell Morgan, and Morris Edwards hold sessions from six to nine-thirty.

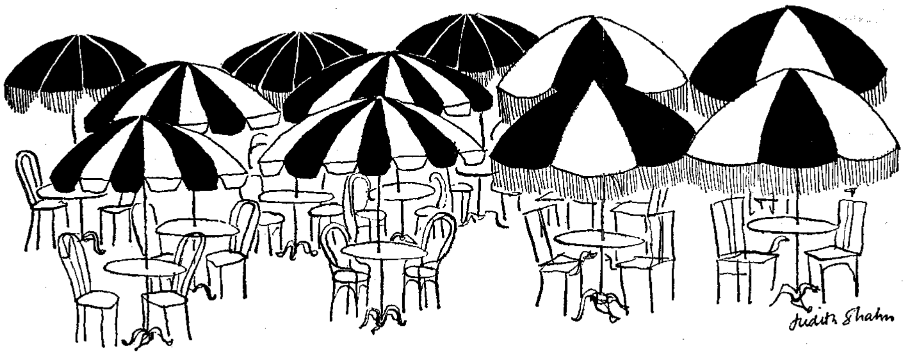
HOPPER'S, 452 Sixth Ave., at 11th St. (260-0250)—**DEE DEE BRIDGEWATER**, who first came to notice during her four years as vocalist with the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis big band, is supported here by pianist **ROLAND HANNA**, another Jones-Lewis alumnus, and his quartet. Mondays through Thursdays, at nine-thirty and eleven, and three times on Fridays and Saturdays, at nine-thirty, eleven, and twelve-thirty. No music Sundays.

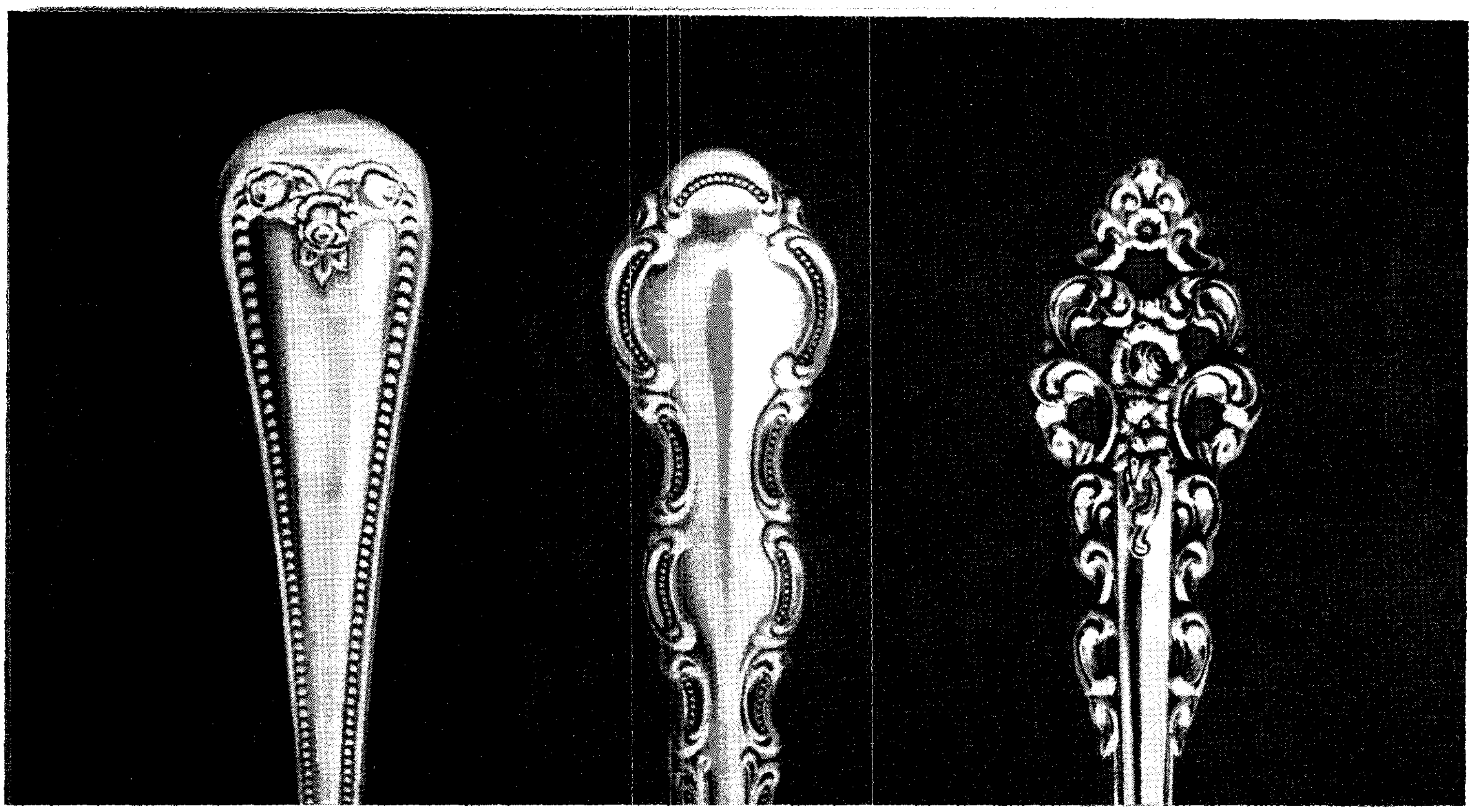
JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—**RUBY BRAFF** (filling in for Roy Eldridge) upholds tradition on West 54th Street, aided by the resident blowers—pianist Johnny Morris, drummer Eddie Locke, clarinettist Joe Muranyi, bassist Ted Sturgis, and trombonist Bobby Pratt. On Mondays, Max Kaminsky leads the group. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Alto saxophonist **BENNY CARTER**, who has, over the years, arranged and conducted for Sarah Vaughan, Pearl Bailey, and Maria Muldaur, and who is seventy years old and doesn't look it, has come in for a visit from Hollywood. Pianist **RAY BRYANT**, drummer **RONNIE BEDFORD**, and bassist **RICHARD DAVIS** support him through Saturday, June 11, from nine-fifteen to one. On Tuesday, June 14, pianist **JAY MCSHANN** will take over. McShann led the last of the great Kansas City bands in the late thirties and early forties; he is also remembered for hiring a seventeen-year-old Charlie Parker for his reed section in 1937. McShann no longer has a big band, but he still has a bead on Kansas City music, i.e., the blues. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes, talking of Lorenzo Tio. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—An often crowded upper West Side contemporary-music hangout. Percussionist **RAY BARRETTO** leads his Latin-jazz group Thursday through Saturday, June 16-18. Music from ten to three. Dinner.

OTHER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—A decade ago, if one wanted to hear folk music in a club, it was compulsory to sit on hard pew-like benches, pick at apple-cider-ice-cream sundaes, and listen to guitar-wielding performers who would devote most of their set to between-song tuning. This place, which was then known as the Bitter End, offered the full range of those amenities. But now, one can sit comfortably at tables, and, unless one simply *must* have an apple-cider-ice-cream concoction, one can drink Perrier





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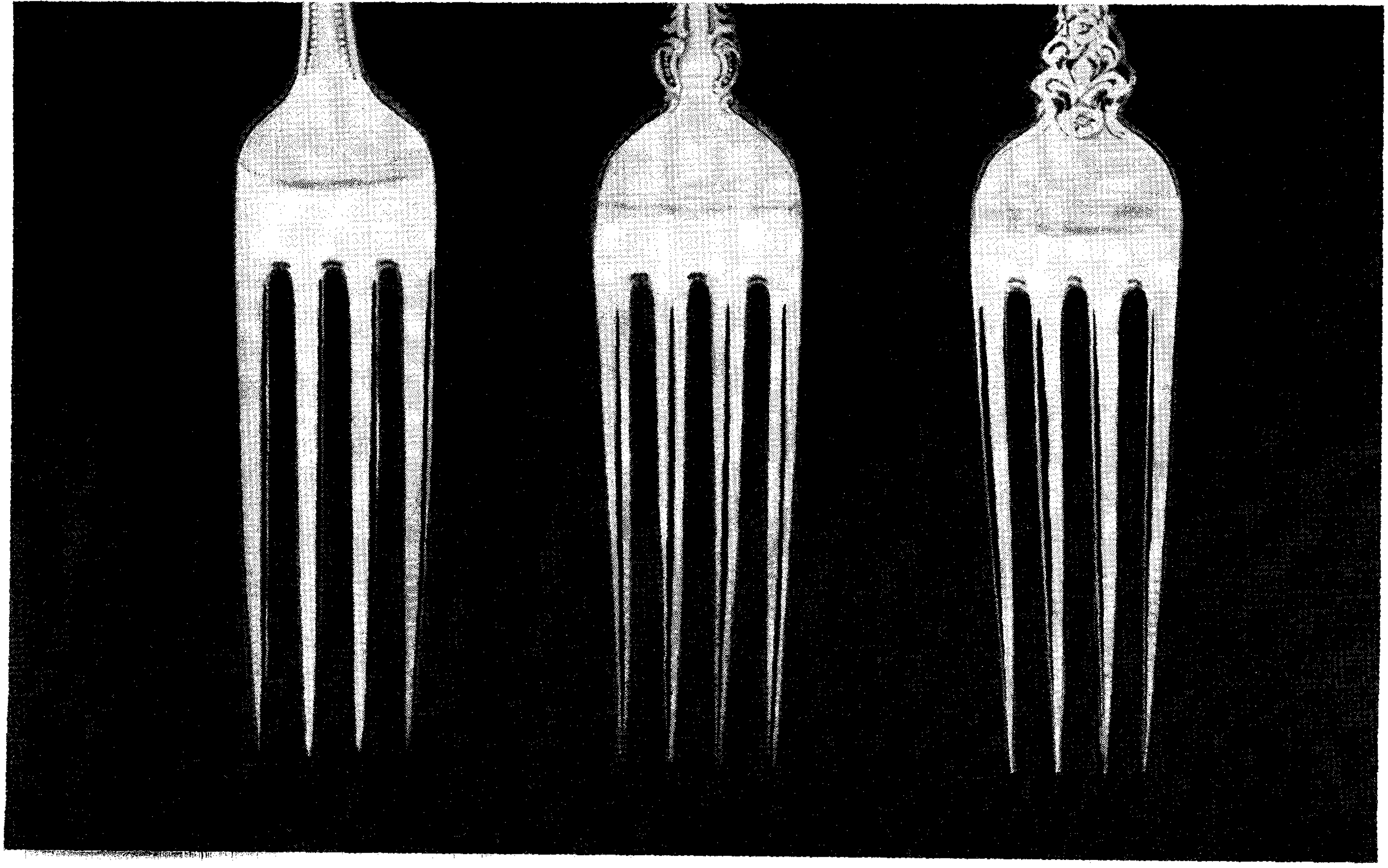

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

or something even headier. Onstage, there is still folk music (although there is sometimes rock or jazz): Keith Sykes will provide it, beginning Wednesday, June 15. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Snacks.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—**SY OLIVER** leads a dance septet firmly (except for the Fender bassist) rooted in the thirties—even when it plays the Watusi—and this is entirely appropriate in this setting, an Art Deco version of Disneyland, where one almost expects to see Fred and Ginger pop up from behind a table. Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—Judith Cohen, a short, wiry, frenetic—and sometimes strident—singer and comedienne, who has a devoted following that approves of everything she does, appears Tuesdays through Saturdays, at nine and midnight. Dinner.

Storyville, 41 E. 58th St. (755-1640)—A dark but somehow cheerful big square sprawling room that, with its heavy, distressed-wood furniture and ceiling beams and youthful audiences, resembles a college dining commons. Tenor saxophonist **DEWEY REDMAN** heads an out-there quartet through Saturday, June 11; Tuesday through Thursday, June 14-16, pianist **NORMAN SIMMONS** and his trio will back up jazz singer Junko Miné; and Friday through Sunday, June 17-19, have been reserved for singer **LEON THOMAS** and his band. Music from ten to two-thirty.

Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—Deceptively dark and sleepy-looking, and easy to pass over unless one is aware of what is going on inside: Mondays, **DAVE MATTHEWS** smiles, plays electric piano, and leads his vigorous twelve-piece organization; Wednesdays and Thursdays are given over to **LEE KONITZ** and his nonet, which features trombonist **JIMMY KNEPPER**; Friday and Saturday, June 10-11, cornettist **RICHARD SUDHALTER** will lead a quartet; and Friday and Saturday, June 17-18, vibraharpist **WARREN CHIASSON** and guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** will share a quartet. Music from nine-thirty. Closed Sundays.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A knotty-pine-and-brick-walled jazz room with the kind of informal coziness you'd expect to find in Aspen. Bassist **RON CARTER** is on the stand with pianist **KENNY BARRON,** drummer **BEN RILEY,** and bassist **BUSTER WILLIAMS,** and they're playing to the kind of crush that you'd expect to turn out for a musician as highly regarded as Carter. Every night for the next two weeks, except Monday, June 13, when flutist **LLOYD MC NEILL** and his Brazilian-flavored quartet will provide the music. Music from nine-thirty Mondays through Thursdays, from ten on Fridays and Saturdays, and from eight on Sundays. Dinner.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Daphne **HELLMAN'S ANGELS** (harp, guitar, bass), powered by their nonpareil guitarist, **EDDIE BERG,** play in the bar Tuesdays from nine-thirty to midnight. Weekends are devoted to jazz performances downstairs. Guitarist **LARRY CORYELL** is now working with a trio, and they're here for the next couple of Fridays and Saturdays. Fridays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Saturdays at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one-thirty.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—The air quality in this world-famous jazz institution is unacceptable, but go anyway. Pianist **HORACE SILVER** works with his current crop of sidemen through Sunday, June 12; on Tuesday, June 14, alto saxophonist **SONNY FORTUNE,** who can make one grateful for the development of long, extended solos, will arrive with his quintet. On Mondays, *another* world-famous institution, the **THAD JONES-MEL LEWIS** band, blasts forth. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—A soul-food *boîte* with a friendly staff, hundreds of gold Christmas ornaments hanging (year round) from the ceiling, a near-impenetrable layer of sawdust on the floor, and some glowing piano-bass duos. Music begins at eight.

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West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Tuesdays and Wednesdays belong to **TINY GRIMES** and his trio, who play old Frank Foster arrangements for the Basie band of the fifties—"St. Thomas," "Tiny's Tempo," and "Lady of Spain." On Thursdays, **JO JONES,** still going strong with his hi-hat and brushes, leads a quartet. And on Fridays and Saturdays, an R. & B. band called the Suspensions shows up. Music from nine to one, except Mondays.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Led Zeppelin—Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday, June 8; Friday and Saturday, June 10-11; and Monday and Tuesday, June 13-14, all at 8.

Clamma Dale—The last three in a series of benefit performances. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Wednesday, June 8, and Friday and Saturday, June 10-11, at 10:30.)

Jerry Butler, T. Connection, and **John Davis Monster Orchestra**—Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. Friday, June 10, at 7 and 11.

Al DiMeola and **Jan Hammer**—Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Friday, June 10, at 8.

Orchestra Luna—Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Saturday, June 11, at 8:30.

Soprano Summit (with Bob Wilber and Kenny Davern)—New York Jazz Museum, 236 W. 54th St. 765-2150. Sunday, June 12, at 2, 3, and 4.

Blues–Sung and Swung—Helen Humes, Ray Bryant, Joe Newman, Charles McPherson, George Duvivier, and David Lee, Jr. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Wednesday, June 15, at 8.)

Amália Rodrigues—Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Thursday, June 16, at 8.

Supertramp—Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Saturday, June 18, at 8. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.

Note: Film clips and short features that document the times and styles of various celebrated jazz musicians are being exhibited by the New York Jazz Museum on a weekly schedule. Wednesday, June 8, at 7:30: "Vocalists' Styles"—Nat Cole, Bunny Berrigan, Bessie Smith, Peggy Lee, others. Wednesday, June 15, at 7:30: "New Acquisitions"—Sonny Rollins, Bob Cranshaw, Masuo, Dexter Gordon, others. (New York Jazz Museum, 236 W. 54th St. 765-2150.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Yannis Amoryanos—Rather self-consciously naïve paintings of elephants and lions and tigers and zebras and giraffes at peace in a never-never land of blossoming flowers. Through Friday, June 10. (Clay, 1162 Madison Ave., at 86th St.)

Stan Brodsky—Greek landscapes by a colorist who made his first visit there last year and was moved by the quality of the Aegean light to take his easel and his oils outdoors and paint directly from nature, something he had never done before. Through June 30. (Lerner-Heller, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

Miodrag Djuric Dado—Big, skillfully executed paintings of frightful monsters doing horrid things on a tortured landscape under a curiously pacific blue sky. Through June 30. (Aberbach, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Chaim Gross—A sort of flying circus of his smaller bronzes, plus some lively wash drawings in a show that is running concurrently with his retrospective at the Jewish Museum. Through July 1. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Walter Hatke—Skilled realist paintings of interiors, downtown vistas, and vacation retreats, plus a couple of preliminary drawings that somehow have more dash than the finished product. Through Friday, June 10. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Pierre Haubensak—Rectangular areas of various colors that have almost, but not quite, blended into a monotone, superimposed on larger rectangular areas of another tone. Through Friday, June 10. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

Michael Heizer—Sculptures, in granite, steel, and wood, by this artist who works in discs and sections of discs. Through Saturday, June 11. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

Helen Hoie—What appear to be collages incorporating furls of transparent fabrics and fragments of paper are actually oil paintings, done in soft colors. Through June 30. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Michio Ihara—Abstract geometric sculptures made of thin, silvery rods welded together into airy towers, sometimes set off with delicately balanced vanes of a golden color that ripple if there's a breeze. They range from matchbox-size up to ceiling height. Through July 15. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Angelo Ippolito—Genteel figures neatly excised from old-fashioned catalogues and other memorabilia are humorously, and sometimes rudely, juxtaposed in a series called American Collage. Through June 30. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Paul Klee (1879-1940)—Twenty-six drawings and watercolors executed during the last decade of his life, many of them looking as fresh and as impudent as the day they were set down. Through July 30. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Vitaly Komar and Alexander Melamid—Joint conceptual works by two spirited Russian artists still in Russia. Through June 24. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

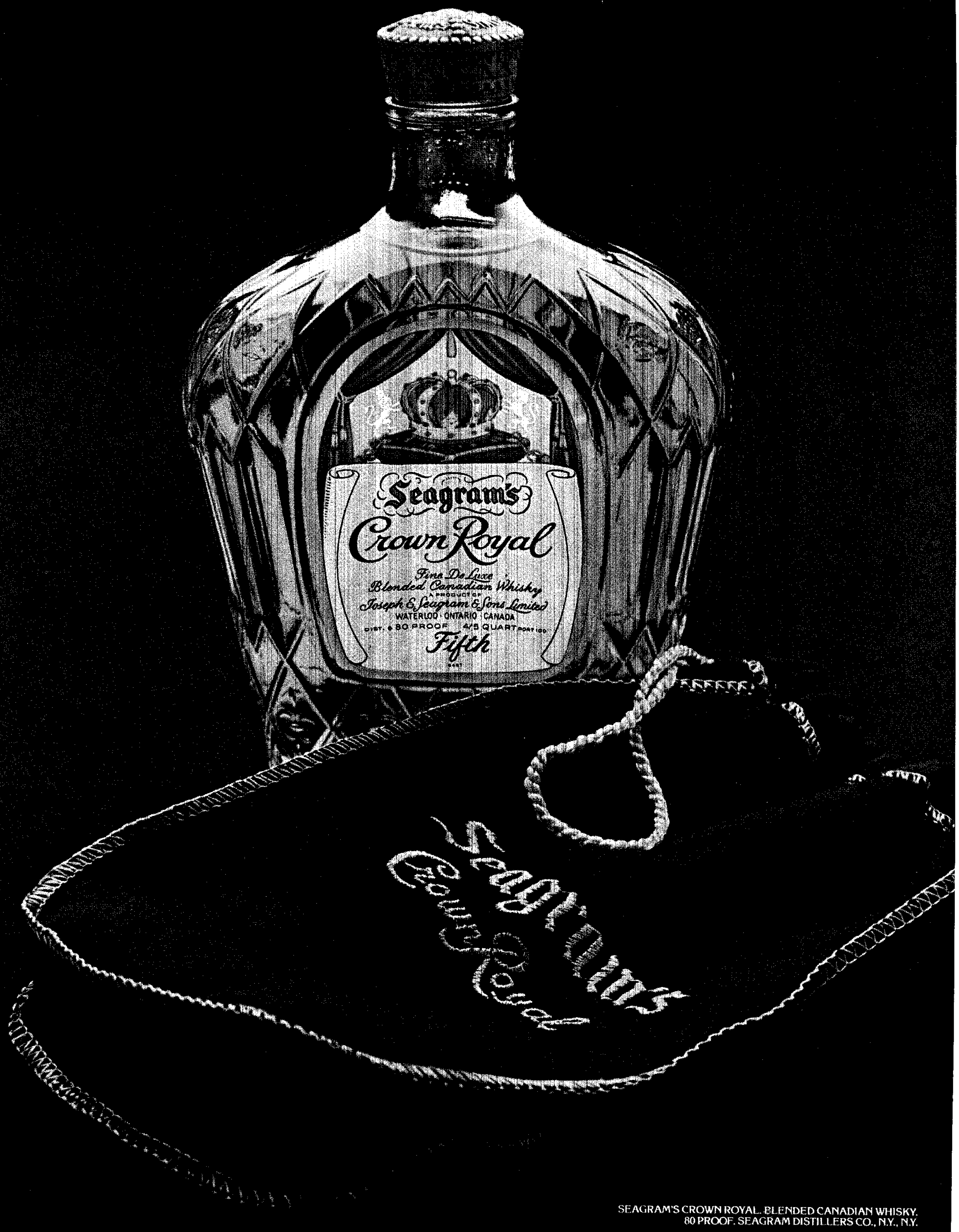
Kate Millett—Brush-and-ink drawings on rice paper. Through Saturday, June 18. (Wauters, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Elizabeth Osborne—Large watercolors in delicate, almost fragile tones, depicting tabletop still-lifes and boudoir nudes bathed in shimmery light. First solo show in New York. Through July 1. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Ce Roser—Exuberant depictions of sun and sky and a generally happy ambience by this Chinese-American abstract artist. Through Saturday, June 18. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St.)

Sandi Slone—Large acrylic paintings; first solo show in New York. Through Wednesday, June 15. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St.)

Group Shows—At the **ACA,** 25 E. 73rd St.: The paintings of four young realists: Arne Besser, Rebecca Davenport, Barkley Hendricks, and Mark Rendleman. Through July 1. (Closed Saturdays.)... **CARLTON,** 127 E. 69th St.: Minimalist drawings of landscapes by David Finkbeiner; miniature etchings, photographs, and larger etchings by Jane Eccles; small oils by Helen Wilson; wall sculptures sheared out of found metal by Tim Woodman; and photographs by Tad Yamashiro. Through June 25.... **CENTER FOR INTER-AMERICAN RELATIONS,** 680 Park Ave., at 68th St.: Examples of eighteenth-century Latin-American decorative art, including pieces that were used in the home (furniture, silver), in churches (a cardinal's hat), and for personal adornment (silver sandals, a crown). Through Aug. 7. (Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)... **DAVIS & LONG,** 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.: Collages by Anne Ryan, Joseph Cornell, Robert Motherwell, and others. Through July 1. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)... **ELKON,** 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: The summer show of paintings and sculptures by Avedisian, Witkin, DeLap, and others. Through July 29.... **GRAHAM,** 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Forty-nine works, all with mythic themes. Through Friday, June 17. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)... **HUTTON,** 967 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: Captivating examples of works by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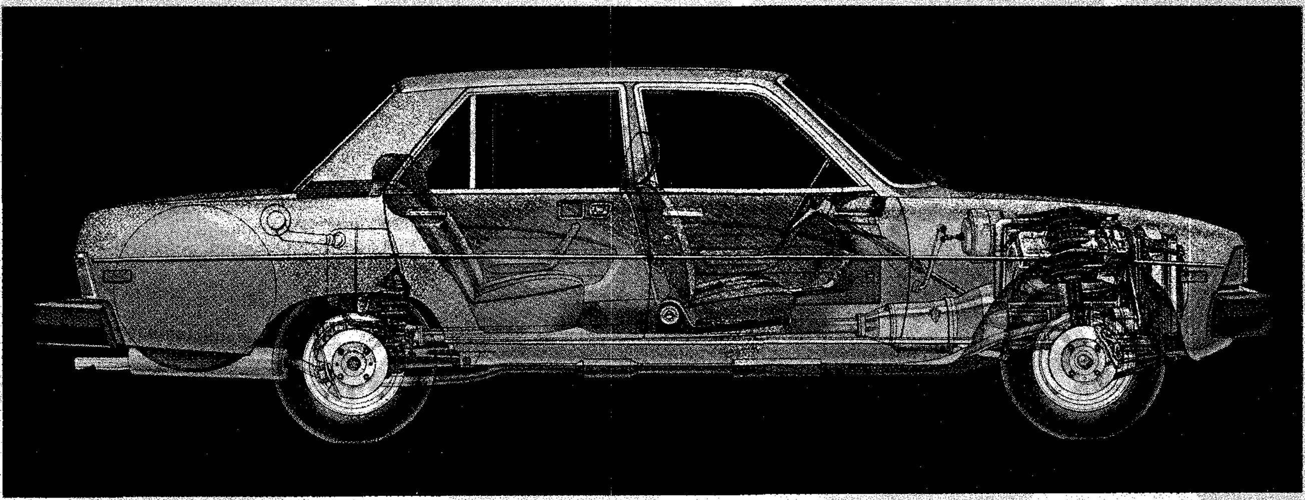

the Blaue Reiter artists, who included Kandinsky, Nolde, Klee, and Macke. Through Friday, June 10. . . . **LEFEBRE**, 47 E. 77th St.: Selected works by artists of the gallery, including Antes, Hartung, and Jorn. Through June 24. (Closed Saturdays.). . . **NICHOLLS**, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: The contemporary art scene is the common subject of this group of cartoons and magazine covers by Charles Addams, Whitney Darrow, Jr., Arthur Getz, Charles E. Martin, Warren Miller, Frank Modell, Mary Petty, George Price, Charles Saxon, William Steig, James Stevenson, Richard Taylor, and Barney Tobey. Through July 29. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.). . . **SHEPHERD**, 21 E. 84th St.: About eighty nineteenth-century French paintings (all of them predating Impressionism). Through July 15.

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

HERBERT AACH—Whirling spirals of color—twenty-five of them—done in a series of acrylic works called "Split Infinity" and based on a mathematical progression devised by the artist. Through June 30. (Aaron Berman, 50 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.). . . ¶ Gouache versions done to a similar formula. Through Wednesday, June 15. (Gramercy Fine Arts, 112 E. 19th St. Open Mondays; open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

JEAN-PAUL AGOSTI—Watercolors, mostly of toys and studio paraphernalia. First one-man show in New York. Through Friday, June 17. (Jackson, 521 W. 57th St.)

MAX BECKMANN (1884-1950)—Mostly portraits of friends and people he admired. Through Friday, June 10. (Washburn, 42 E. 57th St.) . . . ¶ Watercolors and drawings. Through Saturday, June 11. (Carus, 1044 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

MARC CHAGALL—This ageless romanticist will soon turn ninety, and the floating lovers, the benign donkeys, and the astral phenomena he paints today are just as rich in color and spirit as the ones he took to Paris with him when he left Russia. The birthday show is divided into two parts, shown simultaneously. One would be hard pressed to tell offhand what is new and what is old. Through Saturday, June 11. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.)

SARI DIENES—Free-form ceramic works with abstract designs worked into the surface. Through Saturday, June 11. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Mondays through Fridays, 11:30 to 4:30; Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

DOMINIC L. DI MARE—Delicate bones, pebbles, shells, feathers, and twigs arranged on handmade paper, where they are incorporated into elegant constructions called sculptural paper. Through June 22. (Duhl, 31 W. 54th St. Opens at noon.)

HELEN FRANKENTHALER—Ceramic sculptures. Through July 1. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

MAURICE GOLUBOV—Abstract paintings that seem to transcend Constructivism and spin off into a whirring mechanism of their own, by a Russian-born artist, now in his seventies, who lives in Florida. Through June 30. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

CLAYTON GORDER / K. S.-RINGI—Abstract paintings based on jukebox forms. / Large paintings gleaming with what appear to be orderly assemblages of tiny medals, clocks, flags, bits of jewelry, and so on. Through Saturday, June 11. (Arras, 29 W. 57th St.)

JASHA GREEN—Steel sculptures, oil paintings, and works on paper. Through June 25. (Cortella, 41 E. 57th St.)

WILLIAM KING—Two of this sculptor's spindly figures and a number of other works, all engaged in some all-encompassing tennis game. Through July 1. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

LOUISE NEVELSON—A dozen of the twenty drawings that this sculptor made one day in January for a television show. Through Friday, June 10. (Truman, 38 E. 57th St.)

ARTHUR PIERSON—Three-dimensional abstract splotches that seem to have been flung against the wall and to have stuck there; they are made of fibre glass and provided with both real and painted shadows, which set them off to good effect. Through Friday, June 17. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Saturdays.)

WILLIAM TILLYER / PAUL NARKIEWICZ—Large abstract paintings, some suggesting the view looking out from an interior and others suggesting the view looking in. / Watercolors, heavy and flat in color, showing a stylized Italian countryside. Through June 24. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

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GROUP SHOWS—At the **FRUMKIN**, 50 W. 57th St.: A batch of new works by gallery artists (Leslie, Pearlstein, Westermann, for instance), plus Robert Arneson ceramics held over from his recent exhibit here. Through July 29. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **IOLAS**, 52 E. 57th St.: Drawings on paper in a variety of styles by a number of artists, including Allen Ruppersberg, Philippa Quarrell, and Paul Dillon. Through Friday, June 17. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.). . . **PARSONS-DREYFUSS**, 24 W. 57th St.: Included in a show of new, or at least underexposed, talent are some delicate floral watercolors and pencil drawings by the art historian Barbara Novak; a mural-size composition of cutout photos and drawings, all hand-tinted and showing the food chain of life, by Barbara Strasen; and some pressed-leather bowls and objects, which look like ceramics, by Les Bohnenkamp. Through Saturday, June 11. . . . **PEARL**, 29 W. 57th St.: The Young Talent show here includes some first-rate interiors with figures, in which the light creates odd effects, by David Hollowell; small tempera paintings of night-club audiences and other nocturnal types by Andrew Stevovich; and paper collages and painted-canvas constructions by Judy Hand. Through Friday, June 17. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.). . . **RENÉ**, 6 W. 57th St.: Chryssa, Tony Rosenthal, Robert Indiana, and other artists showing paintings, drawings, and sculptures. Through July 29. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.). . . **ZABRISKIE**, 29 W. 57th St.: A show called American Art Fifty Years Ago offers a painting of a non-abstracted egg-beater by Stuart Davis, a delicate study of zinnias by Demuth, and representative works by, among others, Marin, Kuniyoshi, Hartley, and Nadelman. Through Friday, June 17. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

CAROLYN BRADY—Realist watercolors, a number of them of interiors. Through June 30. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

EMILY FULLER / DIANE KAISER—Abstract paintings on sections of unstretched canvas that have been sewn together. Also drawings. / Wash drawings and ceramic reliefs. Through June 22. (SoHo 20, 99 Spring St. Opens at noon.)

BLINKY PALERMO (1943-77)—Fifteen abstractions with Western Indian motifs, constituting the last work of this young German painter, whose real name was Peter Heisterkamp and who somehow acquired the nickname of Sonny Liston's fight manager. Through June 25. (Friedrich, 141 Wooster St. Opens at noon.)

PHILLIP RIVLIN—Abstract paintings simply done on canvas-covered wooden panels. Through June 22. (Cuningham Ward, 94 Prince St. Closed Saturdays.)

STEPHEN ROSENTHAL / ROBERTA ALLEN—Drawings on paper. / Drawings on Plexiglas. Through Saturday, June 18. (Weber, 420 West Broadway.)

JOHN SCHIEBOLD / MARGIE KATZ—Impasto graphite on canvas. / Abstract paintings. Through June 25. (Razor, 464 West Broadway. Opens at noon.)

NANCY MALKIN STEMBER—Abstract acrylics. Through June 23. (Westbroadway, 431 West Broadway.)

NORMAN TUCK / RALPH GOINGS—Three pieces of kinetic sculpture—a windmill with variable-pitch blades; a sort of threshing device with tentacles thirty feet long; and a remote relative of the Spinning Jenny—each of which the viewer is free to operate, by hand. / Urban street corners and diner interiors, plus outsize still-lifes of dinner-table settings, by this hyperrealist, who is using figures for the first time. Through Saturday, June 18. (O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

MIA WESTERLUND—Two concrete sculptures, plus drawings. Through Saturday, June 18. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

MICHAEL ZANSKY—Abstract paintings. Through June 22. (Yu, 393 West Broadway.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **14 SCULPTORS**, 75 Thompson St.: Works by gallery members in stone, wood, metal, and other mediums. Through Saturday, June 18. . . . **HUNDRED ACRES**, 456 West Broadway: Ten alumni of the School of Visual Arts showing a single work apiece; Sol LeWitt's contribution is a stylish set of geometric permutations done in white chalk on a jet-black wall, and Thomas Lanigan-Schmidt's is a glorified altarpiece made largely of gold and silver foil. Through Saturday, June 18. . . . **LANDMARK**, 469 Broome St.: A show of drawings by seventeen artists includes abstracts by Budd Hopkins and Phoebe Helman; Constructivist-looking brush-and-ink works by Steven Sloman; charcoal depictions of water plants by Sideo Fromboluti; and studies of her own body by Joan Semmel. Through Saturday, June 11. (Opens at 11:30.). . . **SOLWAY**, 139 Spring St.: Drawings by six artists, including Gary Kuehn and Joan Snyder. Through Saturday, June 18.

OTHER GALLERIES

GEORGE RICKEY—Eight stainless-steel kinetic sculptures, the largest thirty-five-feet high. Through Sept. 24. (Hammarskjöld Plaza Sculpture Garden, Second Ave. at 47th St.)

GROUP SHOW—A poem-painting collaboration by Frank O'Hara and Norman Bluhm, as well as works on paper by such artists as Baskin, Dove, Martin, and Miró. Through July 1. (Grey Art Gallery of New York University, Washington Place, just east of Washington Square. Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5, and Wednesday evenings until 8:30; Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

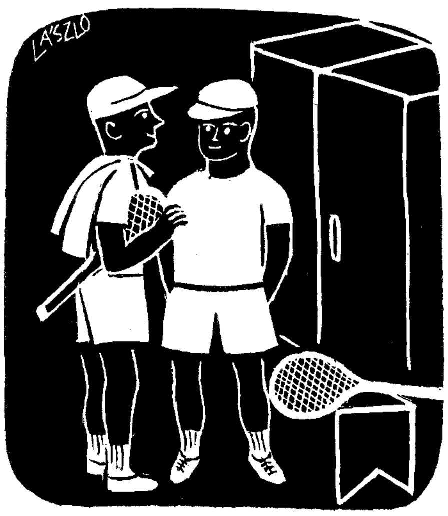
ANSEL ADAMS / PAUL BERGER—Monumental landscapes of the Southwest, plus other works. / View-camera contact prints of mathematical calculations on classroom blackboards, mounted in strips on plastic paper. Through June 30. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

FELICE A. BEATO—Landscapes and hand-tinted genre scenes of nineteenth-century Japan, by a Venetian-born Englishman who was among the first visitors to the newly opened country. Through Friday, June 17. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

WYNN BULLOCK (1902-75) / **DON CYR**—Thirty photographs, most of them nature studies. / Prints made with a dollar-ninety-eight Diana camera. Through June 25. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

NADAR (1820-1910) / **EDWARD STEICHEN** (1879-1973)—Portraits of artists, writers, and composers in nineteenth-century Paris. / Portraits also, these centering on notables in twentieth-century New York. Through June 25. (Helios, 18 E. 67th St.)

IRVING PENN—A crumpled package of cigarettes, a mud-covered glove, and other discards



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BONWIT TELLER

found in the streets figure in the twenty-eight platinum prints on exhibit at the Metropolitan Museum. See below under "Museums," for dates and times.

Janet Rifkin—Conceptual color prints involving a play of light around a given object, such as a light fixture. Through Saturday, June 18. (Gibson, 392 West Broadway.)

Deborah Turbeville—Black-and-white prints by a photographer whose works are regularly seen in *Vogue*. Through Saturday, June 11. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Willard Van Dyke—Prints made between 1930 and 1937 by a founding member of the f/64 Group, who went on to discover his true métier in films. Through July 16. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **Castelli Uptown**, 4 E. 77th St.: Color photographs and graphics by, among others, Neal Slavin, Eve Sonneman, and David Hockney. Through July 2. . . . **International Center of Photography**, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: Contemporary amateur and professional sporting events photographed by Walter Iooss, Jr., Neil Leifer, John Zimmerman, and others. . . . ¶ A retrospective of prints by Josef Sudek (1896-1976), including scenes of his native Czechoslovakia. Both shows through July 3. (Open Sundays.) . . . **Museum of Modern Art**, 11 W. 53rd St.: An exhibit of photographs devoted entirely to the American county courthouse. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times. . . . **Pfeifer**, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Photographs of the pioneer days in the American West by Curtis, Muybridge, Watkins, and lesser-known photographers. Through June 30. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **Soho Center for Visual Artists**, 114 Prince St.: An exhibit of works by eighteen photographers, all of them recipients of public-service grants. The group includes Lisette Model and Garry Winogrand. Through July 26. (Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5.) . . . **Whitney Museum**, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: "Unposed Portraits" offers works by nine contemporary photographers, including Mark Cohen, Robert Frank, and Danuta Otfinowski. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Thracian Treasures from Bulgaria" is an exhibition of exactly that, often wrought out of silver and gold. Starts Saturday, June 11. . . . ¶ An exhibit covering nearly every aspect of the career of Edgar Degas, from early portraits to pastels of dancers and bathers. Also works by other artists (Ingres, Delacroix, Renoir, Hokusai) which are said to have influenced Degas. Through Sept. 4. . . . ¶ More than a hundred and fifty works on loan from museums in the Soviet Union. Dating from the fourteenth century to the present, they include icons, portraits, landscapes. Through June 26. . . . ¶ A sumptuous exhibit of clothing and accessories from Russia that focusses on the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries and ranges from regional peasant costumes to the wedding dress of Catherine the Great. Through Aug. 30. . . . **Photography**: Irving Penn. Through June 26. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Prints and books published by the Paris art merchant Ambroise Vollard (1867-1939), who printed editions of, among others, Braque, Toulouse-Lautrec, Cézanne, and Picasso. Starts Thursday, June 9. . . . ¶ Recently acquired works in a broad range of styles by Morris Louis, Roy Lichtenstein, John Clem Clarke, Susan Rothenberg, and others. Through Aug. 16. . . . ¶ Nineteen portraits, many of renowned men, as drawn by Gauguin, James Wyeth, Giacometti, Rivers, and others. (Feminists may take comfort in the fact that portraits of women will follow next month.) Through July 17. . . . **Photography**: Group show centering on pictures of courthouses. Through July 10. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.) . . . **Note**: The museum's sculpture garden, 8 W. 54th St., is open, free, Fridays through Sundays, 6 to 10. Informal concerts of country, jazz, and other music Fridays and Saturdays at 8.

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A retrospective of the works of Kenneth Noland includes more than a hundred paintings, plus a recently completed sculpture on exhibit for the first time. Through June 19. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A retrospective of the paintings and drawings of the abstractionist Richard Diebenkorn. Starts Thursday, June 9. . . . ¶ Selections from the bequest of Lawrence H. Bloedel include paintings by Loren MacIver, Milton Avery, and Larry Rivers. Through June 19. . . . **Photography**: Group show of portraits. Through June 26. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 10, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A show of prints in which a single theme is elaborated into a series. There are twelve artists, including Brice Marden, Sol LeWitt, Alice Martin, and Sylvia Mangold. Through July 10. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays. Hours: Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—An exhaustive array of maps, ranging from a 1507 world map to maps made by computers. Through Aug. 7. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 4:45, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—Works by newly elected members and recipients of this year's honors and awards. Manuscripts and scores by, among others, Elizabeth Bishop, Alan Hovhaness, Ada Louise Huxtable, John McPhee, Howard Nemerov, Anne Tyler, and John Updike. Also paintings, sculptures, and drawings by Lennart Anderson, Paul Resika, Susan Smyly, and others. Through Sunday, June 12. (Open daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—A display of Chinese pottery that was made for the Japanese market between 618 and 1644. All the pieces, which include tea-ceremony utensils and vases, come from collections in Japan. Through June 26. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—An exhibit of sixteen large wooden models, built to scale, of villas, palaces, and churches designed in the sixteenth century by Andrea Palladio. In addition, photographs of the buildings as they appear today. Through Sept. 11. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A retrospective of the prominent American sculptor Chaim Gross includes as well drawings, watercolors, prints, and tapestries. Through Oct. 24. (Open every day except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.) A complement to this exhibition is a showing of twenty sculptures, plus drawings, at the Forum Gallery, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A survey of the library's medieval and Renaissance illuminated manuscripts. . . . ¶ A display of some of John Ruskin's correspondence, manuscripts (one written when he was nine), drawings, and personal possessions. . . . ¶ Forty-five books (including the only complete copy of "Morte d'Arthur") printed by William Caxton. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Through July 30.

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—A comprehensive exhibit of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century folk-art objects (frakturs, rugs, furniture, paintings, weathervanes, pottery) assembled from the collections of the museum's members. Through Sept. 3. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—The current show here is called "Grass,"

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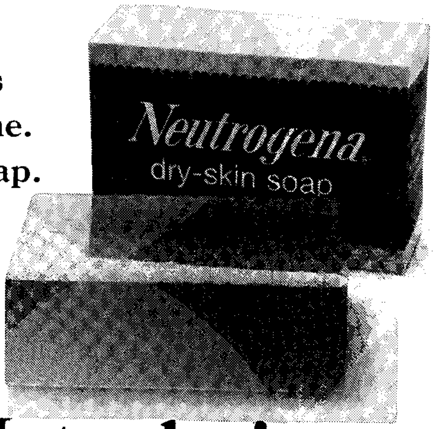

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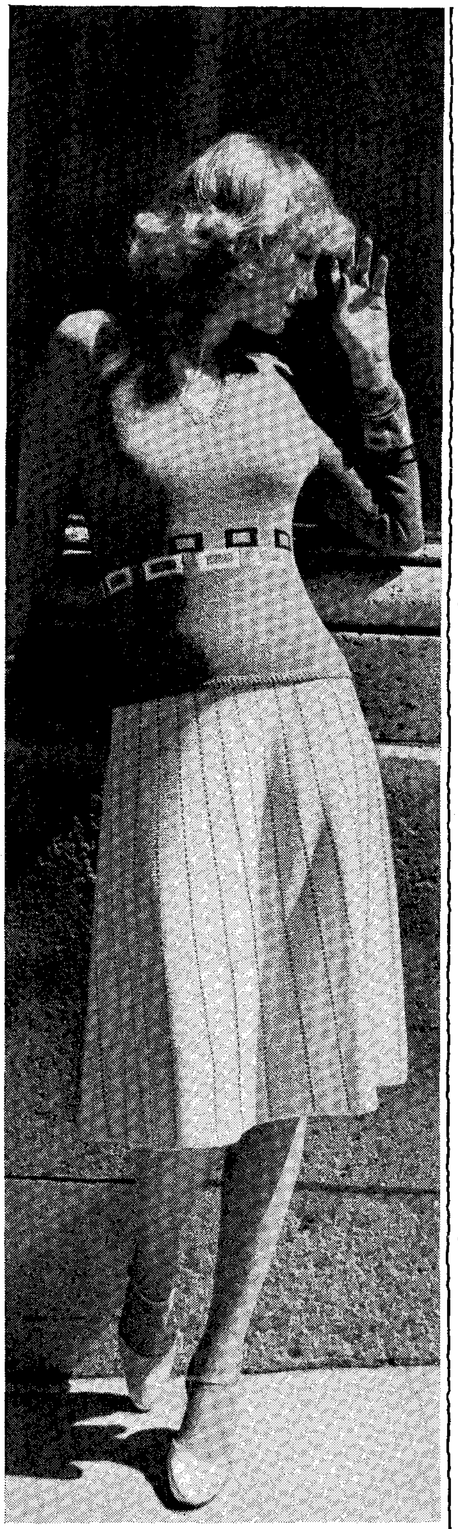

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and that's just what it is—a surprising variety of articles made of grass. (Bamboo is a grass, which helps.) Through June 26. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—Diaries kept by writers (Virginia Woolf, Sean O'Casey, Herman Melville, and William Inge among them) from the seventeenth century on make up the latest show from the Berg Collection. Through Sept. 16. (Open every day except Thursdays and Sundays. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 6.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—An exhibit that re-creates, through photographs, architectural models, and drawings, the history of housing for blacks in New York. Through Sunday, June 12. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Avery Fisher Hall is TR 4-2424.)

The Wise Woman and the King—Final performances of Carl Orff's opera, presented in English. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Wednesday, June 8, and Friday through Sunday, June 10-12, all at 8.)

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall—Andre Kostelanetz conducting the final concerts of the "Promenades" season. A benefit repeat performance of "Gala Promenade" on Wednesday, June 8, at 8:30 (with Anna Moffo, soprano; for information about tickets, call TR 9-8415); and "Summer Night Promenade" Thursday through Saturday, June 9-11, at 8:30 (with Ivan Davis, piano). . . . ¶ The opening performances of a two-week series of "Rug Concerts," at 8, that will run through Sunday, June 26. The orchestra will be divided into Orchestra A, consisting of seventy musicians, and Orchestra B, consisting of thirty-five musicians. Thursday, June 16, Erich Leinsdorf conducting Orchestra A (with Lorne Munroe, cello); Friday, June 17, Dennis Russell Davies conducting Orchestra B (with Kathleen Battle, soprano, and William Atherton, narrator); Saturday, June 18, Sergiu Comissiona conducting Orchestra A (with Ken Noda, piano); and Sunday, June 19, Erich Leinsdorf directing Orchestra B (with Gianna Rolandi, soprano; Diane Curry, mezzo-soprano; Donald Gramm, bass-baritone and narrator; and the Camerata Singers).

Triad Chorale—Noel Da Costa directing a program of music principally by Howard Swanson, with Carol Joy, soprano; Andrew Frierson, baritone; and others. (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Sunday, June 12, at 3.)

Geraldine O'Grady—Violin. (Carnegie Recital Hall. CI 7-7459. Saturday, June 11, at 2:30.)

Aeolian Chamber Players—A program of music for strings, winds, and piano. (American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St. Sunday, June 12, at 3. For information about tickets, call 581-1810.)

Leonard Hindell—Bassoon, with Kenneth Cooper, harpsichord, and others. (Carnegie Recital Hall. CI 7-7459. Monday, June 13, at 8.)

SPORTS

Baseball—**Mets** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Cincinnati, Wednesday, June 8, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Houston, Thursday and Friday, June 16-17, at 8:05, and Saturday, June 18, at 2:05. . . . **Yankees** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Minnesota, Friday, June 10, at 8, and Saturday and Sunday, June 11-12, at 2. . . . ¶ Kansas City, Monday and Tuesday, June 13-14, and Thursday, June 16, at 8.

Racing—At **Belmont:** Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, July 30. The Mother Goose, Friday, June 10; the Belmont, Saturday, June 11; the Nassau County Handicap, Monday, June 13; the Youthful, Wednesday, June 15; and the Bowling Green Handicap, Saturday, June 18. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 11 and 1:10, and Saturdays between 11 and 1:15.) . . . **Monmouth Park,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Monday, Sept. 5. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Saturdays at 12:05.) . . . **Atlantic City,** Mays Landing, N.J.: Weeknights at 7:45; through Monday, Sept. 5. . . . **Bowie,** Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Saturday, July 23.

Soccer—Cosmos vs. Minnesota. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands, East Rutherford, N.J. Sunday, June 12, at 2:05. For information about tickets, call 484-6010.)

Pro Tennis—World Team Tennis—New York Apples vs. Indiana. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. Wednesday, June 8, at 7:30.) . . . ¶ New York Apples vs. Cleveland. (Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. Saturday, June 11, at 7:30.) For information about tickets, call 725-0070.

Trotting—At **Yonkers Raceway:** Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, June 18. . . . **Saratoga Raceway,** Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 7:30; through Saturday, Nov. 19. . . . **Meadowlands Racetrack,** East Rutherford, N.J.: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, July 30.

Yachting—Start of the Annapolis-to-Newport race, Saturday, June 11. . . . ¶ America's Cup preliminary trials. (Newport. Saturday, June 18, through Saturday, June 25.)

ET ALIA

Auctions—At **Sotheby Parke Bernet,** 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5.) Wednesday, June 8, at 2: Modern paintings, from various collectors. . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, June 9-10, at 2: American furniture and decorations, from a number of sources. . . . ¶ Monday and Tuesday, June 13-14, at 10:15 and 2: *Objets de vertu,* watches, and silver; from many owners. . . . ¶ Tuesday, June 14, at 10:15: Korean works of art from the third century B.C. through the nineteenth century, from several owners. Exhibition starts Thursday, June 9. . . . ¶ Tuesday, June 14, at 11 and 2, and Wednesday, June 15, at 10:15: Japanese works of art, from many sources. Exhibition starts Thursday, June 9. . . . ¶ Thursday, June 16, at 10:15 and 2: Old Master and other paintings by such artists as Giuseppe Bernardino Bison, Luca Carlevaris, Anthony Van Dyck, and Thomas Jenkins; from the estate of Harry G. Sperling and from other sources. Exhibition starts Friday, June 10. . . . **Christie's,** 502 Park Ave., at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5.) Tuesday, June 14, at 10:30: Chinese jades and other hardstone carvings, from the estate of Margaret Dunlap Behn and from other sources. . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 15, at 10:30 and 2: Old Master paintings, belonging to Benny Goodman and others.

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

(If the weather looks doubtful, call the New York Parks Department, 755-4100, for news. The same number may be called for information about all free entertainment in the city.)

Metropolitan Opera, Concert Productions—**Central Park's Sheep Meadow:** Tuesday, June 14, at 8:30 (rain date, June 16), "Tosca," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Giuseppe Giacomini, Louis Quilico, Richard Best, and Paul Franke; conducted by Richard Woitach. . . . **Clove Lakes Park,** Staten Island: Wednesday, June 15, at 8:30 (rain date, June 16), "La Bohème," with Leona Mitchell, Maralin Niska, John Alexander, William Walker, and Jerome Hines; Jan Behr. . . . **Prospect Park,** Brooklyn: Friday, June 17, at 8:30 (rain date, June 19), "Tosca," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Giuseppe Giacomini, Louis Quilico, Richard Best, and Paul Franke; Richard Woitach. . . . **Cunningham Park,** Queens: Saturday, June 18, at 8:30 (rain date, June 19), "La Bohème," with Leona Mitchell, Maralin Niska, John Alexander, Ryan Edwards, and Justino Díaz; Jan Behr.

Central Park Mall—The Brooklyn Boys' Chorus and the No Gap Generation Jazz Band. (Wednesday, June 15, at 7:30; rain date, June 20.)

Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit—The semiannual show is on view daily, from noon until sundown; through Sunday, June 12.

Deep Breathing—The roadways in Central Park are closed to automobiles in favor of strollers and bicyclists from 10 to 4 Mondays through Fridays, and from 7 to 10:30 Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, as well as all day Saturdays and Sundays.

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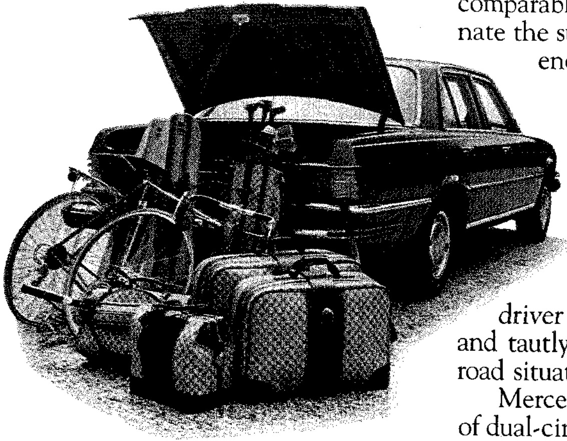

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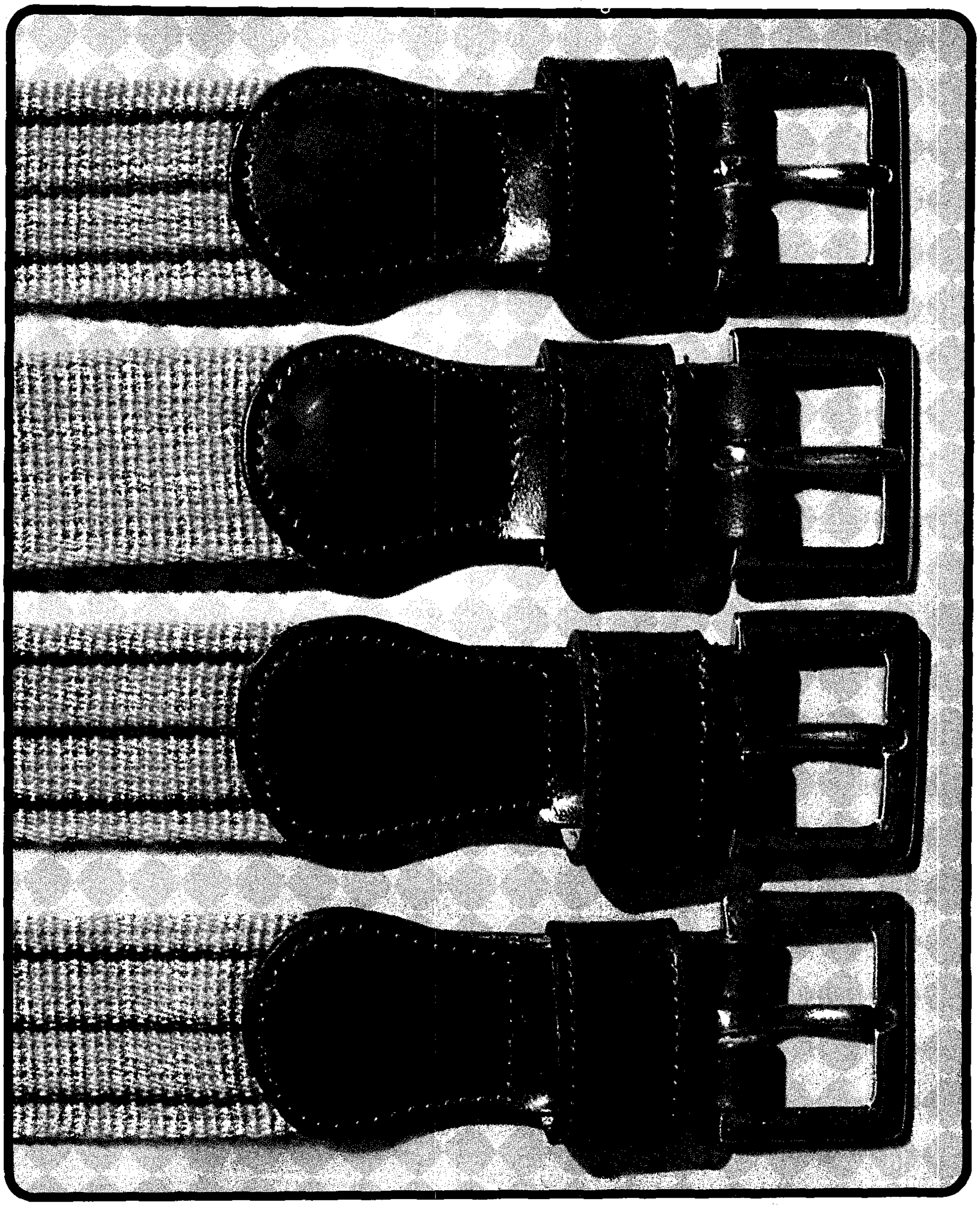

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
June 8: "Man on the Roof."
June 9: "Distant Thunder."
June 10: "Harlan County, U.S.A."
June 11: "Providence."
June 12: "Swept Away."
June 13: "Scenes from a Marriage."
June 14: "Seven Beauties."
June 15: "Pumping Iron."
June 16: "Monty Python and the Holy Grail."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through June 14: "Airport '77" and "The Hindenburg."
From June 15: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through June 14: "Network."
From June 15: "The Seven-Per-Cent Solution."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through June 9: "Modern Times" and "The Great Dictator."
From June 10: "Rollercoaster."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Annie Hall."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through June 14: "The Song Remains the Same."
From June 15: "A Bridge Too Far."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Between the Lines."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Rocky."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"Annie Hall."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Cría!"

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"3 Women."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Other Side of Midnight."

59th St. East, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"The Savage Is Loose."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Ossessione."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Jabberwocky."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
Through June 11: "Safety Last."
June 12-14: "For Heaven's Sake" and "Doctor Jack."
June 15-16: "Feet First."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Through June 14: "Slap Shot."
From June 15: "A Bridge Too Far."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
Through June 14: "Fraternity Row."
From June 15: "A Bridge Too Far."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"We All Loved Each Other So Much."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Cousin, Cousine."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Black Sunday."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through June 14: "Islands in the Stream."
From June 15: To be announced.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Annie Hall."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through June 14: To be announced.
From June 15: "A Bridge Too Far."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Star Wars."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"The Greatest."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through June 9: "The Car."
From June 10: "Rollercoaster."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
"Gums" (X-rated).

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
Through June 14: "Last Days of Man on Earth" and "Journey Into the Beyond."
From June 15: "Mean Frank and Crazy Tony" and "Women in Cell Block 7."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Through June 9: "The Wonderful Crook" and "The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie."
From June 10: To be announced.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
"A Clockwork Orange" and "Harold and Maude."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Annie Hall."

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "The Song Remains the Same."
Theatre 2: "Fellini's Casanova."
Theatre 3: "The Late Show."
Theatre 4: "Uncle Vanya."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"The Sting."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
"Smokey and the Bandit."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
Through June 15: "The Grateful Dead."
From June 16: To be announced.

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through June 14: "Airport '77" and "Burnt Offerings."
From June 15: "Slap Shot" and "Gable and Lombard."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Annie Hall."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Black and White in Color."

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Man on the Roof."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Cría!"

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through June 14: "Aguirre, the Wrath of God."
From June 15: To be announced.

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
"Fellini's Casanova."

Loews 83rd Triplex, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "Annie Hall."
Theatre 2: Through June 14: "Young Lady Chatterley" (X-rated). From June 15: To be announced.
Theatre 3: "Black Sunday."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through June 9: "Beware of a Holy Whore" and "Katzelmacher."
June 10-15: "The American Soldier" and "Gods of the Plague."
From June 16: "Effi Briest."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through June 14: "Woodstock."
From June 15: "Slap Shot" and "The Sentinel."

REVIVAL HOUSES

(These theatres are showing revivals exclusively, and for abbreviated runs. For reasons of space, or lack of it, only the films marked with a dagger are described in our "In Brief" section, further along.)

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
June 8: "Rouge et Noir" (1954), in French, directed by Claude Autant-Lara, with Gérard Philipe, Danielle Darrieux, and Antonella Lualdi; and "Sandra" (1966), in Italian, directed by Luchino Visconti, with Claudia Cardinale, Michael Craig, and Jean Sorel.
June 9: "A Man and a Woman" (1966), in French, directed by Claude Lelouch, with Anouk Aimée and Jean-Louis Trintignant; and "Rouge et Noir."
June 10: "Such a Gorgeous Kid Like Me" (†); and "A Man and a Woman."
June 11: "Traffic" (†) and "Such a Gorgeous Kid Like Me." (†)
June 12: "Genevieve" (†) and "Traffic." (†)
June 13: Two new Belgian films.
June 14: "Limelight" (1952), directed by Charlie Chaplin, with Mr. Chaplin and Claire Bloom; and "Go West" (1925), directed by, and with, Buster Keaton.
June 15: "The Conformist" (1970), in Italian, directed by Bernardo Bertolucci, with Jean-Louis Trintignant, Stefania Sandrelli, and Dominique Sanda; and "China Is Near." (†)
June 16: "Marat/Sade" (†); and "The Conformist."

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
June 8: "Stage Door" (1937), directed by Gregory La Cava, with Ginger Rogers, Katharine Hepburn, Adolphe Menjou, and Franklin Pangborn; and "Morning Glory" (1933), directed by Lowell Sherman, with Katharine Hepburn, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Adolphe Menjou.
June 9: "La Chinoise" (1967), in French, directed by Jean-Luc Godard; and "My Life to Live" (1962), in French, directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Anna Karina.
June 10: "Marat/Sade" (†) and "The Birthday Party." (†)
June 11: "Sunrise" (†); and "City Lights" (1931), directed by, and with, Charlie Chaplin.
June 12: "The Royal Ballet" (1960), with Margot Fonteyn and Michael Somes; and "Peter Rabbit and Tales of Beatrix Potter." (†)
June 13: "Born to Kill" (1975), directed by Monte Hellman, with Warren Oates, Richard B. Shull, and Harry Dean Stanton; and "Payday" (1973), directed by Daryl Duke, with Rip Torn.
June 14: "A Very Curious Girl" (1970), in French, directed by Nelly Kaplan, with Bernadette Lafont; and "Such a Gorgeous Kid Like Me." (†)
June 15: "The Pleasure Garden" (†) and "Jamaica Inn." (†)
June 16: "The Mystery of Kaspar Hauser" (1975), in German, directed by Werner Herzog; and "The Wild Child" (1970), in French, directed by, and with, François Truffaut.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through June 9: "The Man Who Fell to Earth" (1976), directed by Nicolas Roeg, with David Bowie, Rip Torn, Candy Clark, and Buck Henry; and "Logan's Run" (1976), directed by Michael Anderson, with Michael York, Jenny Agutter, Richard Jordan, Roscoe Lee Browne, and Peter Ustinov.
June 10-11: "Bound for Glory" (1976), directed by Hal Ashby, with David Carradine; and "They Shoot Horses, Don't They?" (†)
June 12-13: "The Lion in Winter" (†) and "Anne of the Thousand Days." (†)
June 14: "The Shop on Main Street" (1964), a Czech film, directed by Ján Kadár and Elmar Klos, with Josef Kroner and Ida Kaminska; and "Hester Street" (1975), directed by Joan Micklin Silver, with Steven Keats, Carol Kane, and Mel Howard.
June 15-16: "The Passenger" (1975), di-

rected by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Jack Nicholson and Maria Schneider; and "Drive, He Said." (†)

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

June 8: "The Bad Sleep Well" (1960), in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa, with Toshiro Mifune; and "Pale Flower" (1964), in Japanese, directed by Masahiro Shinoda.

June 9-11: "The Seven Samurai" (1954), in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa.

June 12-13: "The Idiot" (1951), in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa, with Toshiro Mifune; and "Tora-San: Love Under One Umbrella" (1975), in Japanese, directed by Yoji Yamada.

June 14-15: "Samurai Assassin" (1965), in Japanese, directed by Kihachi Okamoto, with Toshiro Mifune; and "The Wolves" (1971), in Japanese, directed by Hideo Gosha.

From June 16: "The Last Samurai" (1976), in Japanese, directed by Kenji Misumi; and "Haunted Samurai" (1971), in Japanese, directed by Keiichi Ozawa.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Through June 14: "West Side Story" (1961), directed by Robert Wise, with Natalie Wood, Richard Beymer, Russ Tamblyn, Rita Moreno, and George Chakiris.

From June 15: To be announced.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

June 8: "You'll Never Get Rich" (1941), directed by Sidney Lanfield, with Fred Astaire, Rita Hayworth, Robert Benchley, and John Hubbard; and "You Were Never Lovelier" (1942), directed by William Seiter, with Rita Hayworth, Fred Astaire, and Adolphe Menjou.

June 9-11: "The Trial" (1963), directed by Orson Welles, with Anthony Perkins, Jeanne Moreau, Romy Schneider, and Welles himself; and "Man in the Shadow" (1958), directed by Jack Arnold, with Jeff Chandler and Orson Welles.

June 12-13: "Paramount on Parade" (†) and "Glorifying the American Girl." (†)

June 14: "Rain" (1932), directed by Lewis Milestone, with Joan Crawford and Walter Huston; and "Of Human Bondage" (1934), directed by John Cromwell, with Bette Davis, Leslie Howard, Frances Dee, and Kay Johnson.

June 15-16: "Things to Come" (1936), directed by William Cameron Menzies, with Raymond Massey and Ralph Richardson; and "Transatlantic Tunnel" (1935), directed by Maurice Elvey, with Madge Evans and Richard Dix.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—This is the old auditorium now gussied up and named for the gussiers. June 9 at 2:30: A program of seven films made by IMP (Independent Moving Picture Company, the predecessor of today's Universal Pictures), including four with Mary Pickford. . . . ¶ June 9 at 6: "Paul J. Rainey's African Hunt" (1912), paper print construction. . . . ¶ June 9 at 8:30: A program of seven short films made by Universal Pictures in 1912 and 1913. . . . ¶ June 10 at 2:30: "The Law Breakers" (1913), "The Vengeance of the Sky Stone" (1913), "The Woman Hater's Baby" (1915), and "Behind the Screen" (1915). . . . ¶ June 10 at 6: "Alraune" (1930), in German, directed by Richard Oswald, with Brigitte Helm and Albert Bassermann; English subtitles. . . . ¶ June 10 at 8: "Blackstar: The Autobiography of a Close Friend" (1977), directed by Tom Joslin. . . . ¶ June 11 at noon: "100 Men and a Girl" (1937), directed by Henry Koster, with Deanna Durbin, Adolphe Menjou, and Leopold Stokowski. . . . ¶ June 11 at 2:30: A program of seven IMP short films, four with Mary Pickford. . . . ¶ June 11 at 5: A program of seven short films made by Universal Pictures in 1912 and 1913. . . . ¶ June 12 at noon: "Mad About Music" (1938), directed by Norman Taurog, with Deanna Durbin and Herbert Marshall. . . . ¶ June 12 at 2:30: A program of seven IMP short films, four with Mary Pickford. . . . ¶ June 12 at 5: "Old and New; the General Line" (1929), in Russian, directed by Sergei Eisenstein and Grigori Alexandrov; English inter-titles. . . . ¶ June 13 at noon: "The Secret World of Odilon Redon" (1973), directed by Stephen Gross; and "Georges Rouault" (1972), directed by Isabelle Rouault, Pierre Courthion, and Geneviève Nouaille Rouault. . . . ¶ June 13 at 2:30: "Paul J. Rainey's African Hunt." . . . ¶ June 13 at 6: "Celluloid Illuminations" (1975) and "Translucent Appearances" (1975), both directed by Barry Gerson. . . . ¶ June 14 at noon: "The Secret World of Odilon Redon" and "Georges Rouault." . . . ¶ June 14 at 2:30: "The Lovers" (1953), in French, directed by Louis Malle, with Jeanne Moreau and Alain Cuny; English subtitles. . . . ¶ June 16 at 2:30: "20,000 Leagues Under the Sea" (1916), directed by Stuart Paton, with Jane Gail and Allen Holubar. . . . ¶ June 16 at 6: "Damon and Pythias" (1914), directed by Otis Turner. . . . ¶ June 16 at 8:30: "Boxcar Bill Falls in Luck" (1917), directed by Bill Cause; "Levi and McGinnes Running for Office" (1914); and "The Primrose Path" (1915), directed by Lawrence Marston, with Gladys Walton. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through June 12: "The March on Paris 1914—of Generaloberst Alexander von Kluck—and His Memory of Jessie Holladay," directed by Walter Gutman, with Jessie Holladay Duane and Wulf Gunther Brandes. Showings at noon, 1:30, 3, and 4:30. . . . ¶ Starting June 14: "The Five-Day Bicycle Race" and "Mock Turtle Soup," a video installation. Continuous showings from noon to 5:45 (9:45 on Tuesday evening). Call desk (794-0630) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—The final programs of films by the late Roberto Rossellini, all in Italian, with English subtitles: June 8 at 7 and 9:30: "The Age of the Medici, Part I" (1973). . . . ¶ June 9 at 7 and 9:30: "The Age of the Medici, Part II" (1973). . . . ¶ June 10 at 7 and 9:30: "The Age of the Medici, Part III" (1973).

Film Forum, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (989-2994)—June 9-12: "The New School" (1973), a Cuban film, in Spanish, directed by Jorge Fraga; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Starting June 16: "We're Not the Jet Set" (1975), a documentary, directed by Robert Duvall. Showings Thursdays through Sundays at 7:45.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Aguirre, the Wrath of God (1972)—Werner Herzog's fine film about a sixteenth-century quest for a Peruvian El Dorado. The leader of the conquistadores is Aguirre, blazing-eyed and severe, with delusions of demagogy. In German. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/11/77.) (Cinema Studio; through June 14.)

Airport '77—*The hero is a Boeing, which behaves immaculately in the most trying circumstances.* With Jack Lemmon, Lee Grant, Brenda Vaccaro, Joseph Cotten, and Olivia de Havilland; directed by Jerry Jameson. (St. Marks Cinema, and Playboy; through June 14.)

The American Soldier (1970)—With Karl Scheydt and Margarethe von Trotta, directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder. In German. (New Yorker; June 10-15.)

Anne of the Thousand Days (1970)—Literate and civilized, but not very exciting. Richard Burton plays Henry VIII to Geneviève Bujold's Anne Boleyn. (Cinema Village; June 12-13.)

Annie Hall—Woody Allen's newest film—very funny, very close to his own bone. The hero, called Alvy Singer and played by Mr. Allen, is a skinny redhead whose anxieties are not small ones. His beguiling girl is played by Diane Keaton, for whom Mr. Allen has written a splendidly funny and loving part. (4/25/77) (34th St. East, Fine Arts, Trans-Lux 85th St., Greenwich, Little Carnegie, and Loews 83rd Triplex.)

Between the Lines—Directed by Joan Micklin Silver, from a screenplay by Fred Barron, about a spirited underground Boston weekly called the *Back Bay Mainline*. Mrs. Silver's film is anecdotal and illustrative, crammed with good characters. The plot is engagingly unaggressive and unsystematic, leading to a slimy climax in which the newspaper is bought by a ruthless smoothie in a tie and a suit who is ready to sack and replace the whole raffish staff. (5/9/77) (Sutton.)

Beware of a Holy Whore (1970)—With Lou Castel, Werner Schroeter, and Eddie Constantine; directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder. In German. (New Yorker; through June 9.)

The Birthday Party (1968)—The early Harold Pinter play, directed by William Friedkin, with an expert cast (Sydney Tafler, Robert Shaw, Patrick Magee, and Dandy Nichols). *Lacking the excitement that Pinter's plays usually generate on the stage, the material became frozen and arbitrary.* (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 10.)

Black and White in Color—Directed by Jean-Jacques Annaud; at first anecdotal, then ironic and sharp and charming. The scene is West Africa in 1915, when the local French and German garrisons learn that they are at war. The hero is a good-looking, decisive French geographer called Hubert (Jacques Spiesser), who turns a tribe into a pukka regiment. In French. (5/23/77) (Paris.)

Black Sunday—What if a terrorist Black September group were to try to blow up the eighty thousand-odd spectators and the President at a Super Bowl game in Miami? Robert Shaw plays, very well, an Israeli tracking down the assassins; an emaciated Bruce Dern plays one of the would-be killers. The effect of this best of the batch of what-if films is So what? Directed by John Frankenheimer. (4/4/77) (Loews Tower East, and Loews 83rd Triplex.)

A Bridge Too Far—Based on the Cornelius Ryan book about the Battle of Arnhem, in the Second World War. Directed by Richard Attenborough. (Eastside Cinema, Columbia I, Columbia II, and U.A. East; starting June 15.)

Burnt Offerings—With Karen Black, Oliver Reed, and Burgess Meredith; directed by Dan Curtis. (Playboy; through June 14.)

The Car—With James Brolin, Kathleen Lloyd, and John Marley; directed by Elliot Silverstein. (86th St. East; through June 9.)

China Is Near (1968)—Marco Bellocchio's highly original political comedy, in which the people are so awful they're funny. Bellocchio's characters are as much a private zoo as Buñuel's; the five principals use one another in every way they can, with the film structured like a classic comic opera. The two key adversaries are a prissy, sneering seventeen-year-old Maoist and his pompous Socialist brother. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema; June 15.)

A Clockwork Orange (1971)—Cold and repellent. Stanley Kubrick's film might be the work of a strict and exacting German professor who set out to make a porno-violent sci-fi comedy. (8th St. Playhouse.)

Cousin, Cousine—Jean-Charles Tacchella's cheerful film about a big family and two Rabelaisian apostates within it. In French. (68th St. Playhouse.)

Cría!—A moving Spanish film, set in Madrid, with Ana Torrent as a nine-year-old called Ana. She has the sort of gravity that only grownups with no memory call unchildlike. Her mother and her adult self are both played with great beauty by Geraldine Chaplin. Carlos Saura directed, and wrote the screenplay himself. Surrounded by deaths—her mother's, her father's (discovered by her in bed with her mother's best friend), her guinea pig's, the extinction that her paralyzed and mute beloved grandmother badly wishes for—the child has a delicate sense of play; there is a marvellous scene in which she and her sisters dress up and make up and talk as they imagine grownups do when alone together. In Spanish. (6/6/77) (Plaza, and Paramount.)

The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie (1972)—Luis Buñuel's most frivolously witty movie, directed with exhilarating ease. He is no longer savage about the hypocrisy and inanity of the privileged classes; he has grown almost fond of their follies—the way one can grow fond of the snarls and the silliness of vicious pets. The discreetly charming amoral beasts gathered here include Stéphane Audran, Julien Bertheau (as the bishop), Fernando Rey, Delphine Seyrig, and Jean-Pierre

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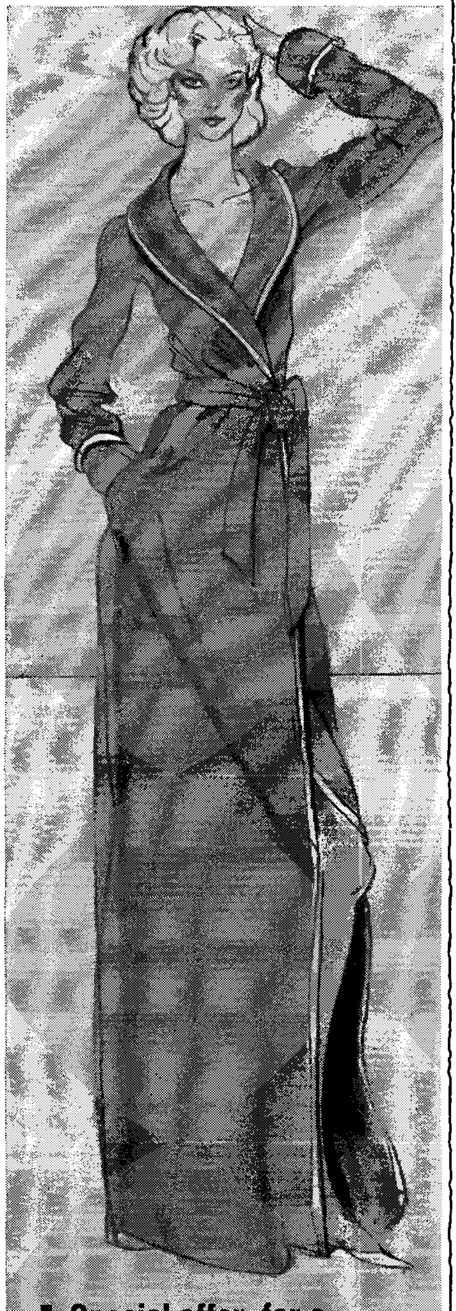

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Cassel. In French. (Waverly; through June 9.)

Distant Thunder (1973)—Satyajit Ray sets this film in a torpid Bengali village in the early nineteen-forties. Soumitra Chatterji, Ray's one-man stock company, who played the passionately romantic Apu in "The World of Apu," is cast as a newly arrived Brahmin, the only educated man for miles around. "You are the jewel in our crown," the ignorant villagers tell him, and he agrees. But the faraway Second World War causes the price of rice to soar, the traditions that bind the community are eroded, and the condescending Brahmin is no longer treated as a jewel. This isn't one of Ray's greatest films: it's forced and riddled with flaws. Yet it's still a Satyajit Ray film, full of feeling and astonishingly beautiful; the women are conceived as in a dream of the past—moving in their thin, clinging saris, they create sensuous waves of color in the steamy air. In Bengali. (11/10/75) (Art; June 9.)

Doctor Jack (1922)—With Harold Lloyd and Mildred Davis, directed by Fred Newmeyer. (Cinema II; June 12-14.)

Drive, He Said (1971)—Jack Nicholson's début as a director. This film about schizophrenia in the soul of young America is well acted, but it skids into some very leaden symbolism about a crackup in the mind of a boy avoiding the draft; the screen suddenly swarms with lizards and mice and bugs that he has let loose in a biology lab, in the spirit of freeing fellow-prisoners. (Cinema Village; June 15-16.)

Effi Briest (1974)—With Hanna Schygulla and Wolfgang Schenck, directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder. In German. (New Yorker; starting June 16.)

Feet First (1930)—Directed by, and with, Harold Lloyd. (Cinema II; June 15-16.)

Fellini's Casanova—Fellini's epic about his own alienation; it takes great dedication to sit this one out. Donald Sutherland is used as an unfunny caricature of Casanova. (Quad Cinema, and Embassy 72nd St.)

For Heaven's Sake (1926)—With Harold Lloyd, directed by Sam Taylor. (Cinema II; June 12-14.)

Fraternity Row—With Peter Fox, Gregory Harrison, and Scott Newman; directed by Thomas J. Tobin. (Columbia II; through June 14.)

Gable and Lombard—Limply raunchy, meaningless movie, with nothing to say about the movies, about love, or about stardom. Barry Sandler wrote the trivializing, falsifying script, and Sidney J. Furie is guilty of the direction. With James Brolin and Jill Clayburgh. (2/23/76) (Playboy; starting June 15.)

Genevieve (1954)—Funny English comedy, directed by Henry Cornelius, with Kenneth More as an amiable old-car nut who goes on the London-to-Brighton annual motor race for petrol-driven antiques. Good about English mews life, with an entrancing sequence when the beautiful late Kay Kendall plays the trumpet. (Bleecker St. Cinema; June 12.)

Glorifying the American Girl (1929)—A dreary account of the rise of a young girl (Mary Eaton) from the sheet-music department of a big store, through the dilemmas of small-town vaudeville, to her ultimate glorification in the Ziegfeld Follies, where, finally, we get glimpses of Helen Morgan, Rudy Vallée, and Eddie Cantor, as well as Ziegfeld himself (who also supervised the production) and such celebrities as Mayor Jimmy Walker, Ring Lardner, Texas Guinan, Johnny Weissmuller, Otto Kahn, and Adolph Zukor. Along her interminable way, our heroine renounces love (Edward Crandall) for the headdresses and bangles of her career; the moral is that you pay a price for applause. Meanwhile, the moviegoer who wants to see how musical numbers were staged in Ziegfeld's day learns that he has to sweat it out for a few minutes of pleasure. Millard Webb directed. The songs include "At Sundown," "Blue Skies," "What Wouldn't I Do for That Man," and "I'm Just a Vagabond Lover;" Ted Shawn choreographed the ballets. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 12-13.)

Gods of the Plague (1969)—With Harry Baer and Hanna Schygulla, directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder. In German. (New Yorker; June 10-15.)

The Grateful Dead—Filmed concerts and interviews. (Ziegfeld; through June 15.)

The Great Dictator (1940)—Chaplin plays a small-time Jewish barber and doubles as a mock Hitler called Hynkel, dictator of Tomania, who argues with Napaloni, dictator of Bacteria. He is helped on by Herring and Garbitsch. The notion of a 1940 farce about Hitler and anti-Semitism works out much less queasily than it sounds. The famous sequence when Hynkel lies on his back and tosses around a balloon inscribed with a map of the world is a miracle of high-flying, mordant fun. But the last impassioned speech about peace and unity still wrecks everything that has gone before; Chaplin mawkish can always overrule Chaplin the innocent mime. (Murray Hill; through June 9.)

The Greatest—The career of Muhammad Ali, from his 1960 Olympic victory to the 1975 fight in Zaire against George Foreman. With Ali playing himself, directed by Tom Gries. (Loews Ciné.)

Harlan County, U.S.A.—A documentary with a great subject, and with the taste and sensitivity not to betray it. The director, Barbara Kopple, went to live among the coal miners of Harlan County, Kentucky, when they went out on strike in 1973. This film is about an underdog group with its own folk culture, based on the unending struggle with "the owners." (1/24/77) (Art; June 10.)

Harold and Maude (1971)—The love story of Harold (Bud Cort), almost twenty, and Maude (Ruth Gordon), almost eighty. Directed by Hal Ashby. (8th St. Playhouse.)

The Hindenburg (1975)—Tame, impersonal good taste doesn't do much for a disaster picture. Robert Wise directed; with George C. Scott, Anne Bancroft, and William Atherton. (1/19/76) (St. Marks Cinema; through June 14.)

Islands in the Stream—The implacable stodginess of this Franklin J. Schaffner version of Hemingway's posthumous novel is stupefying yet impressive. George C. Scott gives a scrupulous performance as the fisherman-artist hero living in the Bahamas at the outbreak of the Second World War, who is visited by his three sons from two broken marriages, and then by his first wife (Claire Bloom). The movie brings out the worst in Hemingway—his mystique. With Julius Harris, David Hemmings, Gilbert Roland, and Michael-James Wixted as the middle boy, Davy. (3/14/77) (72nd Street East; through June 14.)

Jabberwocky—An agreeably deranged English film, directed by Monty Python's Terry Gilliam, with Python's Michael Palin playing a dim-looking youth called Dennis Cooper. It is set, vaguely, in the Middle Ages, which is to say in the middle of demolition, muddle, and mayhem. Highly recommended. (5/9/77) (Cinema I.)

Jamaica Inn (1939)—A forgettable, generally forgotten Hitchcock gothic, from a Daphne du Maurier novel, full of Cornwall shipwrecks and smuggling and murder in the time of good King George IV. The picture is dominated by Charles Laughton as an evil, bound-to-go-mad rake of the time; his flamboyant ghoulishness appears to have paralyzed Hitchcock, whose staging of the wild flights from assassins, the midnight escapes, the prowlings up and down corridors, over roofs, through barnyards, and over moors is unredeemed claptrap. Emlyn Williams shines as a trim little scamp; Maureen O'Hara is a dim heroine. With Leslie Banks and Marie Ney. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 15.)

Katzelmacher (1969)—With Hanna Schygulla, Harry Baer, and Rainer Werner Fassbinder; directed by Mr. Fassbinder. In German. (New Yorker; through June 9.)

Last Days of Man on Earth (1974)—With Jon Finch and Sterling Hayden, directed by Robert Fuest. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2; through June 14.)

The Late Show—The writer-director, Robert Benton, has followed the rules of the detective-movie genre, but he's also added something: the detective (Art Carney) is overweight, old, and scared. Lily Tomlin is the woman who hires him; Eugene Roche is a fence who loves his stolen goodies; Bill Macy is a scrounging bartender; Joanna Cassidy is a lying, cheating charmer; Howard Duff is a penny-ante detective; and John Considine is a sleekly handsome strong-arm man. They're all originals. (2/7/77) (Quad Cinema.)

The Lion in Winter (1968)—Imitation wit and imitation poetry at the court of the Plantagenets. Anthony Harvey directed James Goldman's adaptation of his own play. Peter O'Toole is in great voice and good spirits as Henry II; Katharine Hepburn is Eleanor of Aquitaine. (Cinema Village; June 12-13.)

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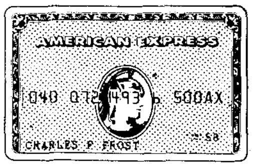

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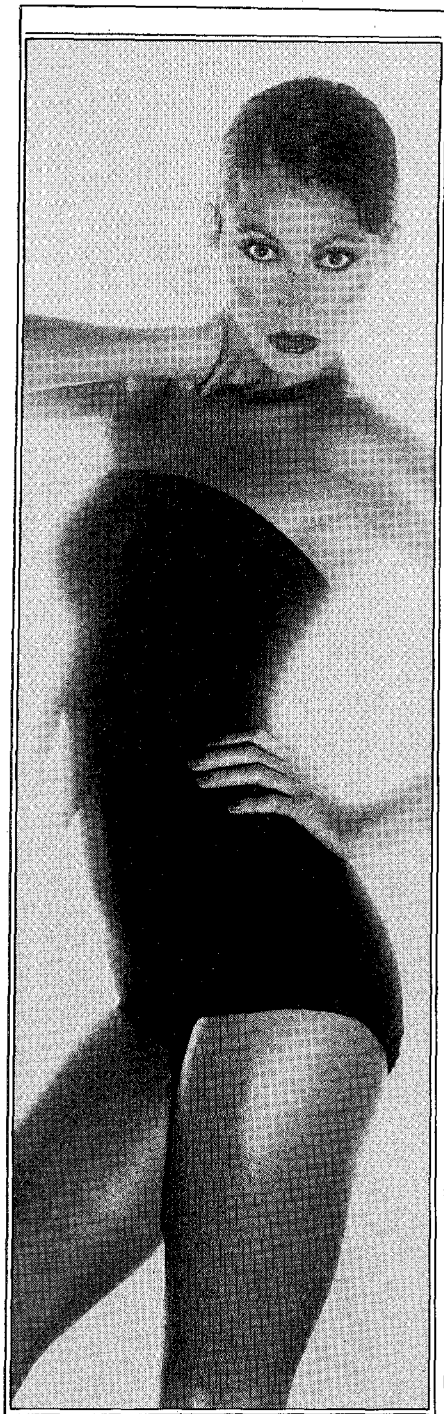

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Wahlöö book. With Carl-Gustaf Lindstedt, directed by Bo Widerberg. In Swedish. (Cinema 3. . . . ¶ Art; June 8.)

Marat/Sade (1967)—A movie of a play inside a play. Directed by Peter Brook, with the original stage cast. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 10. . . . ¶ Bleecker St. Cinema; June 16.)

Mean Frank and Crazy Tony—With Lee Van Cleef and Tony Lo Bianco, directed by Michel Lupo. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2; starting June 15.)

Modern Times (1936)—Chaplin, in beautiful form. (Murray Hill; through June 9.)

Monty Python and the Holy Grail (1975)—A cheerfully loused-up reworking of the story of King Arthur, written and acted by the Python team, who were first famous on English TV and then picked up a devoted following here. (Art; June 16.)

Network—Television, Paddy Chayefsky says, is turning us into morons and humanoids; people have lost the ability to love. The cast of this messianic farce includes Faye Dunaway, William Holden, Peter Finch, Robert Duvall, and Ned Beatty, and they all take turns yelling at us soulless masses. Sidney Lumet directed. (12/6/76) (Gramercy; through June 14.)

Ossessione (1942)—The first film made by Luchino Visconti. Based on James M. Cain's "The Postman Always Rings Twice," with Clara Calamai and Massimo Girotti. In Italian. (Reviewed in this issue.) (D.W. Griffith.)

The Other Side of Midnight—Derived from the Sidney Sheldon novel. With Marie-France Pisier, John Beck, Susan Sarandon, and Raf Vallone; directed by Charles Jarrott. (Coronet.)

Paramount on Parade (1930)—A lavish all-star musical revue, directed by Dorothy Arzner, Ernst Lubitsch, Rowland V. Lee, Edward Sutherland, and others, and supervised by Elsie Janis. The numbers include Ruth Chatterton singing "My Marine" to a quartet that includes Fredric March; Clara Bow, with Jack Oakie and Skeets Gallagher, in "I'm True to the Navy Now;" Helen Kane as a schoolteacher singing "What Did Cleopatra Say?" to the children, who reply "Boop Boopa Doop;" William Powell as Philo Vance and Clive Brook as Sherlock Holmes in "Murder Will Out." Among the other stars are Nancy Carroll, Maurice Chevalier, Nino Martini, Jean Arthur, Gary Cooper, Fay Wray, Lillian Roth, Dennis King, Kay Francis, and Buddy Rogers. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 12-13.)

Peter Rabbit and Tales of Beatrix Potter (1971)—For children, but even more for us. The Royal Ballet's halcyon transposition of Miss Potter's stories into dance. We are in Cumberland. Greenest grass, stone walls, lakes like glass that support flotillas of squirrels on homemade rafts; a world of picnics where Mr. Jeremy Fisher, a frog dressed in galoshes and the most beautiful brocade waistcoat, does amazing leaps while mice trample joyfully in the jam tarts and two pigs in love have a pas de deux. The film looks like Miss Potter's watercolor drawings. Sir Frederick Ashton did the choreography. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 12.)

The Pleasure Garden (1925)—The first film that Hitchcock (previously a movie designer and writer) directed. It's about two chorus girls from the Pleasure Garden Theatre; the parts are played by two American actresses—Virginia Valli is the virtuous one, Carmelita Geraghty the villainous one. The picture has ingenious sequences, and it's good to look at, though the story is vintage melodramatic hokum; actually, some of that hokum is hilariously campy now, such as the sequence about a depraved white man in the tropics. With another American, Nita Naldi, and Miles Mander. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 15.)

Providence—Alain Resnais's intricately planned Freudian-puzzle movie, mostly set inside the mind of a dying writer (John Gielgud). Alone at night, in pain, he drunkenly plots a novel about the members of his family (Dirk Bogarde, Ellen Burstyn, David Warner, Elaine Stritch). The movie is peculiarly fastidious and static. David Mercer wrote the script. (1/31/77) (Art; June 11.)

Pumping Iron—Competently made documentary about the grotesque, funny subculture of body-building. It holds the viewer's interest, but it does so by setting up the body-building champions for you to react to in a certain way, and then congratulating you for seeing them in that psychologically facile way. The directors, George Butler and Robert Fiore, treat Arnold Schwarzenegger, Mike Katz, Franco Columbu, and Louis Ferrigno and his parents as if they were fictional characters, and there are elements of presumption, cruelty, and condescension in this. The film never transcends its own slickness. (Art; June 15.)

Rocky—A low-budget winner—a romantic fable about a Philadelphia palooka who gains his manhood, written by and starring musclebound Sylvester Stallone, who is repulsive one moment, noble the next. The picture is poorly made, yet its naïve, emotional shamelessness is funny and engaging. John G. Avildsen directed; with Talia Shire, Carl Weathers, Burt Young, and Burgess Meredith. (11/29/76) (Trans-Lux East.)

Rollercoaster—With George Segal, Richard Widmark, and Timothy Bottoms; directed by James Goldstone. (Murray Hill, and 86th St. East; starting June 10.)

Safety Last (1923)—With Harold Lloyd and Mildred Davis, directed by Fred Newmeyer and Sam Taylor. (Cinema II; through June 11.)

The Savage Is Loose (1974)—George C. Scott, Trish Van Devere, and John David Carson, as their son, are shipwrecked on a jungle island, and so is the audience. Agonizing. (59th St. East.)

Scenes from a Marriage (1974)—Bergman's picture of the intimacies and misapprehensions between Johan (Erland Josephson) and Marianne (Liv Ullmann, never more beautiful), originally made for TV as six fifty-minute sequences, here cut into a triumphantly coherent two and three-quarters hours of film, photographed by Sven Nykvist. Johan has a touch of the priggish about him, and also a touch of the weak; Marianne, apparently the victimized one, turns out to be the stronger. In Swedish. (Art; June 13.)

The Sentinel—With Chris Sarandon and Cristina Raines, directed by Michael Winner. (Olympia; starting June 15.)

Seven Beauties (1976)—Lina Wertmüller's Everyman jamboree, full of garbled ideas, cruelty, moist wistfulness, pious moralizing, and appeals to coarse prejudices. With Giancarlo Giannini. In Italian. (2/16/76) (Art; June 14.)

The Seven-Per-Cent Solution—A civilized light entertainment, with Nicol Williamson's Sherlock Holmes and Alan Arkin's Sigmund Freud pooling their deductive skills to solve the mysterious kidnapping of one of Freud's patients (Vanessa Redgrave). Chief among the performers, who seem to be having an actor's holiday, is Laurence Olivier, in high form as the criminal mastermind Prof. Moriarty; the others include Robert Duvall as Dr. Watson, Joel Grey, Anna Quayle, Samantha Eggar, Georgia Brown, Jeremy Kemp, and Charles Gray. Nicholas Meyer adapted his 1974 best-seller; Herbert Ross directed. (11/1/76) (Gramercy; starting June 15.)

Slap Shot—Fast, noisy, profane comedy set in the world of minor-league ice hockey. The director, George Roy Hill, gets you laughing, all right, but you don't necessarily enjoy yourself. What holds the film together is the warmth supplied by Paul Newman, who, as Reggie, a player-coach, gives the performance of his life—to date. (3/7/77) (Columbia I; through June 14. . . . ¶ Playboy, and Olympia; starting June 15.)

Smokey and the Bandit—With Burt Reynolds, Sally Field, Jerry Reed, and Jackie Gleason; directed by Hal Needham. (Music Hall.)

The Song Remains the Same—The Led Zeppelin rock group, onstage and off. (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ Eastside Cinema; through June 14.)

Star Wars—With Mark Hamill, Harrison Ford, Carrie Fisher, Peter Cushing, and Alec Guinness; directed by George Lucas. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Loews Orpheum.)

The Sting (1973)—Paul Newman, Robert Redford, and director George Roy Hill trying to recapture the box-office glow of "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid." This time, the happy twosome are cardsharps and swindlers of the thirties; the mood isn't as coyly lyrical as before—the first blush of their romance has faded. It's a visually claustrophobic, mechanically plotted movie that's meant to be a roguishly charming entertainment, and many people probably consider it just that. With Robert Shaw as the stiff-necked menace. (Guild.)

Such a Gorgeous Kid Like Me (1973)—Truffaut, and by no means at his best. The heroine, played by Bernadette Lafont, capsizes the meagre possibilities of the original Henry Farrell book about an amoral nymphomaniac who seizes the love of an innocent sociologist by seeming as hard as nails, whereas the sociologist sees her as a victim of a rotten childhood. The theme of the too easily beguiled intellectual strikes one as rather overworked, though there are five or six wonderful Truffaut scenes. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; June 10-11. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 14.)

Sunrise (1927)—A strange (and silent) failed masterpiece by the great German director, F. W. Murnau, who made this stylized, oddly Germanic movie in America. It got rather too self-consciously pictorial, but even in the alien milieu, Murnau's direction is frequently masterly, and there are splendid sequences. From a Sudermann story. With Janet Gaynor and George O'Brien, and with Margaret Livingston as the temptress. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 11.)

Swept Away (1975)—Lina Wertmüller's Marxist story of a wealthy, industry-upheld bitch on a yacht who finds herself marooned in a state of heavily erotic political masochism. Her partner is the very sailor whom she has been abusing for marine inefficiency and the wearing of stinking T-shirts. In Italian. (9/22/75) (Art; June 12.)

They Shoot Horses, Don't They? (1969)—Horace McCoy's nineteen-thirties novel about the Hollywood extras who enter a marathon dance, here turned into another savage nightmare of American life. Jane Fonda gives a good, strong performance, and Sydney Pollack's direction keeps the nightmare lively. (Cinema Village; June 10-11.)

3 Women—Robert Altman's dream film about three women whose identities merge, one into another, and flow together. Shelley Duvall plays a beautiful know-it-all girl who is an attendant in a health spa for the aged. Sissy Spacek plays the novice she breaks in, and Janice Rule plays a silent artist who paints lunging profile figures on the sides of swimming pools. (4/18/77) (Baronet.)

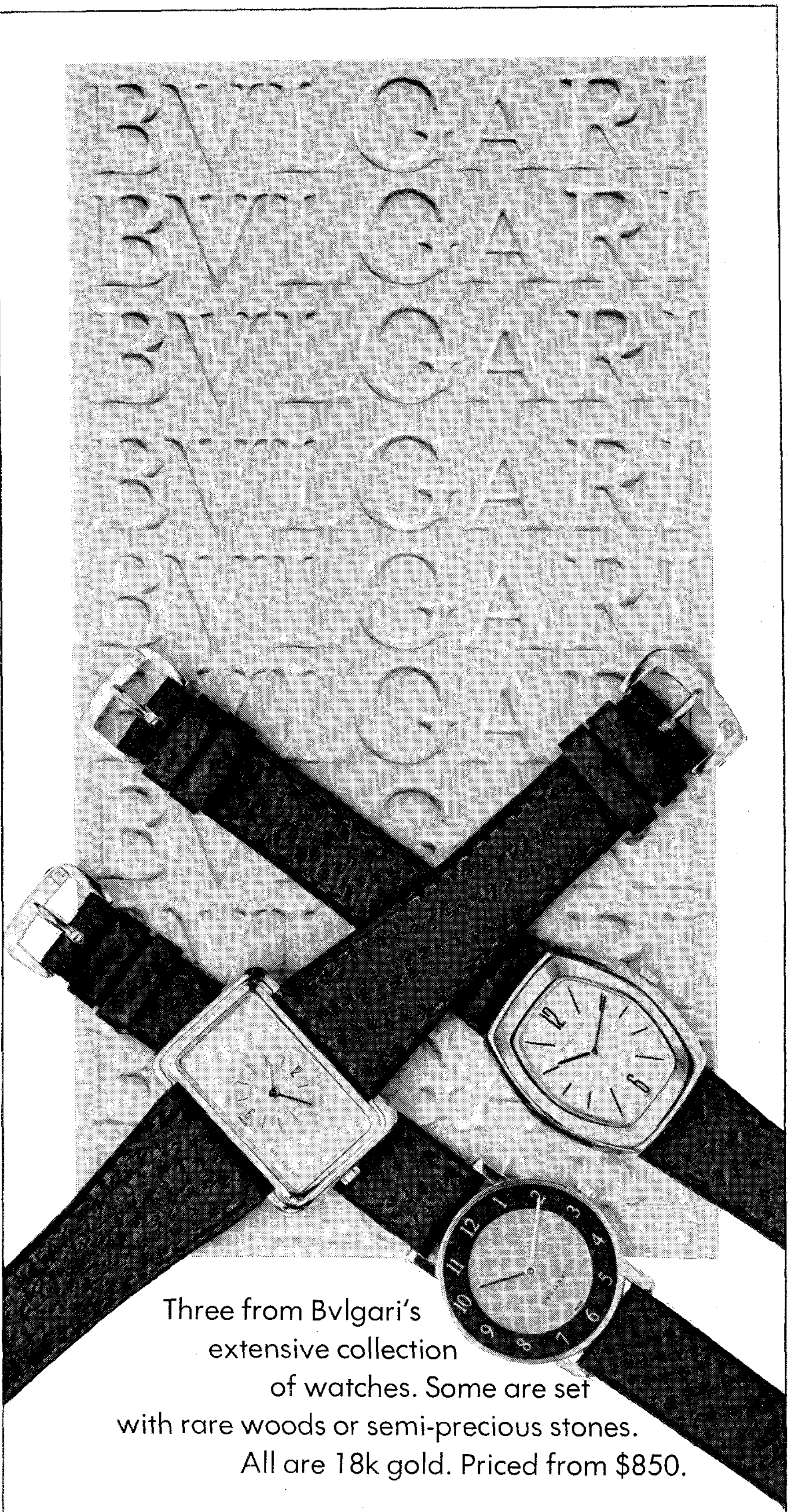
Traffic (1971)—M. Hulot is a car designer on his maundering way to an international automobile exposition in Amsterdam. Jacques Tati's rather precious film is fuzzy and only vaguely comic. (Bleecker St. Cinema; June 11-12.)

Uncle Vanya (1963)—Probably the best "Vanya" in English that we shall ever see. Directed by Stuart Burge, it is a literal preservation of Laurence Olivier's Chichester Festival production in England, with Olivier as Astrov, Michael Redgrave as Vanya, Rosemary Harris as Ilyena, Joan Plowright as Sonya, Lewis Casson as Telegin, Max Adrian as the fraudulent pamphleteer Serebryakov. The production perfectly catches the peculiar dilemma of Chekhov's great characters, which is that they are tragic heroes fated to seem comic in the eyes of the people they most worship. (4/18/77) (Quad Cinema.)

We All Loved Each Other So Much—An Italian film by Ettore Scola that is a comic commemoration of some of the reasons we find Italians congenial: bombast, the gift for abusive lifelong friendship, puff-chestedness, dignity in making gaffes, a talent for chaos, a genius with babies, intense solemnity about professionalism in anything from male nursing to car parking to film buffery to policemen dressed up like generals. Vittorio Gassman plays a well-heeled lawyer, Nino Manfredi plays a hospital orderly, Stefano Satta Flores plays a film buff blanched and bespectacled from all the films he has watched. In Italian. (6/6/77) (Beekman.)

The Wonderful Crook—Gérard Depardieu as a petit-bourgeois Robin Hood, a man who commits robberies in order to meet the payroll of his family business, a small furniture factory. The Swiss writer-director, Claude Goretta, develops the small stresses and breaks of feeling; we know we're seeing a film made by artists. But Goretta's wheels grind so fine that we become impatient; the hero's arrest is our reprieve. In French. (3/21/77) (Waverly; through June 9.)

Woodstock (1970)—Michael Wadleigh's three-hour account of the Woodstock Festival, with half a million good-humored kids up there on screen. Wadleigh has a kind eye and an exuberant style; the triple-image editing is particularly effective on such groups as The Who. Jimi Hendrix makes "The Star-Spangled Banner" sound like an air raid. (Olympia; through June 14.)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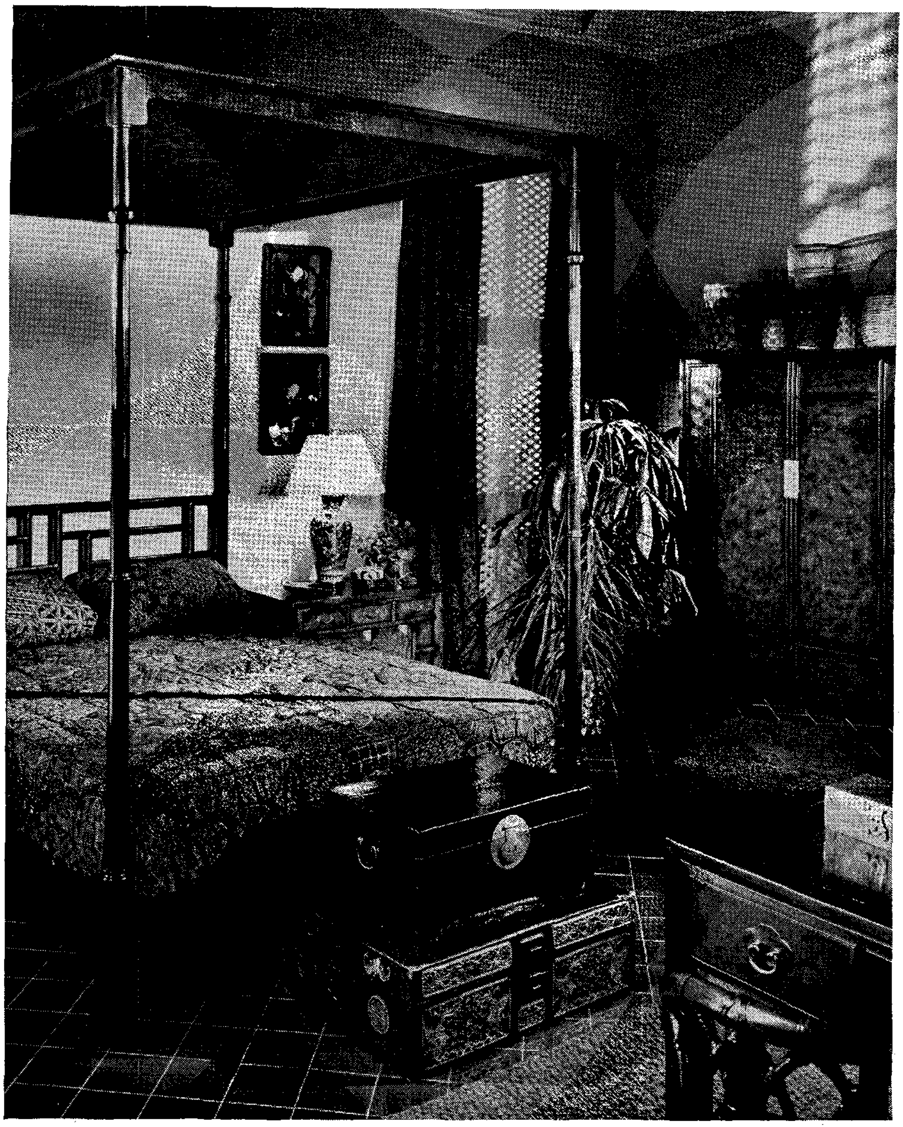

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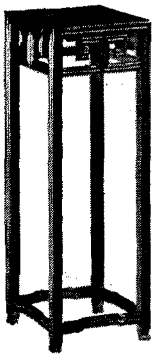

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

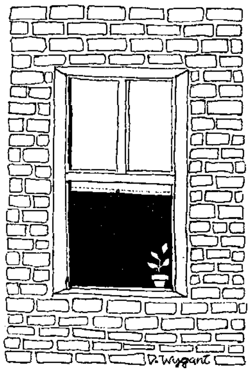
Notes and Comment

FROM a woman who writes to us from time to time:

I've just read with interest that Caroline Kennedy has been hired by the *News* as a copyperson at a salary of a hundred and fifty-six dollars and eighty-nine cents a week. I noticed how easily the genderless noun "copyperson" slipped into the sentence, and I contrasted it with the way things were in 1941, when I got a job at the *News* as one of the first girl copyboys in New York City, and possibly in the whole world. Nobody knew what to call us—or so we were made to believe. Jokes about whether to call "Burl!" or "Boyl!" to summon a copyboy didn't wear off for a long time, and the novelty of copy*girls* even made a story in *Time*. Caroline's salary also contrasts with mine, which was sixteen dollars a week, the Newspaper Guild minimum.

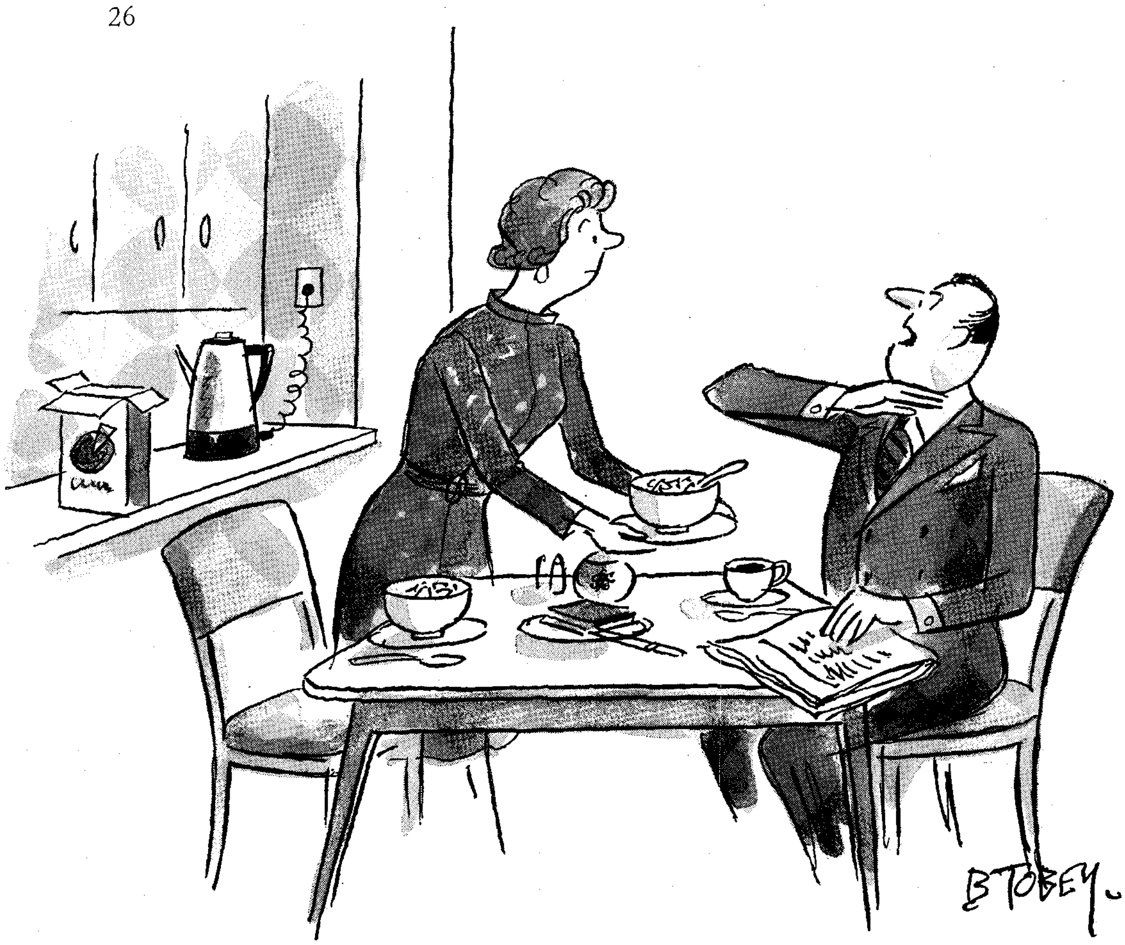
I don't know if any of Caroline's experiences will resemble mine, but I hope she finds the job as thrilling as I did. Unless it, too, has changed greatly, I can tell her a bit about what to expect. The duty of a copyboy (the term I'm most comfortable with, regardless of gender) is to carry copy from desk to desk. The City Room is an enormous room consisting of various regions filled with desks. In the center of the room is a long bench—the copyboys' bench. Copyboys sit there and wait for a summons. When a voice shouts "Boy!" from any of the regions, a boy is supposed to rise, go swiftly to the person who called, take whatever is handed to him, and carry it where it is supposed to go. At first, I was completely confused as to the source of a call. The summons echoed in the huge room, and, when I looked around, all the heads would be down; there was no way to tell where the voice had come from.

I remember standing helplessly looking around until the copyboys' boss, my immediate supervisor—a horrible, cranky old retired cop who spat tobacco juice and despised copygirls—yelled my name and pointed. Or else the caller would raise his head and shout "Boy!" once more, and I would spot him. I was conspicuous anyway, because I was new and a girl, and when either of these things happened I would realize that a lot of heads had now been raised and a lot of eyes were on me. My face was a hot pink throughout my first week. When I got to the person who had called, I was usually handed a piece of copy paper (though sometimes I was given fifty cents and an order for a sandwich). Experienced copyboys knew where to take the copy. I would have to ask, and at first the instructions were cryptic. The man might mumble "Brooklyn" or "Radio" or "Captions." I would have to ask again, as though I were deaf or didn't understand English, and be embarrassed again. Suddenly, after about two weeks, all this confusion cleared up. I could identify each voice, knew where the man sat, and knew where to find the editor of the Brooklyn Edition, the radio room, the caption department, and so on.



Suddenly, too, I began to understand how the whole scheme worked. Each region of the room contributes pieces of copy that will go into the next day's paper. Copyboys convey these pieces of paper in an orderly flow through a series of editors. The last stop is the copydesk. When the copy editor finishes a piece of copy, he sticks it on a spike; a copyboy rolls it up, puts it in a leather tube, and sends it down a chute to the composing room. I also caught on to the rhythm of the work. Early in the day, the City Room is calm and quiet. There aren't many men at the desks or many shouts of "Boy!" A few copyboys sit on the bench and read or talk. A huge clock dominates the room, and during the afternoon, as the hands move toward the deadline, the tempo increases. Desks fill up. Phones ring. Shouts of "Boy!" come from every direction. A dozen or more boys are on their feet and moving fast. The tickers, in a room just off the City Room, are clattering as they print wire-service copy on continuous rolls of yellow or white paper. The boy assigned to tickers tears off pieces of copy and takes them to the editors' desks. He has to work at top speed to keep up. Tension in the room rises like heat in a pressure cooker. Deadline for the first edition (dated the following day) is 6 P.M. By five-thirty, the whole immense room—fifty or sixty people—is working in a sort of orchestrated unison. Even though all I did was carry pieces of paper, I was part of this beautifully working, disciplined human machine. I loved the hour before deadline. At six, a bell rang in the composing room, and that was it. The forms were locked up. Beneath us, in the depths of the building, the presses rolled with a majestic, rumbling sound. A few minutes later, copyboys came up with stacks of freshly printed papers. There, before my eyes, was the miracle of events newly transformed into words.

Copygirls were being hired in 1941 because the draft made boys scarce. Joseph Medill Patterson, who founded the *News* and was its publisher, thought that the job should be a training ground, so being hired was a wonderful break. Two girls were hired immediately ahead of me. One was Anne Grosvenor, a Vassar graduate, who read Proust on the copyboys' bench. She was beautiful and of impeccable social background, dressed with exquisite neatness, and moved about the City Room on high heels, enveloped in a serene, aristocratic shyness that daunted the boldest City Room lotharios. Anne



"No, thanks, Evelyn. I'm up to here in fibre!"

• •

planned to be a writer. She didn't become one; she married a professor of economics and lives in Seattle. (I saw her recently. She is still beautiful and wears high heels.) The other girl was Emily Cheney. She was a Bryn Mawr graduate, with long, silky yellow hair, and her style, like mine, was the opposite of Anne's. Attempting tough sophistication, we dressed carelessly (dirty raincoat, low heels), smoked constantly, drank standing at the bar across the street, and tried to look equal to any situation a reporter might encounter. Emily married an editor of the *Mirror*, had a lot of children, and has written some excellent children's books.

I don't know who is top man at the *News* now. In 1941, Captain Patterson—as he was always called—occupied an office above the City Room. Whenever he entered the City Room, he seemed to awe almost everyone except me. I was too naïve to be impressed. Patterson was a tall, tweedy man, rather rumpled, his hair very short, his face wrinkled. Once, he invited the entire editorial staff to his country house. I remember watching him try to be a good host. It was a hot afternoon. He carried a huge bowl of salad around, awkwardly thrusting it at people, most of whom flinched and refused. Sweat was running off the Captain's chin into the salad. I thought he looked miserable. I accepted some salad. Subsequently, one late afternoon in the City Room, I was tending tickers. War news was printing itself on the unwinding rolls. Editors were tense and irritable. I was working intently at tearing copy off the tickers and carrying it to the foreign desk. Suddenly, Captain Patterson appeared in my path. He stopped me and told me to go up to his office and get his pipe. I replied that I was sorry but I was on tickers and couldn't leave them. I suggested he ask someone else. Surprise appeared on the Captain's face. A frantic wave from the copyboys' boss, behind Patterson, caught my eye. He was glaring, and mouthing the words "Go ahead! For Christ's sake, go ahead! Never mind the tickers!" The Captain stared at me with mild curiosity, as though at an object on which he had lightly stubbed a toe; then he grunted and turned away. I rushed back to the clattering tickers. Later, a reporter called me to his desk, which was close to where Patterson and I had stood during our brief exchange. "If you don't mind," he said, "I would just like to verify what I *think* I heard. Did I hear you tell Patterson you were too busy to fetch his pipe?" I said yes. Why did he ask? The reporter shook his head in wonderment. He was a nice man and made no comment.

Caroline Kennedy, I wish you the best of luck.

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Company

OCCASIONALLY, when the more mimetic of our friends return here after extended trips to Britain, we have been startled by perceptible changes in their accents. A British accent is contagious. But, to the best of our knowledge, "Side by Side by Sondheim" is the first example of an entire musical genre returning here with a British accent. "Side by Side," in case anyone hasn't heard, is a delightful evening of musical-comedy songs by and commentary about Stephen Sondheim. The cast is British. It has four members: Millicent Martin, Julie N. McKenzie, and David Kernan, who sing, and Ned Sherrin, who talks—all brilliantly, we may say. The show, which is playing at the Music Box, originated last year in London, where it was a hit, and it opened here a few weeks ago and is again a hit. It and all the members of its cast have been nominated for Tonys as, respectively, the season's best musical and the best featured performers in a musical.

In the show, the effect of the British accent works something like this. Mr. Sherrin, who was educated at Oxford and became a barrister-at-law before getting into television, in 1956, comments dryly on our local flora and fauna. The style bears a noteworthy resemblance to that of a high-table conversation among the dons of Magdalen College or one of the other Oxbridge cathedrals of learning, and this is not surprising; Mr. Sherrin's own college was Exeter. Before and after, or in and amid, Mr. Sherrin's commentary come the Sondheim songs. Mr. Kernan, for example, does a lovely rendition of one of our favorites, "Anyone Can Whistle," from the show of that name. As he sings it, the line "I can dance a tango" comes out something like "I can dawnce a tengo," and when Mr. Kernan and Miss McKenzie sing "The Little Things You Do Together," from "Company," the word "marriage" in the line "It's the little things you do together that make marriage a joy" sounds something like "merredge." Well, that is the general idea.

Having seen the show, which is billed as "a musical entertainment," we decided to visit the entertainers. We must admit that our decision was not completely disinterested, since the visit gave us a chance to renew an acquaintance with Miss McKenzie that dates back some years, when she was appearing in the London company of "Company." At that time, she was known as Julia McKenzie, but shortly before her arrival here this spring, because there was already an actress of that name in Actors' Equity, Equity changed *our* Julia McKenzie's name to Julie N. McKenzie. Her full name is Julia Kathleen Nancy McKenzie Hjert. She is married to an American stage director, Jerry Hjert, who works in London, where they live. "If they had left it up to me," she remarked to us later, referring to Equity, "I think I would have called myself simply McKenzie or changed my name completely."

In any event, following instructions, we presented ourself backstage at the Music Box precisely at four-fifteen on a recent Wednesday, just before the end of the matinée. The curtain was still up, and we were able to listen to a bit of the show and to observe that next to the stage door there is a substantial kitchen, with a fine stove—suitable, no doubt, for brewing strong cuppas when the occasion warrants. After the curtain came down, Miss McKenzie greeted us warmly. She introduced us to Mr. Sherrin, who took us at once to meet Mr. Kernan, in the dressing room they share. The whole show, we learned, was Mr. Kernan's idea—an idea that came upon him when he was playing Count Carl-Magnus Malcolm in Sondheim's "A Little Night Music" in London. It began as a sort of Sunday-evening lark—a Sunday-evening performance in the small town of Wavendon, in Buckinghamshire—and simply took off. When Mr. Kernan greeted us, he was very apologetic. He was feeling a bit queasy, he said, and thought it was because of the humidity—a bit of July in springtime. He was going off for a nap before the evening performance, but he could assure us that we were in good hands.

Mr. Sherrin, who has something of the appearance of a modish don, led us to the dressing room shared by the rest of the cast, where Miss McKenzie and Miss Martin were waiting. Both ladies are red-haired and striking-looking, and both were wearing slacks—Miss McKenzie with a tailored white shirt, and Miss Martin with a white T-shirt that had a green sailboat motif.

"I began as a dancer," Miss Martin told us. "I had six years of classical ballet."

"She's a hoofer," explained Miss McKenzie, who, by the way, began as an opera singer, and also plays the trumpet.

Miss Martin appeared on Broadway in "The Boy Friend" and spent three years here in that show. She and Mr. Kernan and Mr. Sherrin worked together in the British TV production of "That Was the Week That Was," which Mr. Sherrin devised, produced, and directed. He also directs this show.

"I'd only seen and admired Miss McKenzie from afar," Mr. Sherrin noted.

"We're all lowborn except for Ned," Miss McKenzie remarked.

"I come from the middle class," said Mr. Sherrin.

This having been sorted out, we asked how they spent their time in New York when they weren't working.

"We've been pretty active," Miss Martin replied. "We've been to hear a lot of people like Mabel Mercer, Barbara Cook, and Bobby Short. What we're doing is going to hear the artists that we normally hear only on records—which is more interesting for us than doing the tourist bit around the city. We're getting to see artists that we have admired for a long time. In London, there are only true night clubs, but here there are cabaret bars where people sing and which we can get to after our show."

"Side by Side" is still playing in London, and in Canada yet another company has just opened, to excellent reviews, so it looks as if Mr. Kernan—thanks to Mr. Sondheim, who was extremely helpful in the preparation of the show, and attended both the London and the New York openings—had created an institution. As we were leaving, Miss Martin recalled that Mr. Kernan had broached the idea of a Sondheim recital at a time when she was feeling rather unhappy about a film she didn't have a chance to do because of a scheduling conflict. "Come and do these Sunday concerts with us," Mr. Kernan had said. "It will cheer you up a bit."

"And it has," Miss Martin said.

Chef's Table

NOT far from the heart of midtown, deep below even last winter's vicious frost-line level, in a milieu that suggests an extremely quiet and sedate Santa's Workshop, is a restaurant with a staff of ninety-two which

serves only lunch six days a week, and that for no more than a single table. It does, of course, do a considerable takeout business, since it is under obligation to provide food to the guests staying at, and to the patrons of the four public restaurants operated by, the Plaza, which happens to sit on top of it. Chez Trombetti is what some of the locals call this sous-restaurant, because its proprietor is Joseph Trombetti, the Plaza's executive chef—a tall, imposing man of forty-six, who seems to be always magnificently turned out, and who is the winner of the Grand Prize of the Salon of Culinary Art, which is the Silver Medal of the French Government. A friend of his, an expatriate New Yorker who lives in the Hotel Terminus, near the Italian town of Paola, on the Tyrrhenian Sea ("The Terminus is a pinnacle of simplistic regional cuisine," he says), was over here a while back on one of his many returns to his birthright; the Chef had invited him to lunch; and he had invited us. The Chef usually lunches with guests or with senior members of his staff, and invitations to break bread with him are always happily accepted. He cooks everything for his guests, and, with the aid of a couple of acolytes, serves them, too. So, attired in his chef's hat, a white double-breasted jacket, black-and-white checked slacks, and cowboy boots, he is constantly bobbing up and down during lunch. The room temperature of his vast workshop is considerably below what New Yorkers would consider the norm—more like, as the expatriate said, what Dubliners would consider a midsummer afternoon. (When the thermometer goes up to fifty-three over there, he says, Dubliners, mopping their brows, ask him, "I suppose it gets to be even hotter than this in New York in August?")

"Usually, if I have guests, I like to do my own recipes," said Chef Trombetti as we sat down to lunch. "The classic recipes you can get at Lutèce." What he liked to do for his guests that afternoon began with truffled pâté of Long Island duckling in a terrine presented on a platter and encircled by a napkin elegantly curved at both ends to resemble a gondola; this is known to the trade as a cornet. "The secret of the cornet is aluminum foil inside it," the Chef told the expatriate. "I haven't tried the pâté, so I don't know if it came out good. Sometimes it doesn't."

"What'll you give me instead if I send it back?" asked the expatriate, holding out his empty plate for a second carving.

"Imported salami," said Chef Trombetti, opening the first of two bottles of iced Chavignol '73. "Imported from New Jersey." Water, water everywhere, nor any drop to drink; an Italian chef would leave the room, and possibly the country, if a glass of water was set on his table at mealtime. "By the way," said the Chef, dishing up the next course, "I did not bag these partridges myself."

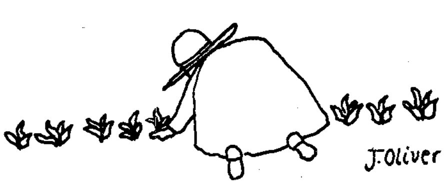
"I've got to know, play by play, what went into the stuffing of these birds," said the expatriate, who, we noticed, ended up by downing three of them.

"Partridges love to eat berries and nuts," said Trombetti. "So I thought why not stuff them with that and then they will come to the table with a smile on their faces. My stuffing is pignolis, walnuts, almonds, onions, wild rice, spices, and spinach blended with egg yolk, salt, and pepper. The partridges themselves are lined with prosciutto and wrapped in grape leaves."

Chef Trombetti knows all about prosciutto. He is a native of Parma, which he visits every three years, and in the neighborhood is the village of Langhirano, to which, because of its good dry air, hams are brought from all over Europe to be cured, whereupon they become prosciutto di Parma—the best prosciutto in the world.

An acolyte now made a premature approach to the table, which was draped to the floor with one of the Plaza's celebrated pink tablecloths, and laid upon it a silver *compotier* filled with nougats and petits fours. A rush of tommy-gun Italian, mostly from Chef Trombetti, ensued, and the acolyte and the *compotier* vaporized. Order restored, the Chef next produced Brie en croûte and a lively salad with oil-and-lemon dressing. "Zowie!" said the expatriate. The beautiful reddish-brown crust under which lay the baked Brie was arched like the canopy of a royal pavilion. "When I was sous-chef at the Plaza," said Trombetti, "my predecessor as chef invented Brie en couronne, which meant that the cheese was surrounded by a pastry ring, and his recipe is now in all the gourmet magazines. This is my own addition."

The nougats reappeared as part of the dessert, borne by the hastily reconstituted acolyte. The centerpiece of the dessert was a Black Forest cake, which has been a favorite refreshment for many years at the Plaza's Palm Court.



But this time it was different. "I baked this specially for you," Chef Trombetti said, bowing to the expatriate.

The expatriate forked into his double portion. "There has been a terrible accident in your bakery," he said solemnly.

Trombetti looked alarmed.

"Some fool," continued the expatriate cheerily, "has spilled a gallon of kirsch over the whole thing."

Trombetti's frown vanished.

As we got up to go, Chef Trombetti said, "We often set more than three thousand covers a day in the Plaza, but it isn't mass production at all. To avoid that is why I have ninety-two men under me. Sometimes that bothers the cost-control experts, but how else can you do what we do three hundred and sixty-five days a year in a kitchen that is open twenty-four hours a day?"

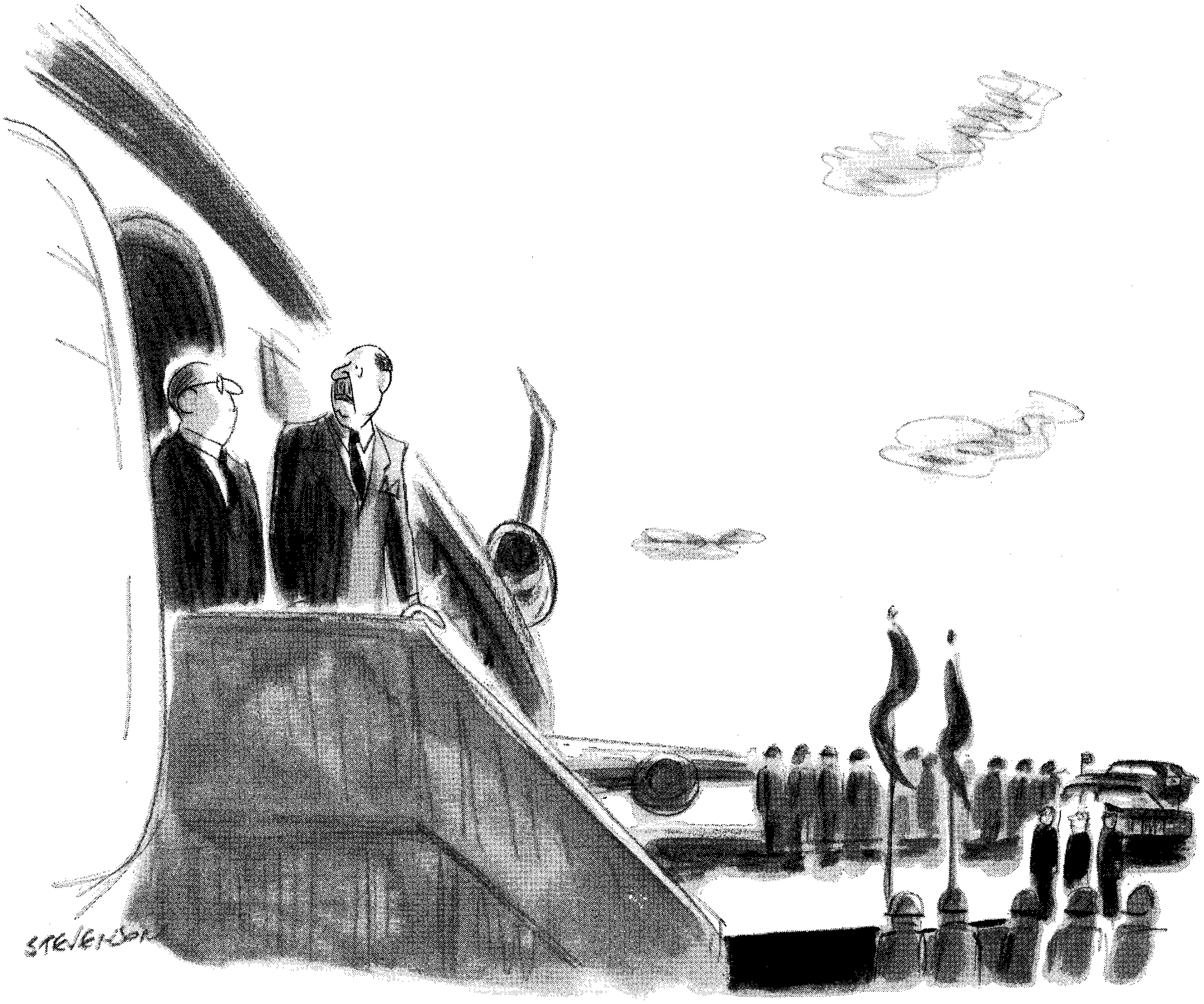
"I guess I will have to confess that this may be one of the greatest enterprises of its kind anywhere in the world," said the expatriate. "It's a monument and maybe a living museum of the tradition of cuisine that has been built up and maintained through so many lifetimes."

"Goodbye, Signore, and don't be a stranger," the Chef said, shaking both the expatriate's hands.

On our way out, the expatriate said, "I think I'll have to discover a message detaining me in town a bit longer. Then I can lunch with the Chef all next week."

Case Closed

WHEN George (The Human Fly) Willig ascended the South Tower of the World Trade Center the other morning, he did so not merely in contravention of the law of common sense but also with utter disregard for Section 435-10.0(a) of the New York City Administrative Code, which states, "It shall be unlawful to give any exhibition of climbing or scaling on the front or exterior of any house or building." Section 435-10.0(c) states that a violator of 435-10.0(a) is subject to a twenty-five-dollar fine or thirty days in the slammer or both. For a while, however, the penalty looked far heavier. Willig had barely clambered to safety when he received a summons informing him of a two-hundred-and-fifty-thousand-dollar civil suit. The summons was personally delivered by Edward (The Human Litigator) Lieberman, chief of the Practice and Claims Division of the Office of the Corporation Counsel of the City of New York. Upon Mayor Beame's recommendation, the lawsuit was, of



"Refresh my memory. Just what is it we're supposed to be assuring them of here?"

* * *

course, amicably dissolved the following day, with the plaintiff settling for one dollar and ten cents and the defendant promising no encores.

The world now knows a great deal about what George Willig does when he gets the impulse to walk up the side of a one-hundred-and-ten-story building, but it understands very little about how Mr. Lieberman operates when he gets the impulse to sue. In an effort to find out, we called on The Human Litigator in his office, across the street from City Hall, a few days after the climb. Mr. Lieberman is a career civil servant who started working for the Corporation Counsel in 1960, when he was still a college student. Since then, he has gone through law school, passed the bar exam, and risen through the bureaucratic ranks to his present position, which entitles him to a corner office. One window offers a fine view of the Brooklyn Bridge; the vista to the south should include the World Trade Center, but it is blocked out by another building. A rust-colored cardboard folder containing pertinent information on the case of The City of New York v. Willig was sitting on his desk.

At nine o'clock on the morning of the climb—around the time that The Human Fly reached the seventieth floor—Mr. Lieberman was on his way to work, he told us, inching through heavy traffic on the Brooklyn-Queens Expressway and listening to news accounts of Willig's feat on the car radio. "Who knew at that point that I was going to get a phone call that would lead to what it led to?" he said. Not long after he arrived safely at his desk, however, his phone did ring. The caller was W. Bernard Richland, the Corporation Counsel—his boss—who had just spoken with the lyrically named Lorenzo Casanova, the Deputy Police Commissioner in Charge of Legal Matters.

"Richland and Casanova had talked it over," said Mr. Lieberman. "They wanted to discourage this sort of thing at the World Trade Center, so Richland asked me to explore the question of whether we could commence some civil action against Willig for all the trouble he was causing. He said, 'See what you can do.' "

The first thing that Mr. Lieberman did was to assign two other lawyers, June Zeizel and Janet Colletti, to work with him on the case. Together, the Lieberman-Zeizel-Colletti team came up with what Miss Zeizel now calls "a novel cause of action." The idea was to establish a more formidable deterrent than the sanctions enumerated in Section 435-10.0(c). Specifically, the team issued a summons demanding two hundred and fifty thousand dollars "for services, costs and expenses incurred by plaintiff attendant the activities of George Willig, defendant, herein, in violation of law, to wit: intentionally, willfully & wrongfully scaling and climbing the South Tower of the World Trade Center, Borough of

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Manhattan, City of New York on May 26, 1977, plus the costs and disbursements of this action."

"Every time something spectacular like this happens, it costs the city something," Mr. Lieberman explained to us. "In this case, the newspapers say the final bill will probably run somewhere between two and three thousand dollars. But we weren't going to wait until the Police Department could total out what it would cost them. In general, the legal principle is you ask for damages greater than what the actual cost might be. You can always revise downward later on. The figure of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars was one we hit upon over here. Who else suggested two hundred and fifty thousand dollars? Well, no one. For the most part, it probably came from my head. We thought that with a little time and ingenuity we could draft a complaint that would be cognizable in the eyes of the law, but it was a little hairy. The defense in such a case might argue, 'What did the police do? They just responded to an average emergency. Why don't you go out and sue a bank robber when he puts you in a situation where you have to pay a lot of cops overtime?' So, you see, when we drew up the summons, we recognized that it was a somewhat tenuous cause of action."

By the time the summons was ready, the Port Authority police had The Human Fly securely in custody. Mr. Lieberman's next move was to call his boss back, but Mr. Richland had left the office to attend a meeting at City Hall, so Mr. Lieberman spoke instead with Stanley Buchsbaum, First Assistant Corporation Counsel, and recommended something that he now slightly regrets. "I suggested it would be advantageous to get the lawsuit rolling immediately," said Mr. Lieberman. "The advantage, as I saw it, was publicity. If we had waited a week, its deterrent effect would have been nothing. I spoke with the people at the Port Authority and told them we had a summons in a civil action. They said where did I want to serve the papers—at the top of the World Trade Center or the First Precinct station house, where they were planning to take him for booking? I said, 'The Trade Center's closer, only two blocks away.' When June and Janet and I got to the Trade Center, we were treated very courteously until the reporters realized why we were there. Then everybody jumped. A thousand microphones were thrust at me. I started to speak, but the press couldn't hear, so they insisted that I use a bullhorn. I didn't want to, but I did. When I announced the lawsuit for two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, I was resoundingly booed. That hurt my pride. I really didn't think I was stirring up such trouble. I tried to defend myself. The press wanted to know why we hadn't sued Philippe Petit, who did the tightrope walk between the twin towers, or the guy who parachuted off the North Tower. Then Willig came out of a room and I finally did serve him with the summons. By then, he was handcuffed, but he proceeded to fold it into eighths and place it in his left-hand trouser pocket. That was the last anybody heard of me. The reporters concentrated on Willig."

Attorneys Lieberman, Zeizel, and Colletti retreated to their office to prepare the full complaint against Willig. They were still researching the matter the next morning when Abraham Beame, not to be overlooked, invited Willig to a press conference—or, as the *Post* put it in a headline, "MAYOR CALLS IN HUMAN FLY"—to announce the dollar-and-ten-cent settlement. Once again, Mr. Lieberman heard the news on the radio. "The time was ten minutes after eleven," he recalled for us. "I ran in and told the troops, 'Hold everything. It's all over. The question has been mooted.' "

Mr. Lieberman reports that, his brush with fame having passed, he can now focus his attention upon ongoing matters in his office. These include, among other unpopular tasks, defending the Parking Violations Bureau against citizen complaints of wanton and malicious ticketing. We pointed to the George Willig file on his desk and asked what would become of it. "Well, the case may be settled, but nobody's called me yet to prepare a stipulation of settlement and discontinuance," he said. "It's a procedural formality. As far as this particular folder is concerned, we'll file it in some holy place, and when we want to relive our few hours of excitement and notoriety we'll take it out. Maybe we'll even sit around and reminisce, maybe have a drink—although not on city time, of course."

THE UFO MENACE

UFOs are back in the news, and it is high time we took a serious look at this phenomenon. (Actually, the time is ten past eight, so not only are we a few minutes late but I'm hungry.) Up until now, the entire subject of flying saucers has been mostly associated with kooks or oddballs. Frequently, in fact, observers will admit to being a member of both groups. Still, persistent sightings by responsible individuals have caused the Air Force and the scientific community to reëxamine a once skeptical attitude, and the sum of two hundred dollars has now been allocated for a comprehensive study of the phenomenon. The question is: Is anything out there? And if so, do they have ray guns?

All UFOs may not prove to be of extraterrestrial origin, but experts do agree that any glowing cigar-shaped aircraft capable of rising straight up at twelve thousand miles per second would require the kind of maintenance and sparkplugs available only on Pluto. If these objects are indeed from another planet, then the civilization that designed them must be millions of years more advanced than our own. Either that or they are very lucky. Professor Leon Speciman postulates a civilization in outer space that is more advanced than ours by approximately fifteen minutes. This, he feels, gives them a great advantage over us, since they needn't rush to get to appointments.

Dr. Brackish Menzies, who works at the Mount Wilson Observatory, or else is under observation at the Mount Wilson Mental Hospital (the letter is not clear), claims that travellers moving at close to the speed of light would require many millions of years to get here, even from the nearest solar system, and, judging from the shows on Broadway, the trip would hardly be worth it. (It is impossible to travel faster than light, and certainly not desirable, as one's hat keeps blowing off.)

Interestingly, according to modern astronomers, space is finite. This is a very comforting thought—particularly for people who can never remember where they have left things. The key factor in thinking about the universe, however, is that it is expanding and will one day break apart and disappear. That is why if the girl in the office down the hall has some good points but perhaps not all the qualities you require it's best to compromise.

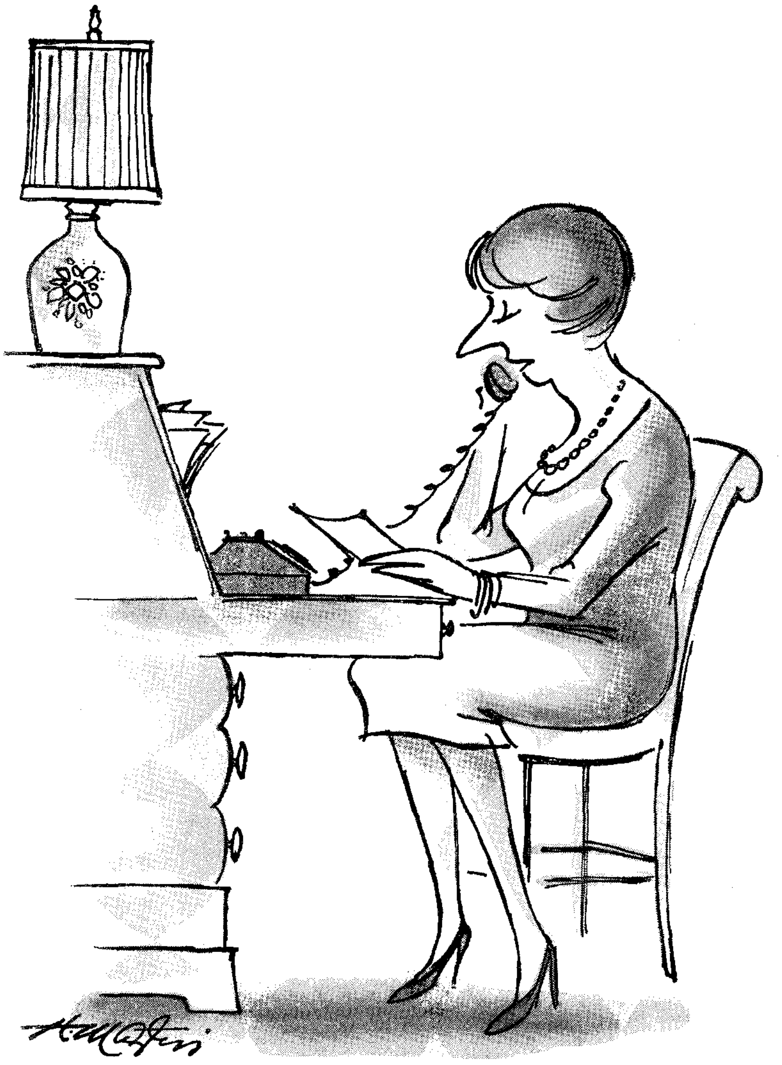
The most frequently asked question about the UFOs is: If saucers come from outer space, why have their pilots not attempted to make contact with us, instead of hovering mysteriously over deserted areas? My own theory is that for creatures from another solar system "hovering" may be a socially acceptable mode of relating. It may, indeed, be pleasurable. I myself once hovered over an eighteen-year-old actress for six months and had the best time of my life. It should also be recalled that when we talk of "life" on other planets we are frequently referring to amino acids, which are never very gregarious, even at parties.

Most people tend to think of UFOs as a modern problem, but could they be a phenomenon that man has been aware of for centuries? (To us a century seems quite long, particularly if you are holding an I.O.U., but by astronomical standards it is over in a second. For that reason, it is always best to carry a toothbrush and be ready to leave on a moment's notice.) Scholars now tell us that the sighting of unidentified flying objects dates as far back as Biblical times. For instance, there is a passage in the Book of Leviticus that reads, "And an great and silver ball appeared over the Assyrian Armies, and in all of Babylonia there was wailing and gnashing of teeth, till the Prophets bade the multitudes get a grip on themselves and shape up."

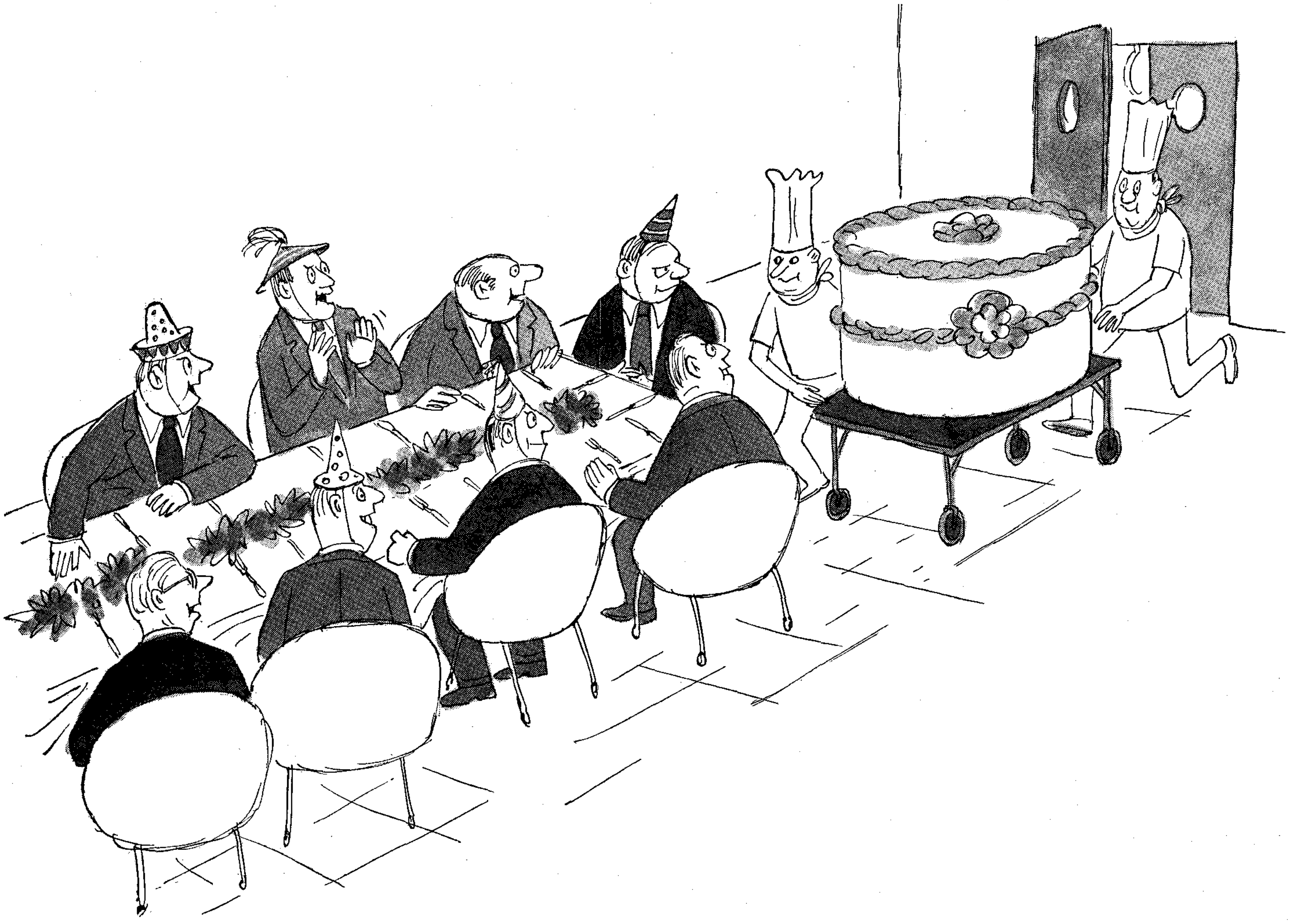
Was this phenomenon related to one described years later by Parmenides: "Three orange objects did appear suddenly in the heavens and did circle midtown Athens, hovering over the baths and causing several of our wisest philosophers to grab for towels"? And, again, were those "orange objects" similar to what is described in a recently discovered twelfth-century Saxon-church manuscript: "A lauch lauched he; wer richt laith to weet a cork-heild schonne; whilst a red balle lang owre swam aboone. I thank you, ladies and gentlemen"?

This last account was taken by medieval clergy to signify that the world was coming to an end, and there was great disappointment when Monday came and everyone had to go back to work.

Finally, and most convincingly, in 1822 Goethe himself notes a strange celestial phenomenon. "En route home from the Leipzig Anxiety Festival," he wrote, "I was crossing a meadow, when I chanced to look up and saw several fiery red balls suddenly appear in the southern sky. They descended at a great rate of speed and began chasing me. I screamed that I was a genius and



"We're just having a few close friends over for dinner so Avery can show off our new security setup."



consequently could not run very fast, but my words were wasted. I became enraged and shouted imprecations at them, whereupon they flew away frightened. I related this story to Beethoven, not realizing he had already gone deaf, and he smiled and nodded and said, 'Right.' "

As a general rule, careful on-the-scene investigations disclose that most "unidentified" flying objects are quite ordinary phenomena, such as weather balloons, meteorites, satellites, and even once a man named Lewis Mandelbaum, who blew off the roof of the World Trade Center. A typical "explained" incident is the one reported by Sir Chester Ramsbottom, on June 5, 1961, in Shropshire: "I was driving along the road at 2 A.M. and saw a cigar-shaped object that seemed to be tracking my car. No matter which way I drove, it stayed with me, turning sharply at right angles. It was a fierce, glowing red, and in spite of twisting and turning the car at high speed I could not lose it. I became alarmed and began sweating. I let out a shriek of terror and apparently fainted, but awoke in a hospital, miraculously unharmed." Upon investigation, experts determined that the "cigar-shaped object" was Sir Chester's nose. Naturally, all his evasive actions could not lose it, since it was attached to his face.

Another explained incident began in late April of 1972, with a report from Major General Curtis Memling, of Andrews Air Force Base: "I was walking across a field one night and suddenly I saw a large silver disc in the sky. It flew over me, not fifty feet above my head, and repeatedly described aerodynamic patterns impossible for any normal aircraft. Suddenly it accelerated and shot away at terrific speed."

Investigators became suspicious when they noticed that General Memling could not describe this incident without giggling. He later admitted he had just come from a showing of the film "War of the Worlds," at the post movie theatre, and "got a very big kick out of it." Ironically, General Memling reported another UFO sighting in 1976, but it was soon discovered that he, too, had become fixated on Sir Chester Ramsbottom's nose—an occurrence that caused consternation in the Air Force and eventually led to General Memling's court-martial.

If most UFO sightings can be satisfactorily explained, what of those few which cannot? Following are some of the most mystifying examples of "unsolved" encounters, the first reported by a Boston man in May, 1969: "I was walking by the beach with my wife. She's not a very attractive woman. Rather overweight. In fact, I was pulling her on a dolly at the time. Suddenly I looked up and saw a huge white saucer that seemed to be descending at great speed. I guess I panicked, because I dropped the rope on my wife's dolly and began running. The saucer passed directly over my head and I heard an eerie, metallic voice say, 'Call your service.' When I got home, I phoned my answering service and received a message that my brother Ralph had moved and to forward all his mail to Neptune. I never saw him again. My wife suffered a severe breakdown over the incident and now cannot converse without using a hand puppet."

From I. M. Axelbank, of Athens, Georgia, February, 1971: "I am an experienced pilot and was flying my private Cessna from New Mexico to Amarillo, Texas, to bomb some people whose religious persuasion I do not wholly agree with, when I noticed an object flying alongside me. At first I thought it was another plane, until it emitted a green beam of light, forcing my plane to drop eleven thousand feet in four seconds and causing my toupee

to snap off my head and tear a two-foot hole in the roof. I repeatedly called for help on my radio, but for some reason could only get the old 'Mr. Anthony' program. The UFO came very close to my plane again and then shot away at blinding speed. By this time I had lost my bearings and was forced to make an emergency landing on the turnpike. I continued the trip in the plane on the ground and only got into trouble when I tried to run a toll booth and broke off my wings."

One of the eeriest accounts occurred in August, 1975, to a man on Montauk Point, in Long Island: "I was in bed at my beach house, but could not sleep because of some fried chicken in the icebox that I felt entitled to. I waited till my wife dropped off, and tiptoed into the kitchen. I remember looking at the clock. It was precisely four-fifteen. I'm quite certain of this, because our kitchen clock has not worked in twenty-one years and is always at that time. I also noticed that our dog, Judas, was acting funny. He was standing up on his hind legs and singing, 'I Enjoy Being a Girl.' Suddenly the room turned bright orange. At first, I thought my wife had caught me eating between meals and set fire to the house. Then I looked out the window, where to my amazement I saw a gigantic cigar-shaped aircraft hovering just over the treetops in the yard and emitting an orange glow. I stood transfixed for what must have been several hours, though our clock still read four-fifteen, so it was difficult to tell. Finally, a large, mechanical claw extended from the aircraft and snatched the two pieces of chicken from my hand and quickly retreated. The machine then rose and, accelerating at great speed, vanished into the sky. When I reported the incident to the Air Force, they told me that what I had seen was a flock of birds. When I protested, Colonel Quincy Bascomb personally promised that the Air Force would return the two pieces of chicken. To this day, I have only received one piece."

Finally, an account in January, 1977, by two Louisiana factory workers: "Roy and I was catfishing in the bog. I enjoy the bog, as does Roy. We was not drinking, although we had brought with us a gallon of methyl chloride, which we both favor with either a twist of lemon or a small onion. Anyways, at about midnight we looked up and saw a bright-yellow sphere descend into the bog. At first Roy mistook it for a whooping crane and took a shot at it, but I said, 'Roy, that ain't no crane, 'cause it's got no beak.' That's how you can tell a crane. Roy's son Gus has a beak, you know, and thinks he's a crane. Anyways, all of a sudden this door slides open and several creatures emerge. These creatures looked like little portable radios with teeth and short hair. They also had legs, although where the toes usually are they had wheels. The creatures motioned to me to come forward, which I did, and they injected me with a fluid that caused me to smile and act like Bopeep. They spoke with one another in a strange tongue, which sounded like when you back your car over a fat person. They took me aboard the aircraft and gave me what seemed to be a complete physical examination. I went along with it, as I had not had a checkup in two years. By now they had mastered my own language, but they still made simple mistakes like using 'hermeneutics,' when they meant 'heuristic.' They told me they were from another galaxy and were here to tell the earth that we must learn to live in peace or they will return with special weapons and laminate every first-born male. They said they would get the results of my blood test back in a couple of days and if I didn't hear from them I could go ahead and marry Clair."

—Woody Allen

THREE POEMS

HOMAGE TO CLOTHO: A HOSPITAL SUITE

1

Nowhere is all around us, pressureless,
A vacuum waiting for a rupture in
The tegument, a puncture in the skin,
To pass inside without a password and
Implode us into Erewhon. This room
Is dangerously unguarded: in one wall
An empty elevator clangs its doors,
Imperiously, for fodder; in the hall,
Bare stretchers gape for commerce; in the air
Outside, a trembling, empty brightness falls
In hunger on those whom it would devour
Like any sparrow hawk as darkness falls
And rises silently up the steel stairs
To the eleventh and last floor, where I
Reside on sufferance of authorities
Until my visas wither, and I die.

2

Where is my friend, Rodonda Morton Schiff,
Whose hulk breasts, cygnet-like, the Totensee,
Shrilling her bosun's whistles, piping Death—
The Almirante of the Doldrums in
His black cocked hat and braided cape—aboard
Her scuttling vessel with such poems as just
Escape confounding his gaunt rape with lust?
She should be singing my song at this hour.

3

It is a simple matter to be brave
In facing a black screen with a white FIN—
The final title—fading out as all
Credits have faded in the final crawl,
To which the audience has turned its back
And mumbled, shuffled, struggled into coats
On its way out to face a different night;
It is far harder, in the light of day,
Surrounded by striped student nurses, to
Endure a slight procedure in which you
Are the anatomy lesson in pink paint
Splashed by some master on the tinctured air,
Complete, in gross detail, to the grimace
Denoted by a squiggle on your face
As the bone-marrow needle sinks its fang
Through atomies of drugged and dullard skin
And subcutaneum to pierce the thin,
Tough eggshell of the pelvic arch, wherein—
After steam-hammer pressure—it will suck
Up sips of specimen tissue with a pain
Akin to an extraction under gas,
All gravity against all hollowness.
Affronted and affrighted, I can't pass
This episode in silent dignity
Or bloodless banter; I must sweat and grunt
And moan in corporal fear of corporal pain
Too venial to be mortal, making a fool
Of my lay figure in its textbook pose
(Fig. 1) before these starched and giggling girls
Too young to be let out of simpering school
To meet live terror face to face and lose.

4

Why must the young male nurse who preps the plain
Of my knife-thrower's-target abdomen
With his conversant razor, talking snicks
Of scything into my sedated ears,
Talk also in his flat and friendly voice,
So far from showdowns, on a blasé note
Of reassurance, learnt by classroom rote?
It is that he must make his living, too.

5

If Hell abides on earth this must be it:
This too-bright-lit-at-all-hours-of-the-day-
And-night recovery room, where nurses flit
In stroboscopic steps between the beds
All cheek by jowl that hold recoverers
Suspended in the grog of half-damped pain
And tubularities of light-blue light.
For condiment in this mulled mix, there are
Assorted groans and screams; and, lest repose
Outstrip the sufferer, there is his own
Throat-filling Gobi, mucous membrane gone
Dry as Arabia, as barren of
Hydropsy as a sunburnt cage of bone
Perched on parched rocks where game Parcheesian
(A devil figure, this) went, wended his
Bent way to harvest, for a shekel, rugs,
And pack them back by camel over sands
Of nightmare to transship to richer lands
Where millions of small rills plash into streams
That give rise to great rivers—such wet dreams
Afflict the desiccate on their interminable way
Up through the layers of half-light to day.

6

The riddle of the Sphinx. Man walks on three
Legs at the last. I walk on three, one of
Which is a wheeled I.V. pole, when I rise
From bed the first time to make my aged way
Into the toilet, where, while my legs sway
And the pole sways, swinging its censer high,
I wait to urinate, and cannot make
My mortal coils distill a drop, as time
Stumps past and leaves me swaying there. Defeat:
I roll and hobble back to bed, to the
Refrain of cheeping wheels. Soon the young man

With his snake-handler's fist of catheters
Will come to see me and supply the lack
Of my drugged muscles with the gravity
Of his solution, and I'll void into
A beige bag clipped to the bedside, one of
The bottles, bags, and tubes I'm tethered to
As a condition of continuance.
The body swells until it duns the mind
With importunities in this refined,
White-sheeted torture, practiced by a kind,
Withdrawn white face trained in the arts of love.

7

Home, and the lees of autumn scuttle up
To my halt feet: fat, sportive maple leaves
Struck into ochre by the frost and stripped
From their umbilic cords to skate across
The blacktop drive and fetch up on my shoes
As if including me in their great fall,
Windy with rumors of the coming ice.
Though fallen, frostbit, yellowed also, I
Cannot participate in their late game
But must leave them to hide and seek a place
To decompose in, while I clamber up
Long enneads of stairs to the room where
I'll recompose myself to durance in
A world of voices and surprises, for
As long as Clotho draws my filament—
To my now flagging wonder and applause—
From indefatigable spinnerets,
Until her sister widows, having set
The norms for length and texture of each strand
And sharpened their gross shears, come cut it off
And send me to befriend the winter leaves.

NEGATIVES

Hello, black skull. How privily you shine
In all my negatives, white pupils mine
Stock-staring forward under the white shock
Of straw, the surrogate for a forelock
To tug and be made free of Schattenland,
Where dusty Freiherren and Freifrauen stand
About apart in independent pools
Of absolute aphosis by the rules
That govern all reversals. Au contraire,
My awesome, glossy X-rays lay me bare
In whited spades: my skull glows like a moon
Hewn, like a button, out of vivid bone;
The tubular members of my rib cage gleam
Like tortile billets of aluminum;
My hand shines, frozen, like a white batwing
Caught in a strobe. The ordinary thing—
The photo-studio-cabinet-portrait shot,
The positive, quite empty of the not-
So-prepossessing characteristics of
Its subject, featly lighted from above
To maximize the massif of the brow
And minimize the blunt thrust of the prow
Above the smiling teeth clamped on a pipe
In smoking, stiff, still smugness, overripe
To fall—is the extraordinary thing.
When I am dead, my coroners will bring
Not my true bills, those rigorous negatives,
Nor those transparently pure fluorographs,
But this dishonest botch in evidence.
Ecco! they'll say, keeping the wolf far hence.

UNDER THE ROSE:
A GRANFALLOON FOR KURT VONNEGUT, JR.

Now sleeps the crimson petal, now the white.—*Tennyson.*

1

Under the rose, our catchmentarians
Prevent escapement with an ad-hoc hick-
Ory stick that beats and sweeps and cleans our clocks
Of forwardness and ongoing; their neat tics
Wink publicly in congress, blink the noes,
Reëmphasize the ayes, lick venous lips,
And lickerishly launch all Helen's ships
To fill our idle hands with sheets and stays,
Amaze us with queen's gambits, and bemuse
Us, counting cloudy hours under the rose.

2

Under the rose, the canes and thorns are red
As precious blood of strawberry and haw,
Near relatives under the common law
Of relativity in garden beds,
As in our own, where under the cerise
Wamsutta foolscap of life's legal brief
We burgle others, following our nose,
Our prow, our frontispiece, our horny caw
Across our territory, over low-
Lands of despond to where our vengeance lies
Between the teeth of leaves, under the rose.

3

Under the rose and jessamine of airs
Begun with blueness, laced with nightly black,
Peppered with stars, imperforate by moon,
We walk in pairs asunder, as at noon
We walk alone asunder, as at nine
(A.M.) we walk outside ourselves. The lack
Is, though communicado, that we fare
Forth only, boldly, in despite of those
Glib lines delivered at a waning back,
A disappearing eye, under the rose.

4

Under the rose, all honor overdrawn,
We bob and dimple in a minuet
Of metronomic confrontations, whose
Lord God horologist is with us yet
When we've lost every stitch we had to lose:
All, all our sureties put out to pawn
At Uncle's, all *orgullo* up the spout,
All soft dubiety now concrete doubt
As, in the last cement of etiquette,
We curtsy to our peers under the rose.

5

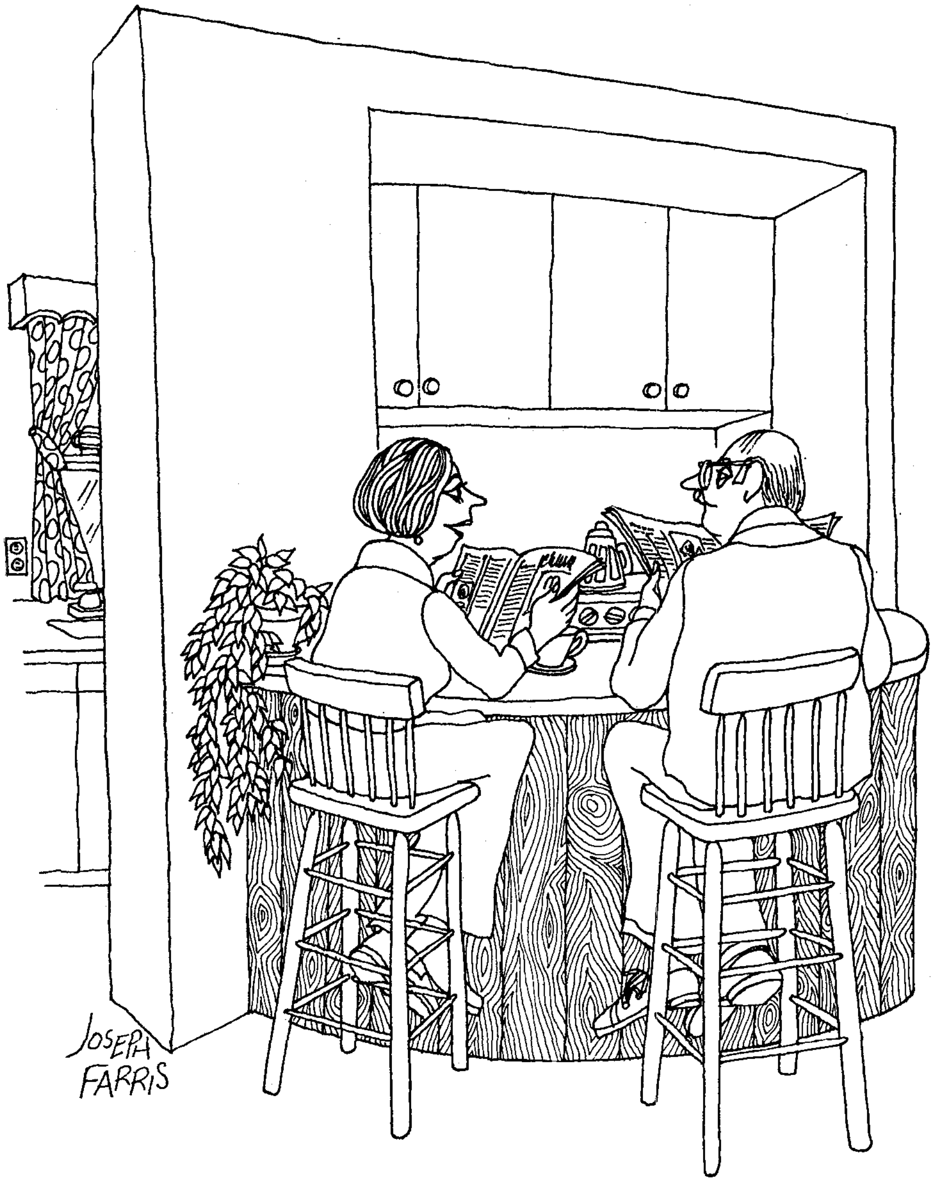
Under the rose, such bombinations rise
As may soon see the world well lost, and it
Just started on its promising career
This very morning, though fulfillment lies
Back of beyond. The really tricky bit
Is the next fifteen minutes. Good King Lear
Has quite a lot, in fact, to be sorry about.
I hear recriminations interpose
Their steady drumfire under the bombs, my dear,
Under our cool last words, under the rose.

—L. E. Sissman

THE EGG RACE

OR was it called the Spoon Race? The children lined up, each holding an egg in a spoon, out in front of his chest. The eggs precariously wobbled, of their own semi-liquid, semi-live weight. On your mark, get set, go. Those who dropped their eggs, of course, were out. In that rural green world careless of its produce, nearly forty years ago, there seemed no worry about a mess; the dropped eggs were casually absorbed by the earth of the playground where the race was held, once a summer at some fête when the gods of calendar and nation stooped low over the children, beaming, bestowing prizes as simple as a Hershey bar or a paper kite, furled. Ferguson had not thought of it for years, but lately he was visited, as if grown permeable in middle age, by recollections and premonitions.

His father appeared to him in a dream, with the vividness of living flesh. What did it mean? The man had died five years before, while his son was in Iraq, on a dig. Ferguson was an archeologist, a seeker of lost cities. Even in dying, he thought at the time, his father had been considerate, sparing him the bedside decisions, the hospital vigil, the embarrassments of parting. The old man's circulation had been failing for some years; death came as a mercy. But at the funeral there was a surprising display of tears and tremulous remembrance from ex-students and colleagues of the dead man. He had been a high-school teacher; his life had been poured into the shifting sands of Hayesville's continual, thankless young. Then, at the funeral, all this outpoured life came gushing back, in the tears of strangers, shaming the son, whose own eyes were dry, and whose dominant emotion was relief. The funeral passed; Ferguson's career continued to take him to the desert and back; he left his wife for another woman. He had long contemplated this last, but would never have done it had his father been alive. Why should this be? In all the years of his growing up, Ferguson had never heard a paternal reprimand. His father had been encouraging and forgiving, purely. There had been some great unstated sorrow his father had been protecting him from, to the end.

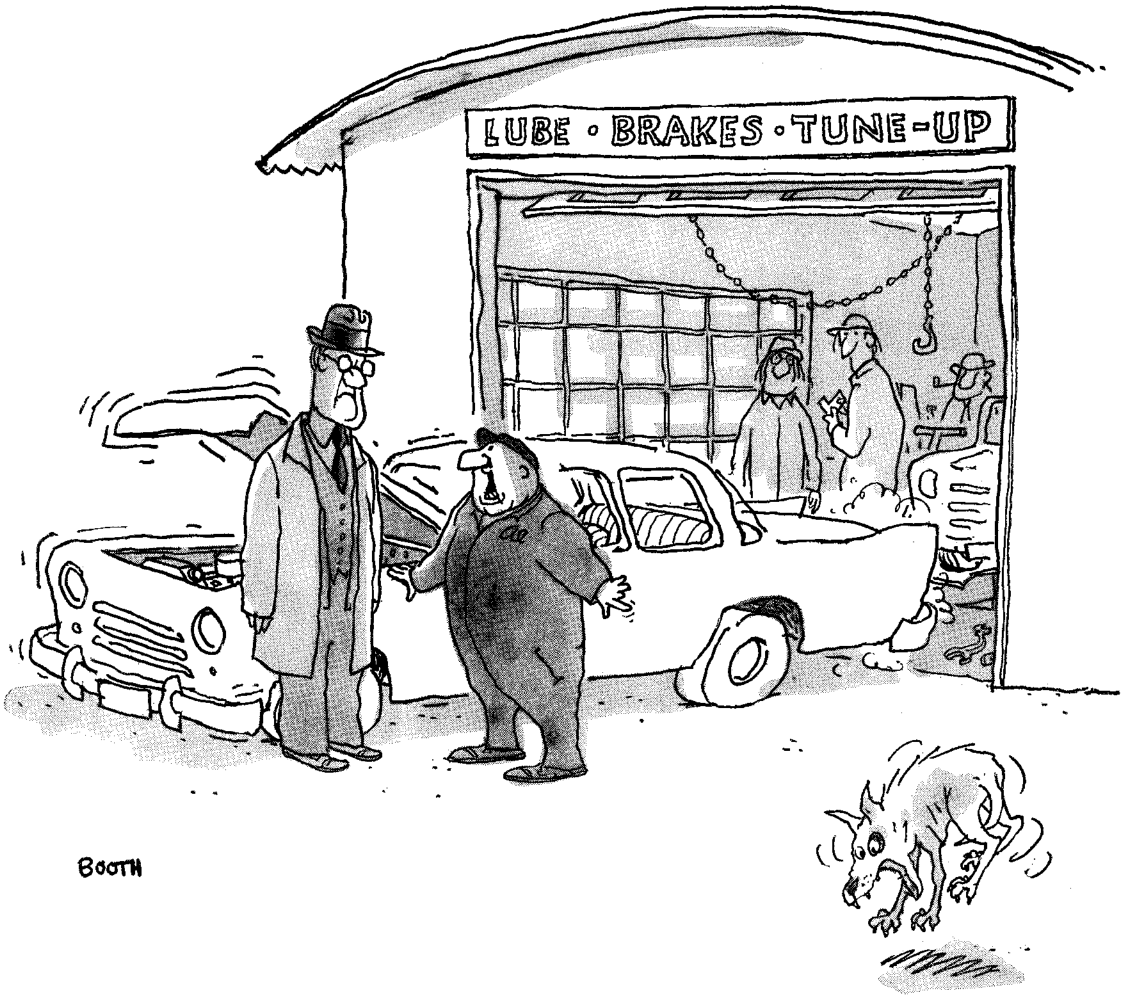


"How about the real you and the real me going to the real Spain?"

In the dream, they were travelling together, as they had so often done, in a confused but somehow exhilarating manner. Cars broke down, wallets emptied, trolley conductors were rude, yet they went places, father and son, and what blew from the dream, with such shocking freshness that Ferguson awoke, was the *breath* of the trip, a sensation mixed of speed and his father's timid smile, paternally anxious to please. His father smiled over at him from within the vague, low-roofed vehicle in which he was travelling, and his smile said that his son was *with* him, would join him; and Ferguson awoke, shocked, the strange bliss of this lost companionship dissolving about him in the dawn light, while his second wife slept motionless beside him.

The beloved sensation, of sharing with his father some ill-starred but merry and illuminating trip, he had tried to reimpose upon his own children, but their ventures felt like imitations, lacking not only the authentic late-Christian flair—stoic yet quixotic, despairing yet protective—of the dead wanderer but the right threadbare environment. It was no longer the Depression, trolley cars no longer swayed through the center of cities, people no longer boarded railroad trains in their Sunday best, coal no longer sparkled in the weedy rights-of-way, the next town was no longer another planet. Ferguson's children graduated from ten-speed bikes to driver's licenses, and toward the end scarcely needed him to take them places. He had left them, he felt, only a little before they would have left him.

Since the divorce, there had been a few trips with his children. One son, turned seventeen, allowed Ferguson to escort him on a tour of Midwestern colleges. For a week they checked in and out of motels overlooking lakes and cornfields, soared in and out of airfields lightly carved from the general flatness, walked across campuses Neo-Gothic, neoclassic, or neo-Bauhaus in style, admired chapels and libraries and audiovisual labs, and at night returned to that day's motel to drink beer at the bar. To Ferguson's surprise, the boy was never refused service. One night, in Iowa, on two beers each, they decided to swim in the motel pool. The pool lay green and still and inviting beneath the dome of stars, amid the alien corn. They were the only swimmers. While Ferguson tamely crawled from side to side, the boy did backflips off the diving board. He had grown big, with a puppyish thickness to his arms and legs, and each flip precipitated a tumultuous splash. Coming out of the pool, he shivered gleefully, and told his father, "I remember it took a whole summer for me to get my nerve up to do that." The remark crushed together many summers; the child, his shoulders wrapped in a motel towel, seemed poised exactly between boyhood and manhood, between the college student coming to birth and the diapered infant who, in the telescoping of summers, ventured to the end of the diving board and hurled himself backward into watery space. The boy's encouraging, comradely smile resembled, even in its faint blur of fear, his vanished grandfather's. It was a moment of harvest for Ferguson, who felt, momentarily, forgiven.



"See that dog, Mr. Hendricks? That means you either have a shredded fan belt or your fuel pump is sucking air."

• •

BUSINESS took him to the Smithsonian Institution, where he walked through an exhibit commemorating how Americans once lived. Log cabins, corner saloons, immigrants' apartments—all lovingly reconstructed and mounted behind glass, like butterflies. He stopped, startled, at an antique classroom. Rows of slant-top desks with inkwells, bolted to the floor; a blackboard bearing large chalked examples of the Palmer penmanship method; George Washington, in Stuart's unfinished version, above the blackboard; and a sepia map of the spice routes on one side, by the windows that would overlook an asphalt playground. Ferguson stood baffled. What was historical about this exhibit? He had studied in such a classroom. If it were not for the glass, he could walk in—a shabby little overachiever, often the first to arrive—and take his seat.

More and more, he visited hospitals. The padded lobbies, the gleaming corridors, the ubiquitous click and bustle of efficient mystery: they, and airports, are our cathedrals. A colleague of Ferguson's lay dying of lung cancer. Ferguson entered the room timidly, afraid of death, but was relieved to find nothing abstract—rather, the highly specific form of his old associate, the chairman of his department, whose two-volume opus on Toltec temple mounds had won the coveted Schliemann Award. Seven years older than Ferguson, and far more clever, he had been something of a father figure. Now his long brainy head had become, above the blank neck of a hospital johnny, an old woman's, a scold's. "I thought your last paper," he drawled with his drugged tongue, "a little less than rigorous. You posited a new stratum on the basis of a single shard. What does that do to the death pits of Level XII? You've displaced an entire population by three or four centuries." Ferguson imagined compounded strata of the dead shifting, clutching their pottery and lapis-lazuli beads and sandstone totems, all because of him. "You know," his critic continued wearily, "a chunk like that could be a sport, a stray copy of a Cretan model or something brought in from Anatolia. The dead were great travellers—never forget it." In a way, Ferguson loved this other man, for knowing what he himself knew, and more; they were, the two of them, split creatures, who in shady universities unloaded the bright, crusted fruit of their raids on lands of sun and sand, amid illiterate hirelings and the threat of banditry. What, then, was this exultant trembling in Ferguson's chest? His voice came out mercilessly crisp and clear, in contrast to the other's drugged remonstrances.

"You know," the sick man scolded, "not everything red and black is Khirbet Kerak."

"Only Khirbet Kerak has those grooves," Ferguson said. "I'll bring you back more next summer. Tons of it. I'm sure it's there."

Next summer. The dying man stared at a blank wall, eggshell in color, and exhaled.

Ferguson changed the subject. He cheerfully admired the room—its size, its view of the soft suburban hills south of Boston.

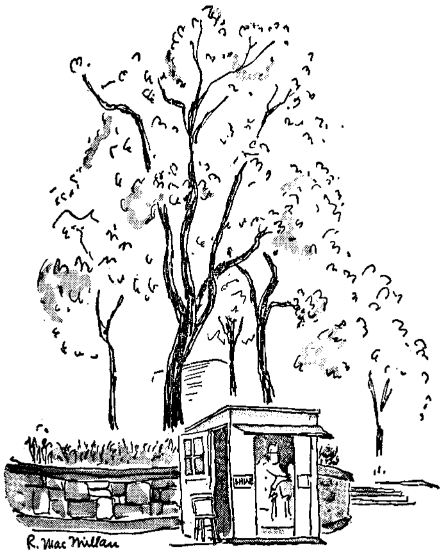
His colleague sighed in conciliation. "People our age indulge themselves. You divorced your wife, I'm robbing my estate of two Cs a day for this bridal suite. Who's to say what's foolish anymore?"

Ferguson, looking up with a rejoinder on his tongue, saw the other man's face as something already in the earth, and an outrush of pity quelled the triumphant racing of his heart; he wanted to save his colleague from the crushing mass of forward time when he would not be here, as he would lift the shards of a flattened amphora from centuries of sedimentation. Forgive me, Ferguson said to himself, in the empty room.

Walking into the streets outside the hospital, whose gray walls hulked above the sunny neighborhood like the shell of a factory that makes an obscure but widely necessary product, Ferguson kept meeting himself. A schoolboy slouched with bare legs and baseball bat down an alley toward a playground and one more game amid the long shadows; Ferguson had been there, he could still taste those dusty, infinite afternoons. A young husband, skinny in his shirtsleeves, bent to take his whining toddler's hand while his wife beside him complacently hatched another responsibility in her stomach. The motions of changing a diaper still lived in Ferguson's hands, and the feel of a small child's gritty grasp on a single finger during the bedtime song. And there went the divorcing man, haggard yet lightened, carrying gin and frozen Chinese food back to his apartment, which he has furnished in the same manner, long on posters and short on lamps, as the last habitat of his solitude, his college room. A paradox: though Ferguson in theory dreaded death, in practice he was glad, relieved, that he would never be asked to be young again.

The stratum of middle age has its insignia, its distinguishing emotional artifacts: the glaze of unreality, for instance, that slips without warning over certain arbitrary moments. The washbucket in the corridor takes on a glowing menace; the floor and desk tops appear to tilt, as if in unsteady takeoff toward a hopelessly distant point. A change of optical prescription helps. The axis of astigmatism is rotating, the world is turning, the soul finds itself locked in a house with smeary windows. Contrariwise, the mail, once so pregnant with mysteries and stimulations, can now be read without opening the envelopes: photographs of the maimed and starving, angry petitions for justice, comradely appeals to the alumni, proceedings of learned societies, advertisements for undesired treasures, scholarly offprints, photocopies of photocopies. Into the wastebasket it can go unopened, cleanly posted to the void. One day Ferguson rescued an envelope from the trash, noticing that his address had been typed, not stencilled. "Dear Fergy," it began in a serene, trite, Palmer-method hand from the past, and continued with mimeographed exclamations: "COME to Your Twenty-fifth! Hayesville High Class of '52 wants YOU!!" The underlined, hyper-capitalized "YOU" assigned him the same spiritual importance—feathery, comical, innermost—with which he had awoken from the dream of his father. He would go. The missive was signed by Linda Weed Gottfinger, the class secretary. Ferguson and she had begun kindergarten together. Linda Weed used to steal his book bag on the way home from school and keep it from him until he cried. She had been wonderfully lithe, with pigtails and a snub nose, and even when her figure ripened—her breasts become amazing jutting softnesses—her belly had stayed flat and her legs thin and hard. That had been her handwriting saying "Dear Fergy."

At the reunion, after midnight, while the band played all the old tunes, from "Near You" to "Tangerine," Ferguson through a veil of bourbon perceived that amid these old children, these accents, and these melodies he had experienced Paradise. Nevertheless, he wished he were home. He had come alone. His old role, of lonely grind, was waiting for him like a shabby suit; it fitted perfectly. The band played "Rag Mop," and Linda Weed drifted toward him purposefully. While the others were dancing, or reliving ancient heartbreaks, or helping each other be sick in the motel rest rooms, she was taking a poll for their Quarter-Century Memory Book, to be mimeographed and distributed. She asked him, "Single, married, separated, or divorced?" Her pencil waited, slim and alert. Linda had kept her figure, to the age of forty-three. Some beauties of their class had been utterly swallowed by their own fat, so that in looking at them Ferguson seemed to be witnessing an act of cannibalism or gazing down at a Pharaoh swaddled in a bulky sarcophagus. The motel management had hung their ballroom with red and white crêpe paper, though their class colors had actually been maroon and cream. "Maroon and cream, maroon and cream," their class song had gone, and then a murky line that ended with "dream."



Ferguson answered carefully, "All of them. But not all at once."

"What are you now?"

"Homesick."

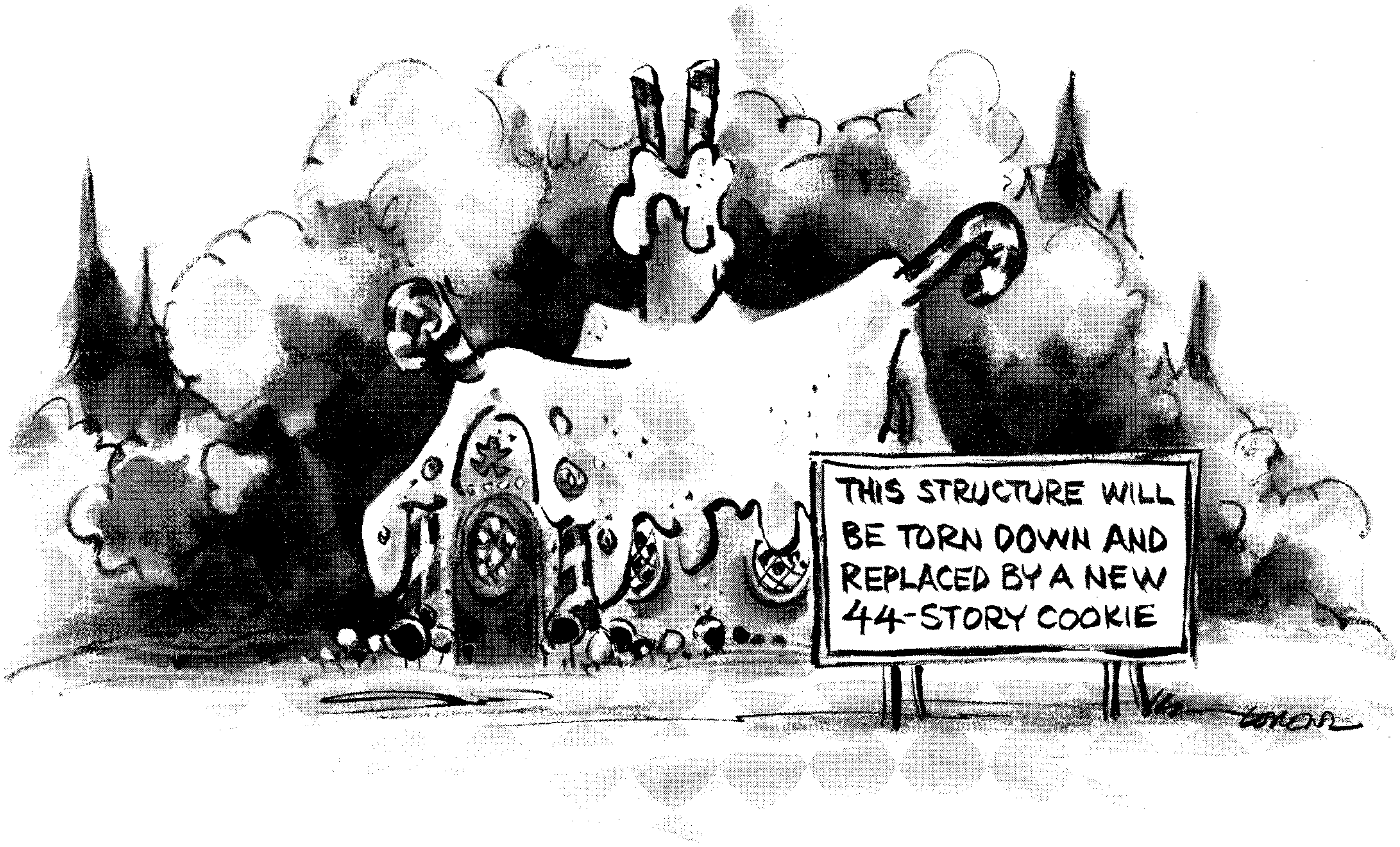
"I'll put down 'Married.'" From kindergarten on, she had been a hard girl to faze. Cool green eyes, and one false tooth when she smiled. She had fallen skinning the cat on the playground jungle gym. The band shifted to "Across the Alley from the Alamo."

"Profession?" she asked.

"Digger," he told her, and it seemed profoundly true. He tried to tell her how true. "I seek to bring what was hidden back into the light. Last winter I found a single shard that made thousands of skeletons move over."

"Fergy, you're drunk," she told him.

Her breasts had become amazing in the seventh grade, beneath the fuzzy cashmere sweaters of that epoch. Now, as if to advertise that her breasts had survived two Asian wars, six Presidents, five recessions, and four children, the class secretary was wearing a deeply décolleté bodice of lemon chiffon, in the fifties' strapless style. Was it her prom dress, miraculously preserved? Essence of Eisenhower and orchid corsage wafted upward from her cleavage. He would never, not in all eternity, see her breasts, Ferguson thought sourly. Linda had married her tenth-grade steady and never left


THIS STRUCTURE WILL BE TORN DOWN AND REPLACED BY A NEW 44-STORY COOKIE

• •

Hayesville; she had never travelled in the land of guilt.

People were dancing, reminiscing, falling down. A confusion as of shards and unstrung beads and retrieved statuettes filled the ballroom and Ferguson's skull. Unhoped for, what had been hidden came to light. Nasty Kegerise, the class pest, waltzed up to them. He owned a million-dollar electronics firm called Xister, Inc., had gone jowly and gray and wore bifocals, but was still the class pest, with the class pest's perennial immunity. He ogled Linda and lightly flipped aside one chiffon leaf of her bodice, with its built-in bra. So for a second her soft conical breast lay exposed upon the glazed platter of Ferguson's vision. His breathing stopped. Her breast was perfect, more candid and ample than he had dreamed, weighty yet buoyant in its shadowy cup of cloth, as perfect as an egg.

Linda slapped Nasty's hand and tugged the bodice back into place, unfazed; her composure hitched only when her cat-green eyes flicked to Ferguson's, where they had not expected to encounter, perhaps, such happiness. She cocked her pencil. "What is your present address?"

"I forget." It was a house in the Maine woods, where he and his second wife and her only child, a boy, lived as simply as Indians, near an old creek bed where arrowheads could be picked up off the silt.

Linda's pencil remained cocked. "How well," she asked, taking her poll, "do you feel America has kept its promises to you?"

"Well enough," Ferguson said.

The band started in on "So Tired," with that soul-chilling wah-wah of the muted trumpets.

Their class giant came up to him, a tackle and a shot-putter. He had gone bald. "You're not the man your father was," he told Ferguson.

"I know. I'm sorry."

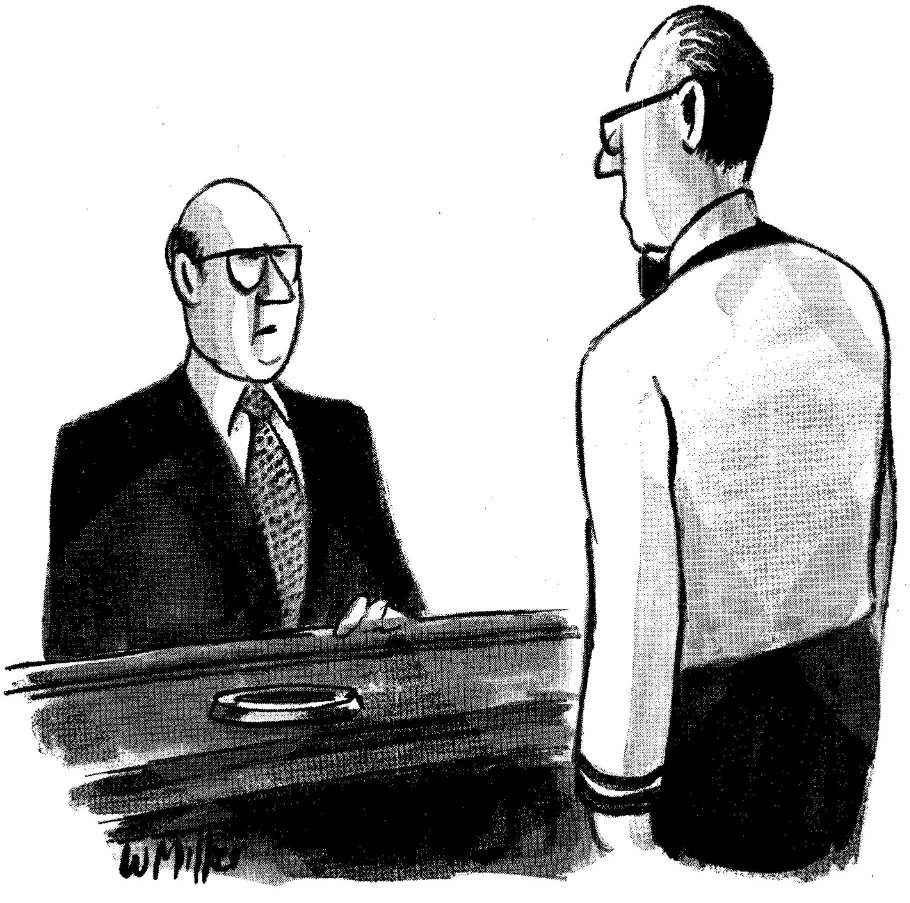
"He was damn encouraging was the thing of it. I remember so well how he used to tell me, 'You're on Fool's Hill now, but you'll come down. What goes up must come down,' he'd say, and throw a blackboard eraser into the air. 'The last mile is the hardest,' I remember he used to say so often, and I didn't know what he meant at the time. Now I do. Now I do." The giant gazed down at Ferguson, where he was sunk in a trench of sadness, of love that had nowhere to flow. If he cried, would he get his schoolbag back?

"Goodnight, Irene," the band played in conclusion, "gooodnight, Irene."

The next day was Saturday. Hung over, Ferguson prowled the town, his lost city of Hayesville. Except on the fringes, where in his childhood fields had supported corn, and creeks had been choked with watercress that old women would come and harvest, Hayesville had changed little. In the alleys there were curious artifacts, cages of wire and wood, and with some difficulty Ferguson identified these as street-hockey goals. In his boyhood they had played only the games where a ball soared, the baseball a black speck in the wheeling sky and the fat basketball grazing the auditorium rafters on the way to the basket and the football finding the fingertips of the galloping end. The old elementary school was boarded up, with revolutionary and racist slogans spray-painted across the weathering plywood. They had sold the classrooms to the Smithsonian. There had been a little candy store the children would sneak to during recess, and this, Ferguson was surprised to find, was still there and still open. He entered the crypt and bought a dime's worth of the old candies—jelly hats, licorice pipes, nougat in waxed paper, coconut strips dyed to resemble bacon. The arthritic old man behind the blackened, cracked glass case patiently filled a little paper bag piece by piece and pressed Ferguson's change back into his palm until his fingers closed over the coins like a child's. "Now hold tight, Fergy," the old man crooned. On all sides, Ferguson was known. The tilting front porches knew him, and the twitching window curtains. The horse-chestnut trees would have known him, had they not been cut down. The alleys seemed brighter, the sky barer, since the days when he had sneaked the back way home from school to avoid bullies. No bullies approached him now—just old people who said, "I bet you don't remember me." True, he didn't, but he remembered the style—the striped shirts and suspenders, the baggy cotton smocks, the suety skins, the enfolding warm voices, with yet a pinch of something sardonic in the intonation. Like the salt machine at the bottom of the sea, Hayesville had continued to turn out Hayesville people. On the athletic fields beyond the high school, where the crones of Hayesville once would circle stooping, gathering dandelions for stew, some sort of parade was being rehearsed, on a glistening plane of AstroTurf. A girl in a plum-colored band uniform, as lithe as Linda Weed had ever been, but with thicker legs—legs like stallions' in her tall plastic boots—came up to Ferguson and asked, "Didn't your brother use to teach?" So in the compression of time his father had become his brother. Nature teaches us: nothing is lost, only distorted.

The old playground still stood on the embankment above the baseball diamond like a Hopi village on a mesa, a skeletal village of swing sets and jungle gyms. Huffing, sweating in his gray suit, wishing for a pith helmet to shelter his post-reunion headache, Ferguson climbed the embankment and found himself, under the baking sun, amid the rotting box-hockey frames and the rusting, buckling slides, looking down into the grass, as if for traces—shards of shell, bits of dried yolk—of the Egg Race.

He had never won. No doubt he had been too intent on finishing with his egg intact to move very fast. A brisk heel-and-toe walk was the fastest one could do, and it was a revelation how much this simple locomotion jarred the body, how alarmingly the egg bobbled and lurched in its spoon. The sensations returned to Ferguson, unlabelled, whenever he drove down a treacherous highway, or walked across the carpeted lobby of a hospital to visit an acquaintance, or boarded an airplane. Travel generated smooth motion only in his dreams, when his father beckoned. The Egg Race, meant to be festive, had struck him as tragic, as one of those tough things, like the beheading of chickens and the swatting of flies and the overworking of adults, that went on around and above him in the grownup world. And he wondered, while his airplane ticket burned in his pocket, and the bandits of Iraq swabbed their guns, and his first wife slept alone, if this premonition of the tragic had not functioned as a limitation upon him, so that even now he crouched within his life as within a fragile shell.



"*A Martini, Jack. Very dry and to the point.*"

HOME, Ferguson read in the paper that his colleague had died. Sitting at the breakfast table, he battled down the exultation that rose in his breast, a jubilant trembling that made his hand shake as he lifted egg on his fork to his face. The child he lived with called imperiously from upstairs. He had awoken with a sore throat and stayed home from school. Ferguson, turning the newspaper pages, heard the child's mother mounting to him with breakfast on a tray and remembered those lost mornings when he, too, stayed home from school: the fresh orange juice seedy from its squeezing, the toast warm from its toasting and cut into strips, the Rice Krispies, the blue cream pitcher, the sugar, the japanned tray where his mother had arranged these good things like the blocks in an intelligence test, the fever-swollen mountains and valleys of the blankets where books and crayons and snub-nosed scissors kept losing themselves, the day outside the windows making its irresistible arc from morning to evening, the people of the town travelling to their duties and back, running to the trolley and walking wearily back, his father out suffering among them, yet with no duty laid upon the child but to live, to stay safe and get well, to do that huge something called nothing. The house in all its reaches attended to him, settling, ticking, clucking in its stillness, an intricately worked setting for the jewel of his healing; the world nestled like a spoon beneath his life, his only life, his incredibly own, that he must not let drop.

—JOHN UPDIKE

•

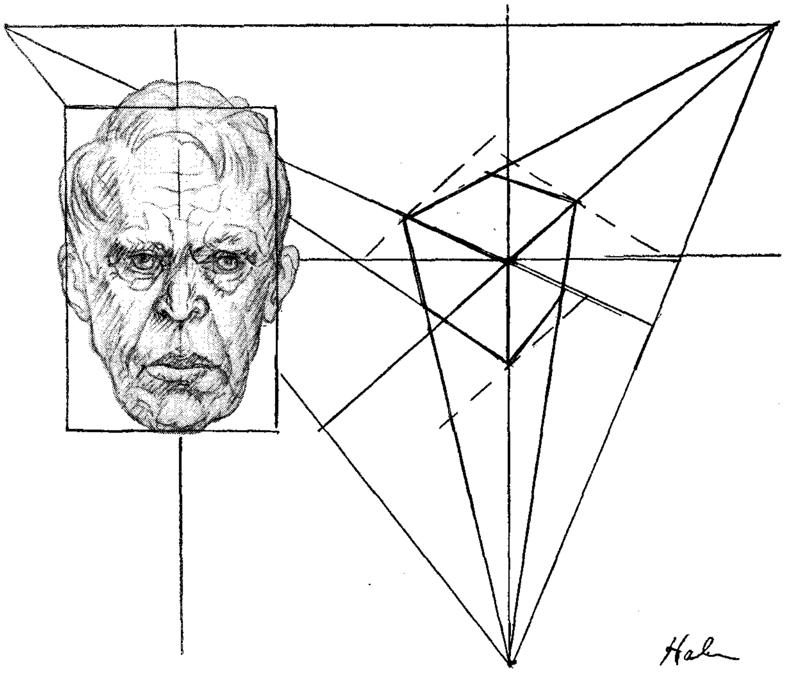
LONDON, April 3 (AP)—A priceless collection of manuscripts of music by Mozart, Beethoven, Bach and others that has been missing since World War II has been found in Poland. The collection was traced by a British zoologist who spent five years searching for a herring's correct name, The Sunday Times reported. . . .

The zoologist attempted to find the manuscripts because he believed they had been stored with natural-history material that he hoped would help him pin down the herring's name. He does not yet know whether this material has been found.—*The Times.*

Meantime, why not call the herring Beethoven?

PROFILES

ALL IN THE ARTIST'S HEAD

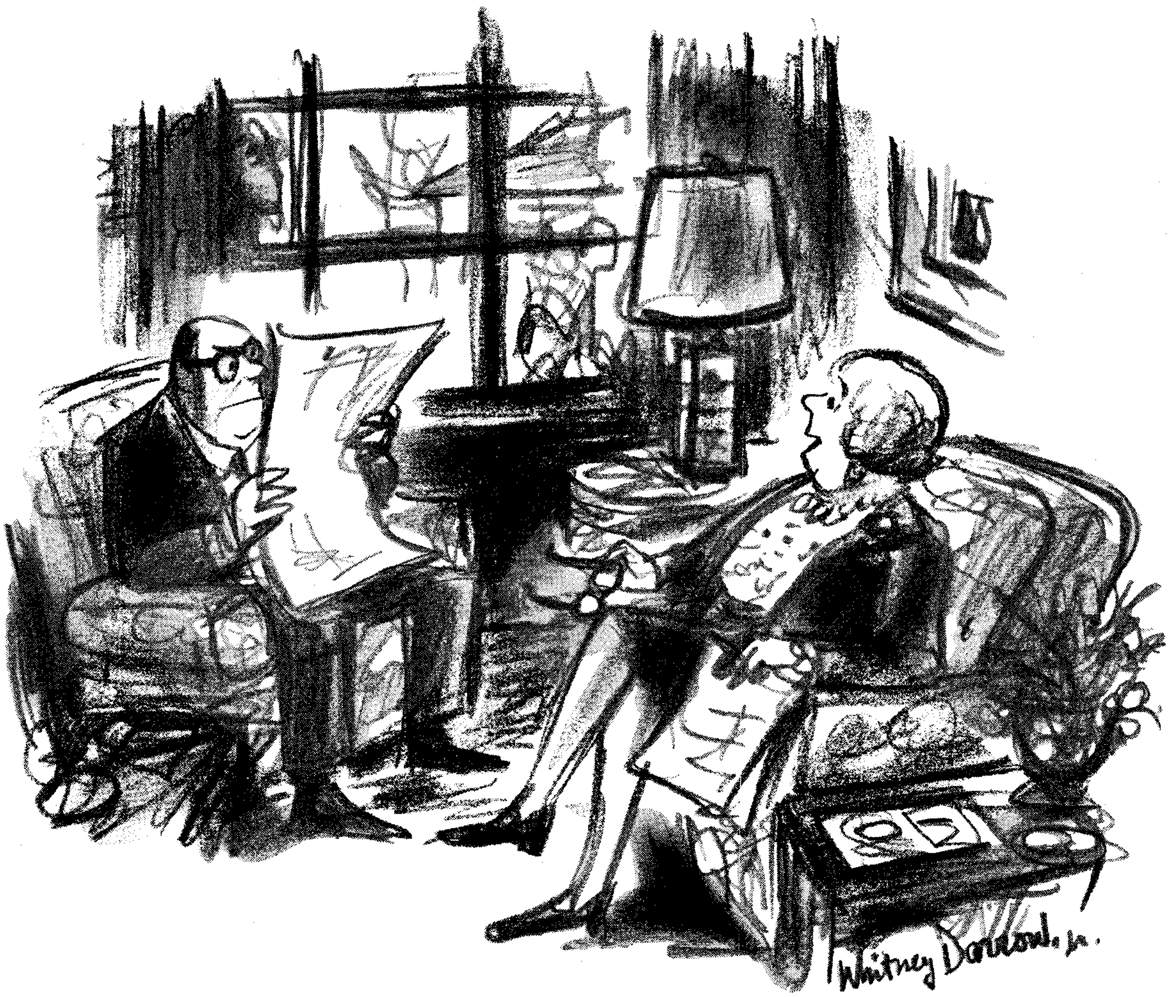


ROBERT BEVERLY HALE is a beloved teacher. He is a tall, spare, somewhat rumpled patrician of seventy-six, with black-rimmed glasses and an El Greco face. He teaches two courses, Artistic Anatomy and Elements of Drawing, at the Art Students League, on West Fifty-seventh Street, and his classes are a continual, and almost legendary, celebration not only of the beauty and wonder of the human form but of Hale himself. Many people consider Hale the foremost teacher of artistic anatomy in the country, and perhaps the world. His classes are always oversubscribed, and students return year after year. When Hale enters a lecture hall or a studio, his students burst into applause. They do the same thing as he leaves. Hale is a modest, philosophical man, with a long view of history and of life, but he does not attempt to hide his pleasure at these tributes. "I have a flair for teaching," he often says. "The role of teacher fits me, and I play it. I never empty a lecture room." He does not attempt to hide his pleasure, either, at having recently received, at Alice Tully Hall, one of the Mayor's Awards of Honor for Arts and Culture, the citation for which read, "Artist, poet, and teacher, he has inspired generations of ardent disciples at the Art Students League."

"Subtle and elemental forces are at work inside Hale," a former student told me not long ago. "There's an encyclopedic knowledge of art and artists, extraordinary humor, and the ability to make anatomical drawings with a piece of charcoal attached to a long stick which are miracles of precision and art." The young man paused for breath, but not very long. "I get extremely excited when I talk about Hale and his classes," he said. "So does everybody I know who works with him. There's a magic to the man as he stands up there drawing and talking. He's generous. He holds nothing back. He puts down everything he considers essential. Unlike some teachers, who assert themselves, he eliminates himself and concentrates on reverence for art and artists. There are no sly, arcane corners with Hale. He tells you what he knows. And in some inexplicable way it is always allied with the earth and with human beings, and with their survival as human beings on this planet."

Hale and I are friends. His company invigorates me and gives me a sense of purpose. I like to hear him talk, either formally, in front of a class or at some public function, or informally, at home. Hale enjoys talking. He talks quietly, in a dry, clipped tone, and each word emerges as though it had been leading a detached, private, educated life of its own. As he talks, his mind gracefully unfolds, and a landscape is dotted not with the delicate bridges, willows, houses, and carp-filled streams of a Chinese scroll but with ideas, fancies, memories—precise and embroidered—and technical details, wrapped in poetry, his own and others'. (His poem "The Big Nasturtiums" has appeared in anthologies all over the world; in addition to poetry, he has written critical essays, short stories, a children's book, and a celebrated and widely used text, "Drawing Lessons from the Great Masters," and has translated for the first time from French into English Dr. Paul Richer's classic nineteenth-century work "Artistic Anatomy.")

I CLOSE my eyes and see Hale at different times and in different places. Hale was at the hundredth-anniversary dinner of the Art Students League at the Waldorf. By the time he rose to his feet to speak, the audience—artists, students, former students, patrons of the League—had worked their way through avocado caprice, cream of wild-mushroom soup, roast prime rib of beef, and crown of raspberry sherbet. They had listened to extensive reminiscences from another longtime teacher at the League, some hard-nosed money talk from a foundation chief (Matching Grant Country), and the remarks of a local critic. And now, Hale. Guests who had been idly making fork tracks on napkins and tablecloths put down their forks and listened. Hale, it appeared, wished to discuss fundamentals. He recalled that some years earlier a technical school in the neighborhood of the League had sent a group of its students to the League to "teach them about art." Hale was asked to conduct the initial lecture. "I intimated that the artist doesn't see things as they are, he sees things as he is," he said. "I warned them that there was nothing more dreadful than imagination without taste. I also told them that the life of the artist was desolate and dangerous, and finally I told them, in the words of Camus, that I was convinced that a man's work was nothing but the long journey through life to recover, through the detours of art, the two or three great and simple images that first gained access to his heart." Hale and his colleagues at the League struggled painstakingly, he said, with their young technical-school visitors. "We told them, for instance, that science had actually sprung from art, and that it had developed in those great periods when artists looked at nature very closely and carefully and tried to record exactly what they saw," he said. "That, we explained, was what scientists have been doing ever since, but, we took great pains to point out, the artist, unlike the scientist, has always felt that the things he couldn't see were just as important as the things


Whitney Darrow, jr.

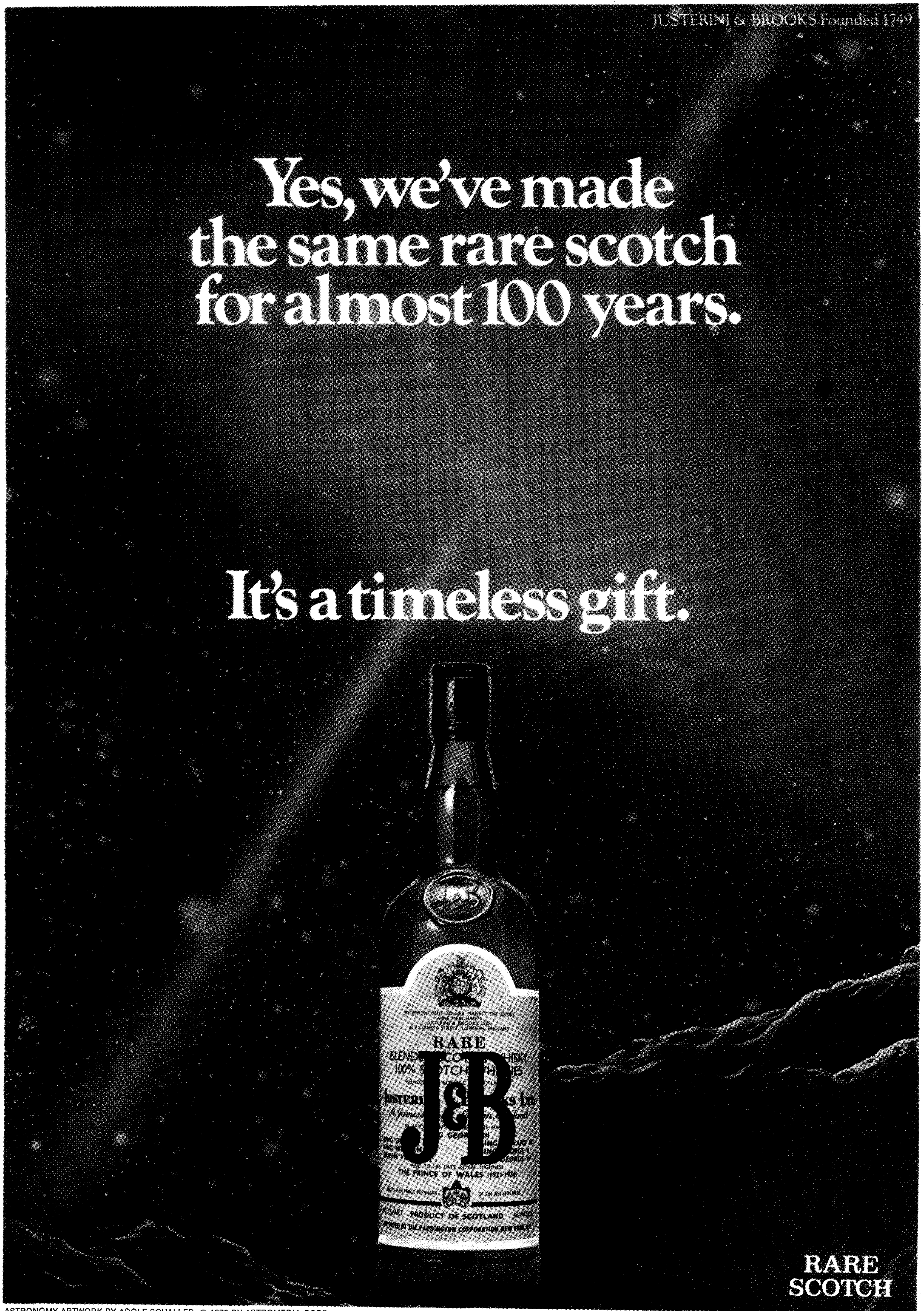
"We've been married for thirty-six years, Edward. Isn't it time you put your cards on the table?"

he could see." After a few months, Hale felt that a slight but perceptible change had come over the technical people. He would occasionally overhear them discussing "such invisible entities as the grace of Raphael, the compassion of Rembrandt." He continued, "So it would appear that we artists have a job on our hands. Especially now that the scientists are almost capable of exterminating, in a flash, not only us but all other living matter on this planet. They can't quite do this yet, but they are hoping that through earnest sweat and total dedication they can reach this goal by lilac time, 1978." Hale offered a highly personal solution. "I've got two very nice color photographs at home that were taken shortly after the bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki," he said. "In the middle of each is a brilliant orange spot—a nuclear ember dying, no doubt—and around each spot is a massive cloud of rising dust. I'm going to hang these photographs on my wall and between them paste up a poem by Emily Dickinson. Then, next week, I'm going to ask a scientist I know home for supper. He's a very nice man. He has two little children. I'm sure that as soon as he comes in, his professional curiosity will attract him to the photographs, and undoubtedly he will glance at the poem. It reads:

> This quiet Dust was Gentlemen and Ladies,
> And Lads and Girls;
> Was laughter and ability and sighing,
> And frocks and curls."

I CLOSE my eyes and see Hale in his apartment. He lives in a comfortable old building on Sixty-seventh Street, just off Central Park West, with his second wife, Niké, an art historian, who is considerably younger than he, and their two children, Alexander Curzon Hale, thirteen, and Evelyn Everett Hale, four. Mrs. Hale is small, dark, and vibrant. She was born in Greece and educated at Vassar. She has a long, mobile face, recalling many strong women painted by Picasso in his classic period. The apartment has an austere, somewhat unsettled look, as though the Hales were just about to move in or move out. Quite obviously, it is the home of people who disdain material possessions. A few scatter rugs, designed and handmade by Mrs. Hale, lend splashes of color to the living room and increase the singular independence of a large, spidery free-flowing ink abstraction, painted by Hale, that dominates one side of the room.

On this day, Hale was dressed in a pair of unpressed gray flannel trousers, an old bluish-gray sports jacket, and gray Wallabees. He sat in a small rattan chair, I opposite him on a sofa. He was in a talkative mood. "My life has been a considerable struggle to find out what I am best suited for, and the Art Students League has been a true friend, a true home," he said. "I went to teach there in 1943, broken in spirit, and in a depression. I have terrible depressions. My mornings are especially terrible. I often don't think I'm going to get through. I've had a great many advantages. I come from quite a family, really. Sometimes when I think of it I am astonished. My grandfather Edward Everett Hale was a Unitarian minister, and he wrote 'The Man Without a Country.' When he was eighty-one years old, he was made chaplain of the United States Senate. Someone said to him, 'In your capacity as chaplain, do you pray for the Senate?' and Edward Everett Hale said, 'My friend, I look at the Senate and I pray for the country.' My grandfather's uncle Edward Everett was president of Harvard and a celebrated classical speaker of the old school, and he shared a platform with Abraham Lincoln at Gettysburg on the day that Lincoln delivered the address that begins, 'Fourscore and seven . . .' Everett spoke for two hours and Lincoln for two minutes, and it is generally accepted that Lincoln's remarks were not only shorter but better. Somewhere along the line, Harriet Beecher Stowe is involved with my family tree, and also that ghastly man Henry Ward Beecher, but I'm fuzzy about details. It seems that Harriet was my grandmother's aunt. In any event, my beautiful mother was born on East Thirty-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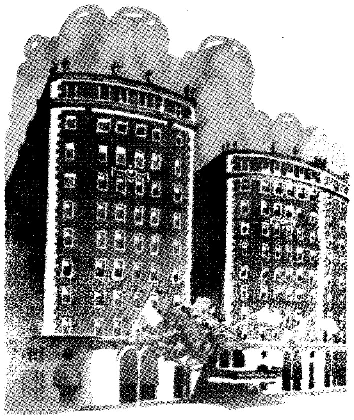

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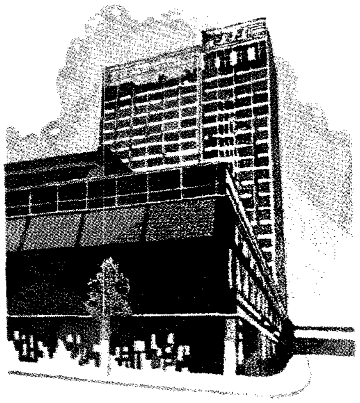

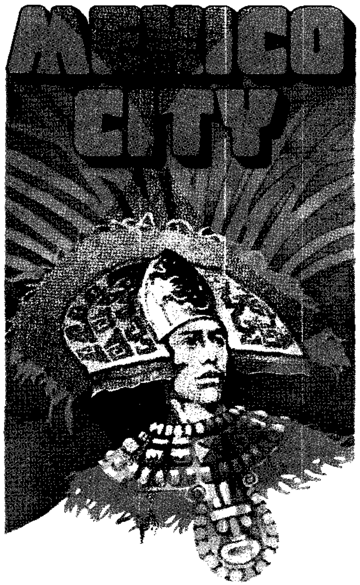

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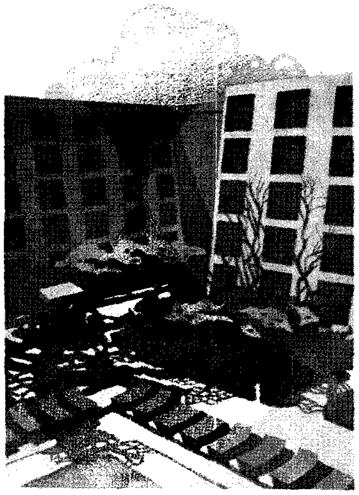

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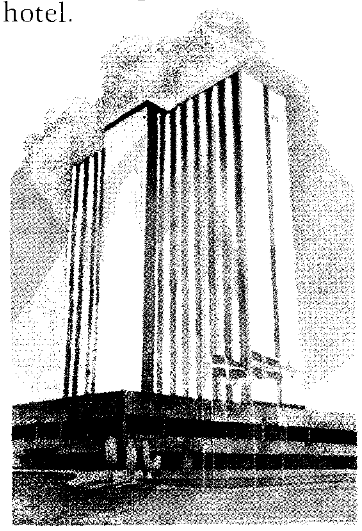

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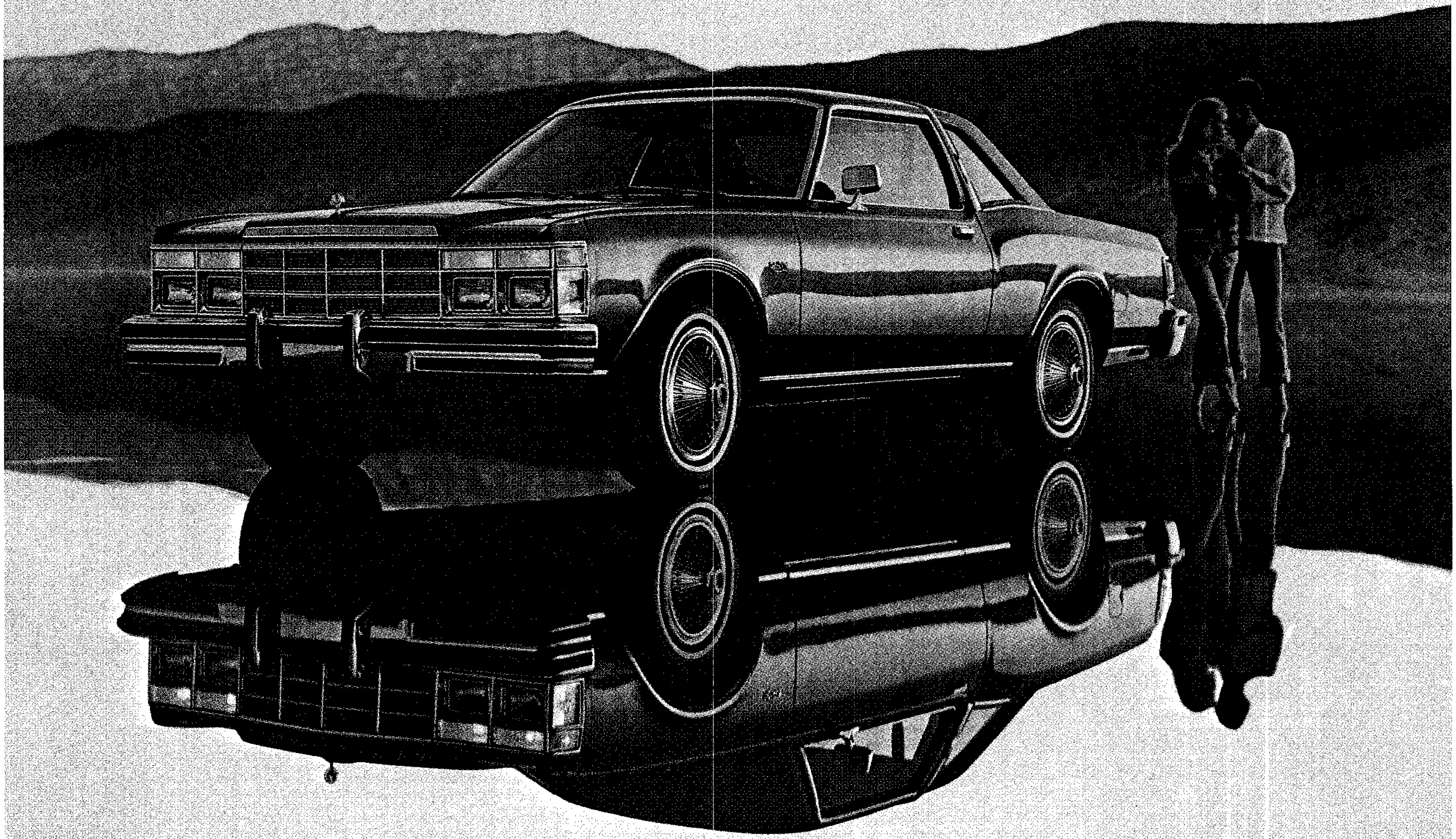

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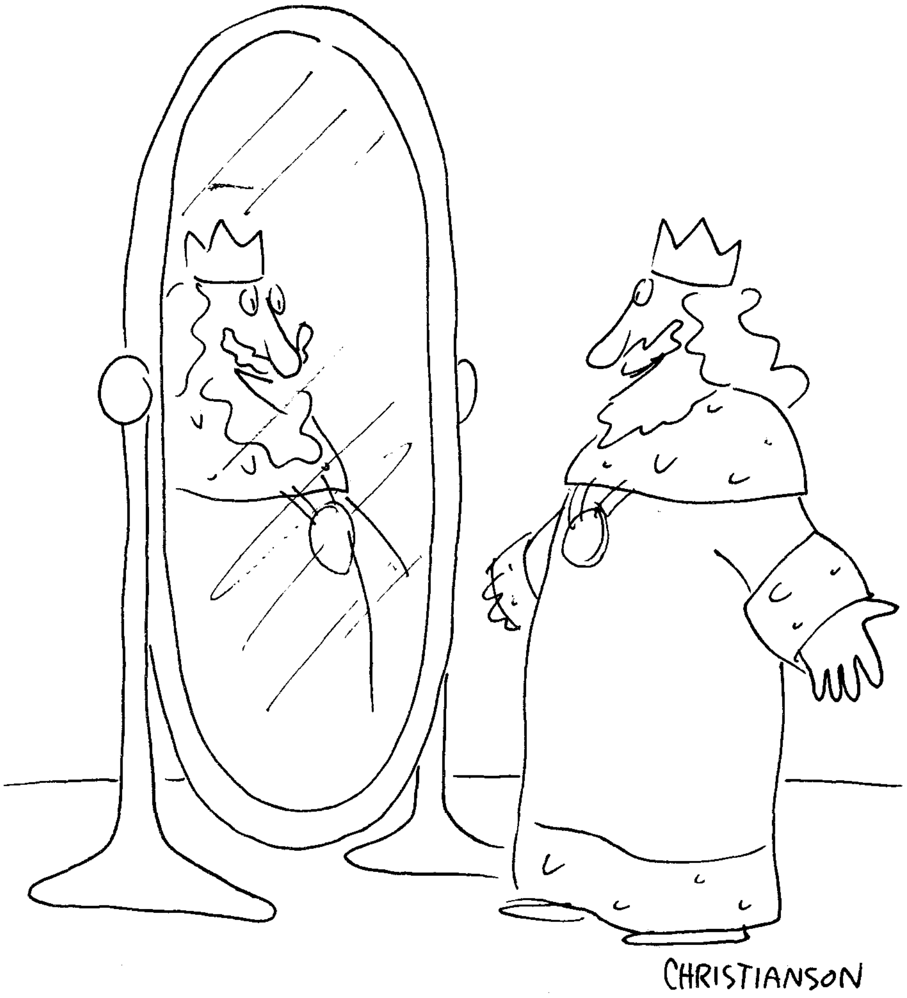
ninth Street, in Manhattan. She was lovely and gracious. Father was Herbert Dudley Hale, a partner in Hale & Rogers, architects. When my father was forty-two and I was seven, in 1908, he died. The next year, my mother married another architect, John Oakman. When my parents were in New York, they were at the center of what might be called upper bohemia. That's where I was at. Artists, writers—they all came around at five o'clock for drinks or tea. The Americans influenced by the Barbizon school—my parents knew 'em. My mother and father knew Whistler intimately. Whistler once painted my mother on top of an oil of Anthony Eden's mother. A complicated story, with a complicated lawsuit between Sir William Eden and Whistler, but the upshot was that my mother's picture was painted on top of the face of Lady Eden by Whistler, in Paris, and that somehow Whistler walked off with my mother's mink coat. A mixup, of course, but the coat was *gone*. The picture is now in the University of Glasgow museum.

"Let's talk about another age. Around the time of the Armory Show and the First World War, my family lived on West Sixteenth Street. From 1920 or 1921 on, they went to Paris in the summers. I went along. I was at the movable feast with a vengeance. In some ways, Waldo Peirce, the painter, was the head of the clan. Six feet six, huge beard, knew everybody. Picasso, Matisse—you name 'em. I often stayed in an attic in his apartment, at 77 Rue de Lille. Joyce would come to the parties—and, incidentally, if there was anything Joyce's wife couldn't stand, it was Joyce's drinking." There was a solemn, frightening parlor game that Joyce would play, Hale said. It began with placing several small bowls on a table. Water would be put in one bowl; that signified a trip somewhere by water. Some laurel leaves would be put in another; that signified fame. Still another would contain earth; that meant death. One at a time, the participants would be blindfolded, go forward to the table, and grope for one of the bowls. One evening when Hale was playing, he was solemnly blindfolded, and just as he was about to plunge his hand into the bowl filled with earth Joyce, moving swiftly as a cat, switched bowls, and Hale's hand went down into the bowl of laurel leaves. "A lovely gesture," said Hale.

"But I am ahead of myself in the evolution of an anatomist. I was born in Boston, and spent the first months of my life there. But I cannot make any memory of it come true. I try to get back to the recollection, but I cannot. A few years ago, when I had an operation, under anesthesia I saw the most beautiful swirling patterns and the most interesting colors and shapes, and I remember saying to myself later, 'Beautiful paintings these, if I can ever see them again, but they are gone.' So are whatever pictures I may have had of the earliest, Boston days. In general, I had a hard time finding myself. I first went to Columbia when I was fifteen—that would have been around 1916—leaving, coming back, leaving, studying, travelling, moving around until 1931. I took every course in biology I could get my hands on. My stepfather had said to me, 'This is a scientific century,' and I took him seriously. I studied physics. I studied geology. I studied with John Dewey and Irwin Edman and Franz Boas and John Erskine. You name it, I studied it. I didn't take all those courses for credit—I just wanted to see how the world was put together. I also wanted to write fiction, like my first cousin J. P. Marquand. I studied architecture at Fontainebleau, but I discovered that I wanted something looser than architecture. The galleries everywhere fascinated me, and the Art Students League fascinated me. I actually first attended classes there as far back as 1922, and I am one of the few artists left with the full technical training. I am damn pessimistic. I don't know who will die first, me or the world. My rigorous scientific training contributes to the pessimism. The reality of today—not a fantasy—is that someone could blow us all up tonight. Grand Central, the Empire State Building—you name it. The power that has been unleashed by man is unimaginable, except that I can imagine it."

HALE stood up and moved slowly into an adjoining long, narrow corridor and took a photograph from a hook on the wall. He moved back into the living room, handed me the photograph, and began pacing. The photograph was of a fine-looking innocent, bright-eyed boy. "My son, Alexander," said Hale, with an admiration that was at once both deeply felt and oddly detached. He sounded as though he had studied Alexander's face many times—bone structure, eyes, formation of the nose—and had decided that, objectively viewed, it was, son or no son, a beautiful face. "My friend Walker Evans took this one evening several



"Ta daaaaaa!"

years ago," he said. "Just happened by the apartment as Alexander was getting ready for bed. Evans had a few aboard—far too many, really—but he whipped out his camera, glanced somewhat foggily at Alexander across the room, snapped the shutter once, and put away the camera. A great artist, a sympathetic subject, and a moment in time. I doubt there will ever be a greater picture of Alexander, one with more understanding or communication. That was Evans for you. Wonderful man! Wonderful wild man! Many years ago, down at East Hampton, I was going through quite a depressed period, and for therapy I built myself a wooden tower some twenty feet high. Working with all that wood quieted me down, and I loved fashioning the ladder that took one to the top of my tower. Walker showed up one evening and instantly raced up the ladder, like a child, and then raced back down. Next morning, at breakfast, he looked out and saw the tower. 'What in God's name is *that*?' he said. I told him it was my therapeutic tower. 'Well,' he said, 'one thing's certain. I could never get up those rungs.' "

Hale went back to his chair. "I have an almost mystical feeling about the teaching of anatomy," he said. "There is continuity in the teaching, and you can always see the roots. I teach a special course, ten weeks each year, in anatomy, but I also teach, throughout the academic year, a straightforward class in drawing and draftsmanship, light and shade, perspective and proportion. Once a month, I go down to Broad and Cherry Streets in Philadelphia to teach anatomy at the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts—the oldest art school in the country, housed in a Victorian Gothic jewel, with beautiful tiled floors. Two hundred to five hundred take my course there. Standing room only, sometimes. Anatomy is one of the elements of drawing—only one. Wrapped up, you see, with all the elements of draftsmanship." Hale had a strange smile on his face. "The teaching of anatomy," he said slowly, "is almost like a laying on of hands. Someone has studied with Gérôme, who studied with someone who studied with David, and so on down the years. For almost forty years, George B. Bridgman taught anatomy at the Art Students League. I studied with Bridgman, and I inherited his sticks—both about three and a half feet long. One has a chamois cloth at the end—that's for cleaning the board. And one has charcoal at the end—that's for drawing. These sticks have their own mys-

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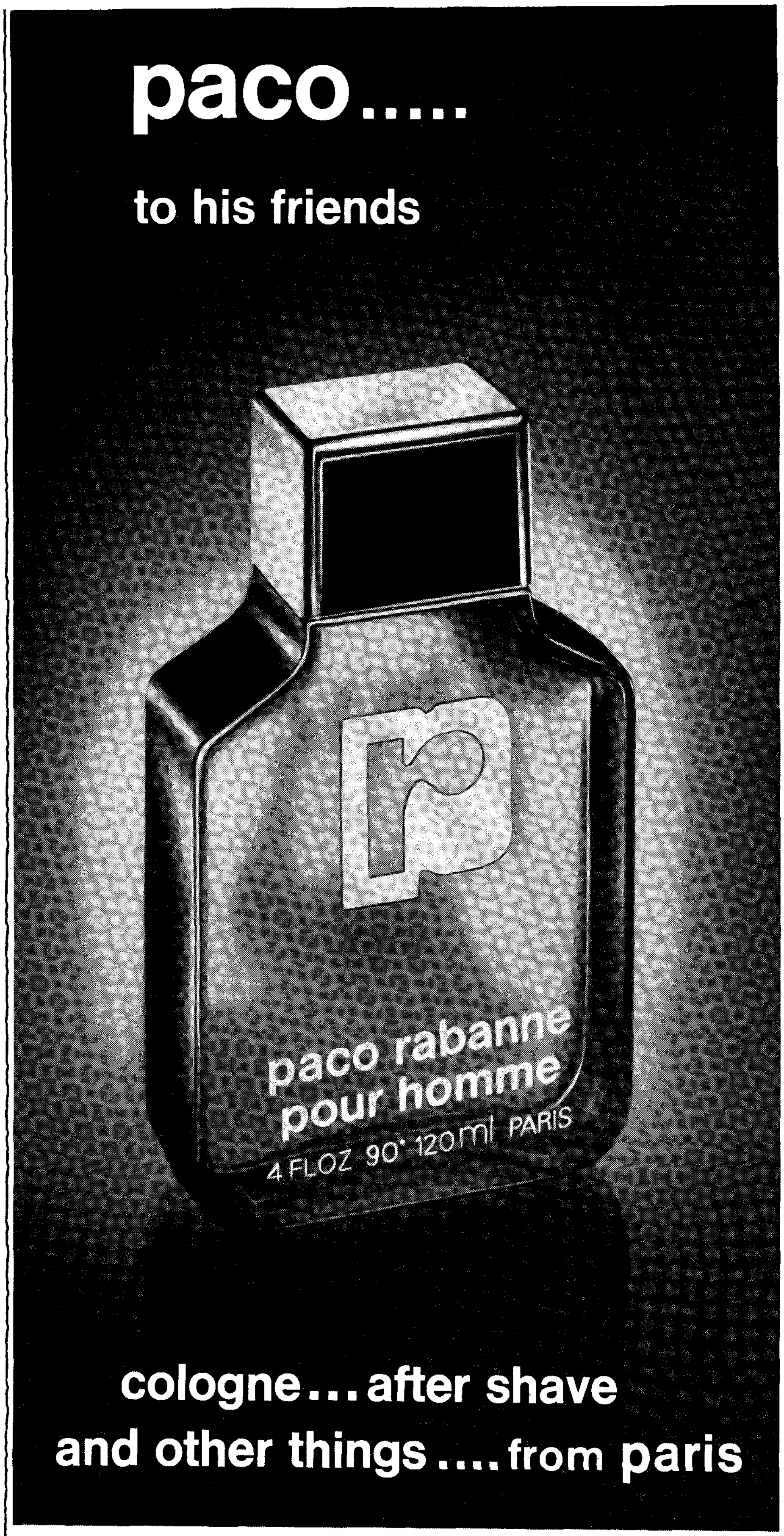
tique at the Art Students League. The chamois cloth at the end of the erasing one is quite venerable, limp and dusty—a part of me. My classes have almost as deep a feeling for the sticks as I have. They also know that this teaching is much like a father-son relationship, a tradition transmitted by a turn of the brush, generation after generation. Margaretta Salinger, at the Metropolitan, once traced me back, as an anatomy teacher, in a direct line until she reached Titian. Very flattering, but I only wish she had managed to get me back to Leonardo! How can I possibly know how much I owe to having studied at the League with William C. McNulty? McNulty was a fellow who could draw anything out of his head, anything at all. It was all in his head. When you come down to it, as I keep telling my classes, it's *all* in the artist's head. Artists are in the metaphysical world. They may be drawing reality, but the reality is a convention. The artist's reality is an illusion. When he draws a line, it's an illusion, and where lines meet the planes don't exist, but the artist puts a line down and builds up perspective. I make my students write on their drawings, 'This light was provided by the artist, not by Consolidated Edison.' There is nothing more difficult for an artist than to create his own light. The light is in his head. He must learn to still the light. Someone once asked me, 'What time do you think it is in Vermeer's "View of Delft"? Is that morning light? Is that evening light?' I told him that the exquisite light was Vermeer Time—that the light was in the artist's head. Basically, there is no such thing as progress in art—just in science. Nobody can draw as well, anyway, as those cave artists of sixteen thousand years ago. When it came to anatomy, they knew what they were doing. After all, they cut up their own dinners. They knew what they were eating! You can't imagine the silent fun I have at dinner parties while eating my food and dissecting a beautiful muscle. How I enjoy the spinalis dorsi—largely constituting a lamb chop. And I get almost sensual pleasure from skillfully dissecting a harmless pineapple, cutting all around the hard core. Takes lots of time."

Hale lit a cigarette. "I keep bumping into strange bones in strange places," he said. "I was visiting a doctor friend once and saw a vertebra hanging in his office. Someone had given it to him as a gift. I took one look and said, 'That's the seventh cervical vertebra of a zebra.' Just one of those



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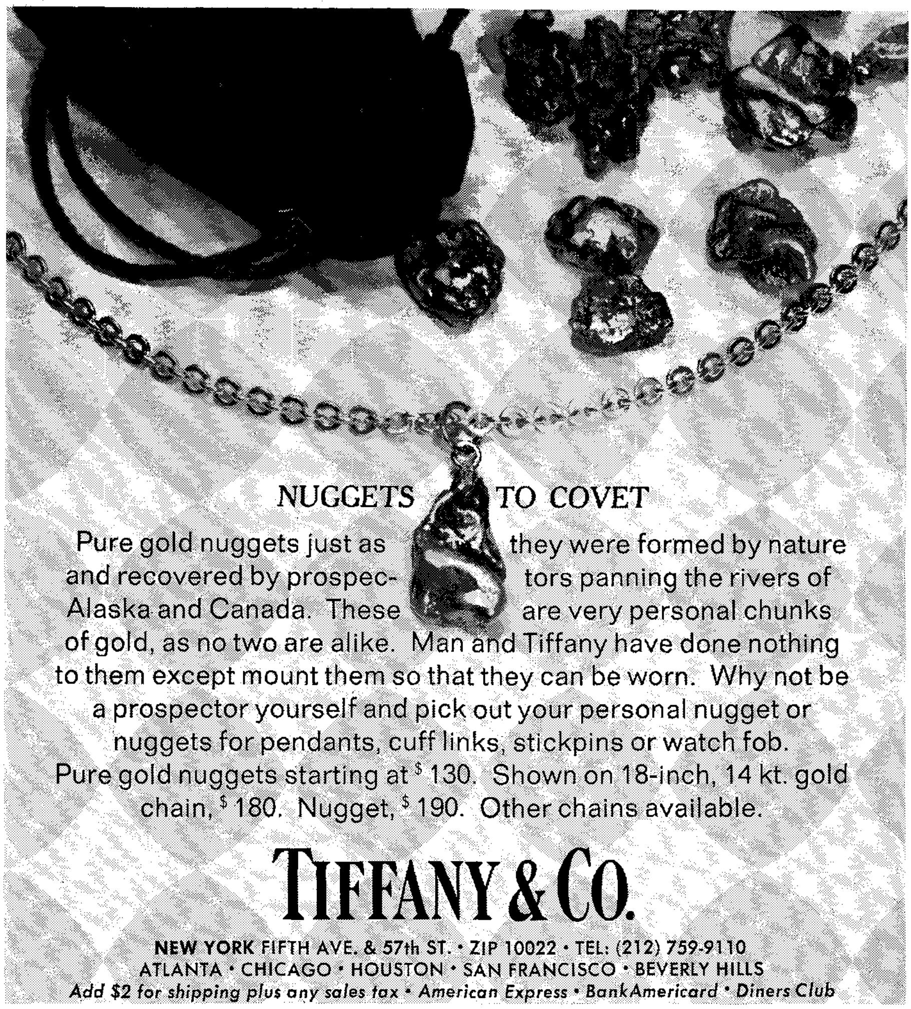
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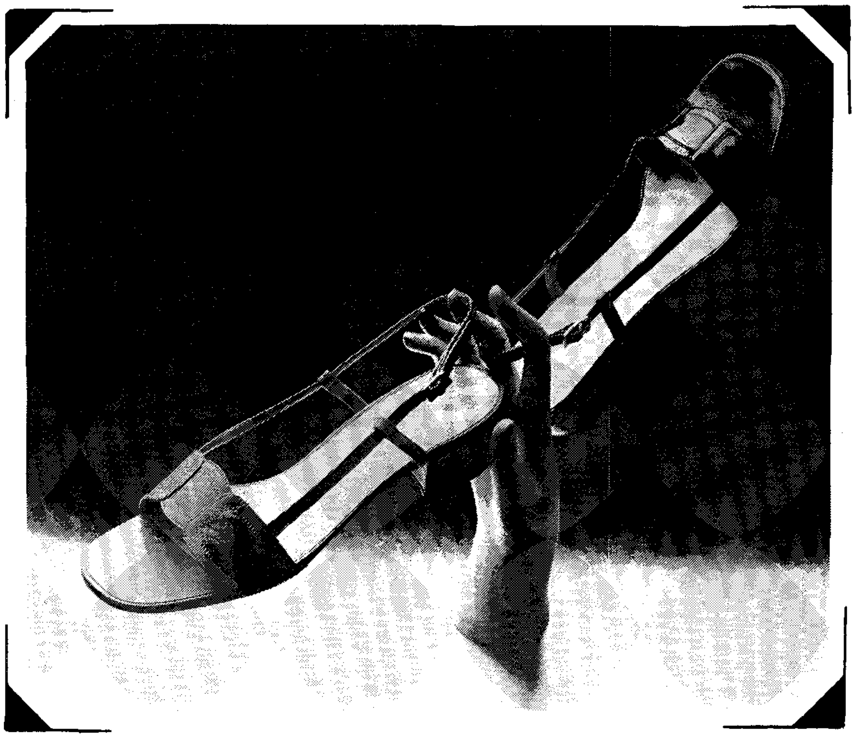
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things, but the doctor was astonished." Hale dropped a shower of ashes over his jacket. "The modern tradition is to flout the rules, but I do have certain feelings about basic training. It's my feeling that all the great artists knew all the rules, even if they broke them. The Cubists, for instance, couldn't fracture perspective unless they knew perspective. There's nothing against breaking the rules. I'm all for it, if you know the rules. Picasso, Matisse, Duchamp—they knew what rules they were breaking. In my own paintings"—he pointed to the abstraction on the wall—"there are a thousand rules being broken. And there's no accounting for talent—none. No telling where it will pop up. In any class, I may have two or three talented people. Double the class and if I'm lucky I'll get four or six. When it comes to artists—and this is the cruel part—there are some who have it and some who don't. This has an aristocratic sound, and nobody wants to hear it. As for artists' being recognized or appreciated, that's another matter. Political and social forces beyond the artist's control must come together in some inexplicable way for him to be noticed. The *climate* must be right. The good old artists knew, unconsciously, all there was to know about bones. Degas knew all about bones. Rembrandt caught the whole thing. Reginald Marsh was one of the great draftsmen of America. He had it all in his head. He would go to a burlesque show with a sketch pad deep in his pocket, and a pencil, and, seated there in the dark theatre, he would draw perfect anatomical pictures in his pocket. Or he would criticize a student's work at the League while looking at the work upside down over the easel, and correct it upside down, and his drawing would be perfect. Matter of practice. On the order of playing the piano. The great artists are like the great pianists—they play unconsciously, one hand over the other. My own drawings in class are much better now than they were years ago. I've had lots of practice with Japanese ink drawings, and it contributes to what I draw on the board in class. I paint with my body and shoulder. My wrist and fingers are locked. I get my shoulder into it. No shortcuts here. The line requires enormous control."

Hale is a chain smoker, and he had now filled several ashtrays. He started on another cigarette. "I went to the Metropolitan in 1948, when Francis Henry Taylor said that the trustees wanted an American Department at the museum. They had enormous

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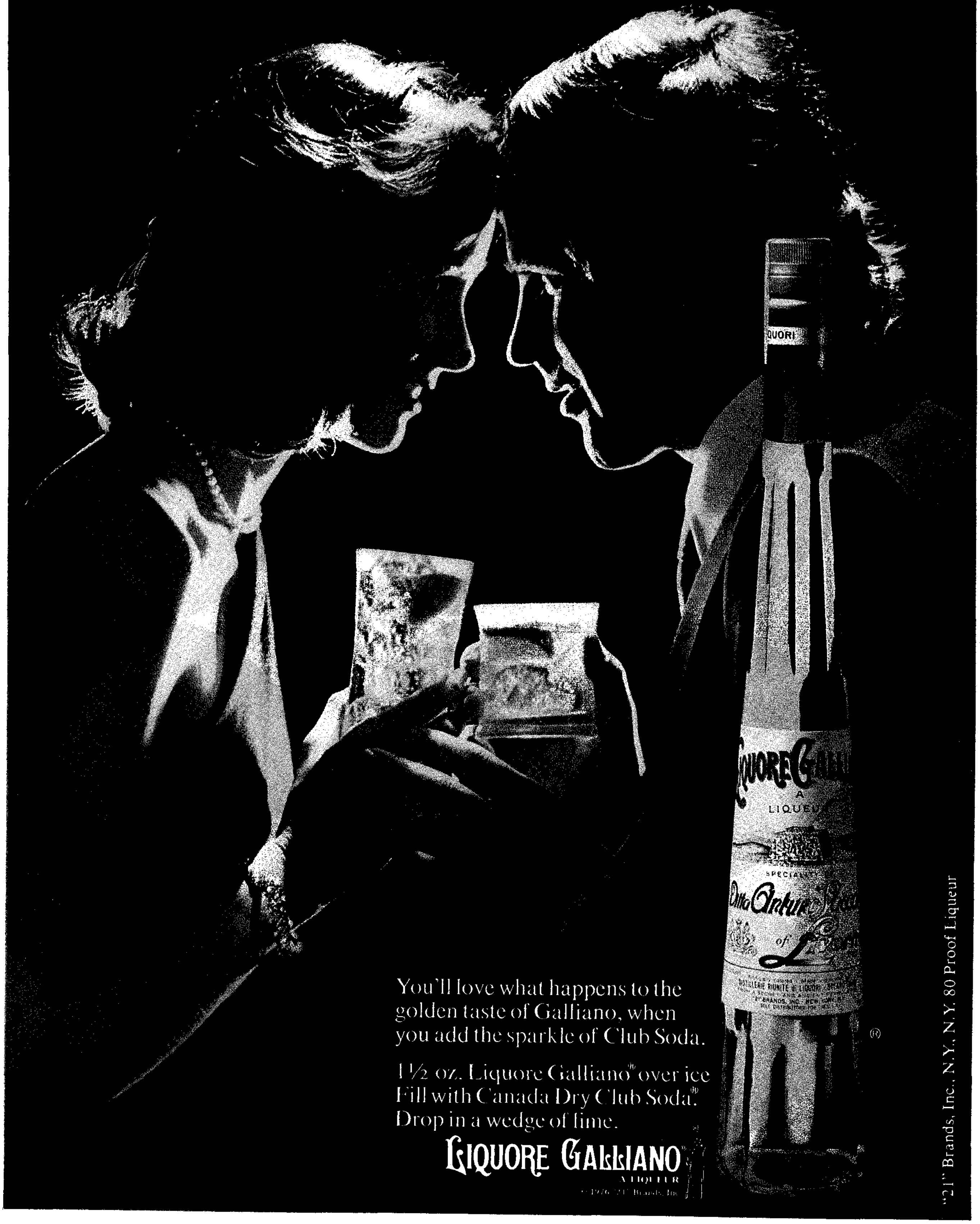

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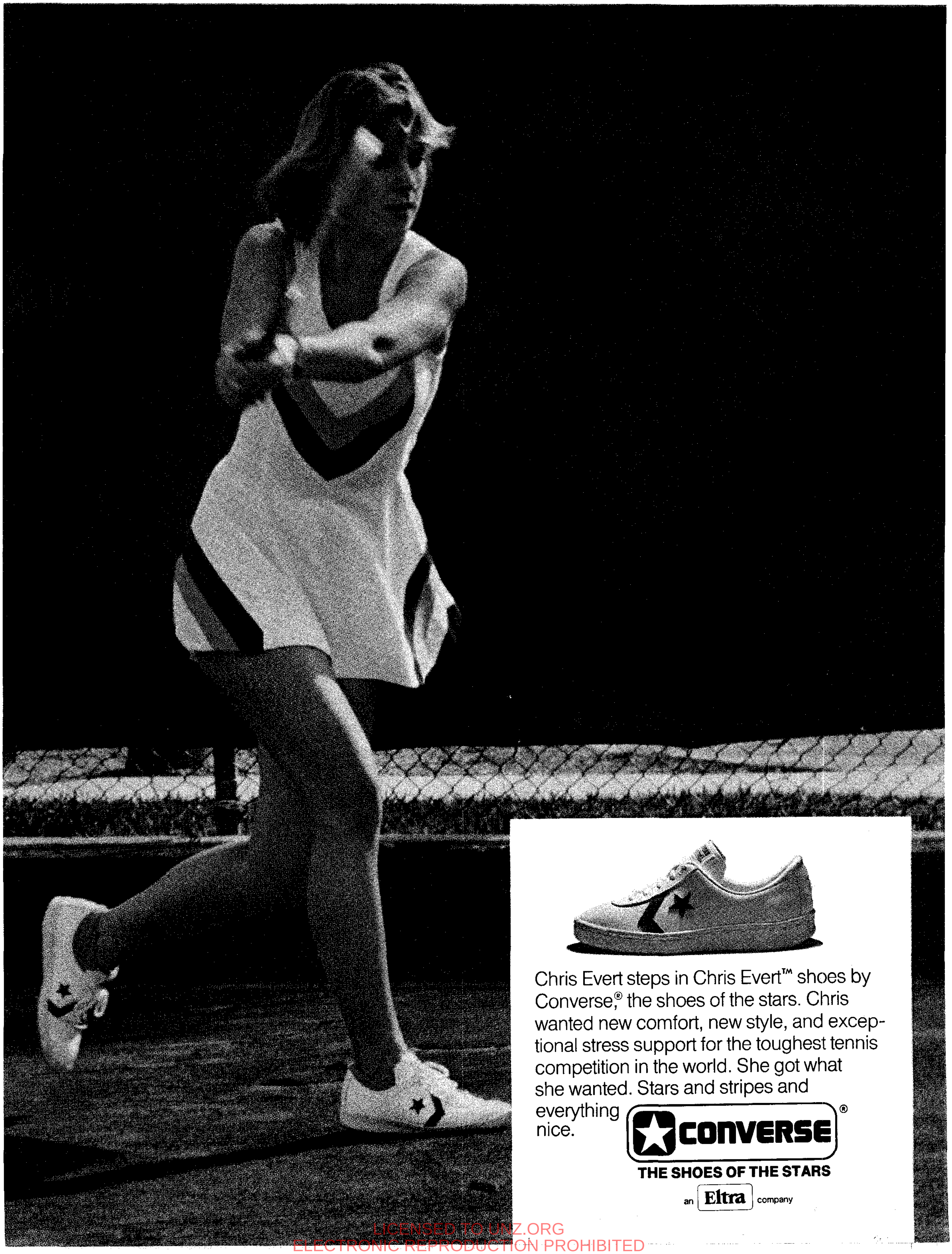

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funds—such as the George A. Hearn Fund—but not much taste for contemporary American art. The money was being spent on John Singer Sargents. Collectors hated contemporary American art. The trustees didn't think much of it, either, and the trustees held the purse strings. The market in modern American art had not yet started, and American paintings hung in the European galleries of the museum. Childe Hassam was with the French Impressionists. You could still buy a Mary Cassatt oil for five thousand, and a Winslow Homer watercolor for three thousand. I once took three Walt Kuhn pictures of clowns—*wonderful* pictures—into the boardroom and put them before the trustees. One of them flew into a rage and waved his arms around and shouted, 'If I couldn't paint better than that,' said this particular tycoon, 'I would shoot myself.' We did soon have three people on the board—Walter Baker, Elihu Root, Jr., and Sam Lewisohn—who appreciated contemporary American art, and Lewisohn, especially, was so taken aback by the attack on the Kuhns that he persuaded the board to buy all three of them. The only thing that could produce more palpitations, seizures, and hallucinations than American art was abstract art. I brought a lovely abstract seascape around one day and showed it to the trustees, and one of them remarked, 'I've had a yacht for forty years, and, by God, I've never seen waves like that.' I was in with the last of the Victorians. I always wore a dark suit to the Met, and a dark tie, so that I could duck out at a moment's notice to a funeral, but that was a slow process and didn't really solve my problem. My chance to indulge in a little education came when a trustee suddenly said to me, 'I don't know anything about these artists. I've never met one. Can you get some of them together to talk to the trustees?' He gathered together a group of tough old businessmen, and I got hold of Stewart Klonis, the executive director of the Art Students League, and I got Eugene Speicher, William Zorach, and Vaclav Vytlacil, and we met in a private dining room of a midtown club. We had a full, pleasant meal, and some good wines. One of the trustees then said to one of the artists, 'How can I tell a good picture when I see one?' There was a strange silence. One of the artists said, 'Well, my method is to go to a gallery, look at the pictures, and then say this one stinks or that one stinks. That's one way of doing it.' We were getting nowhere. Another artist spoke up

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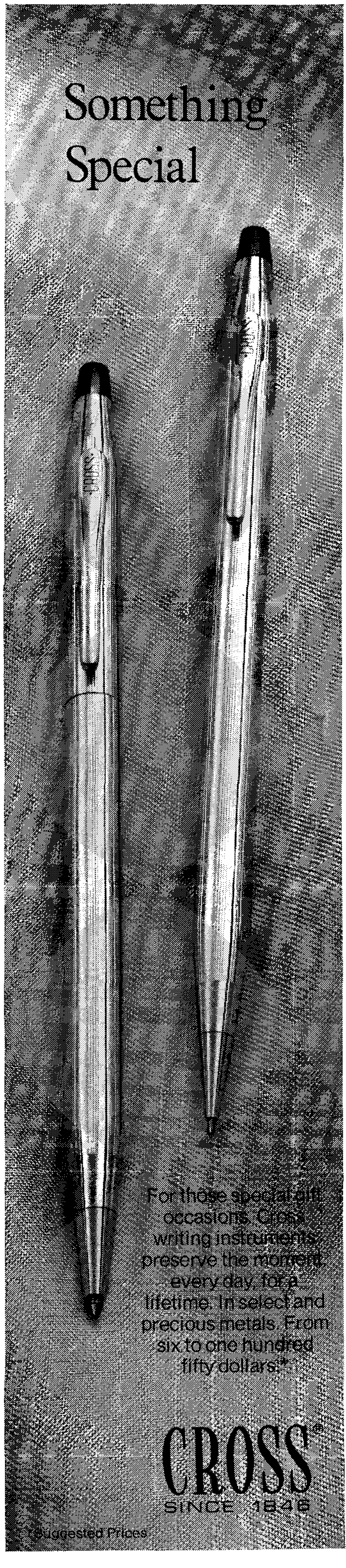

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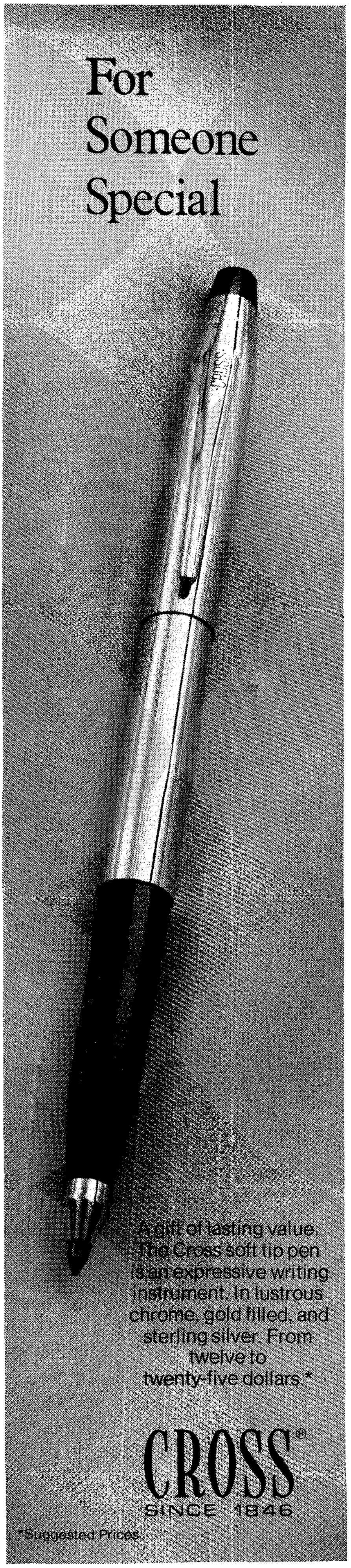
quickly: 'Have you ever taken a walk by the sea and seen a wet and glistening stone that you particularly liked? Or perhaps a shell that you liked for its geometrical qualities? Or a piece of tattered seaweed that had taken on a certain shape? And you picked these up and put them in your hand. And sometimes you even took them home and put them on the mantelpiece to look at and admire and cherish. You have a feeling about their goodness. Have you ever done anything like that?' The trustee seemed quite bewildered. 'I don't believe I ever have,' he said."

WHILE Hale was telling me this story, a strange sensation came over me. I was peculiarly aware that the room in which I was sitting was quite deceptive, and that what had at first seemed somewhat threadbare was fairly bursting with a life of its own. I have often walked along a dark and wooded path at night and thought that I was entirely alone, in a soundless, remote limbo—concentrating on something else—when suddenly my ears were opened to hundreds upon hundreds of strange night sounds: whispers, rustles, cries, mysteries beyond mysteries. I had been listening closely to Hale. We had been talking so much that I had seen only a fragment of his room. Now I took a long look around, and intently observed the seashell or seaweed to which he had metaphorically referred. I noticed that the floor was tiled in white vinyl. The white vinyl had been there before, of course, but I had not seen it. A fire was blazing in the fireplace. The fireplace itself was capacious and baronial, of the outsize type still seen in some of the older, well-built West Side apartments. High on the mantelpiece stood a stuffed loon in winter plumage—a gift, Hale told me, from a friend. What appeared to be a medium-sized tree stood in a wooden tub not far from the fireplace. Hale could see that I was perplexed. "That's a Norfolk Island pine, from the Pacific," he said. "I brought it back from a store one Christmas Eve instead of the usual tree. I never thought it would last."

"How did you get that huge thing in here?" I asked.

Hale shrugged. "Took a bit of doing," he said. "Things are always popping up in this apartment. Alexander brought in a 'No Parking' sign the other day. Pure whim. I pride myself on my decorative horse paintings. The horses are proud, elegant creatures, and I used to paint them in the calligraphic



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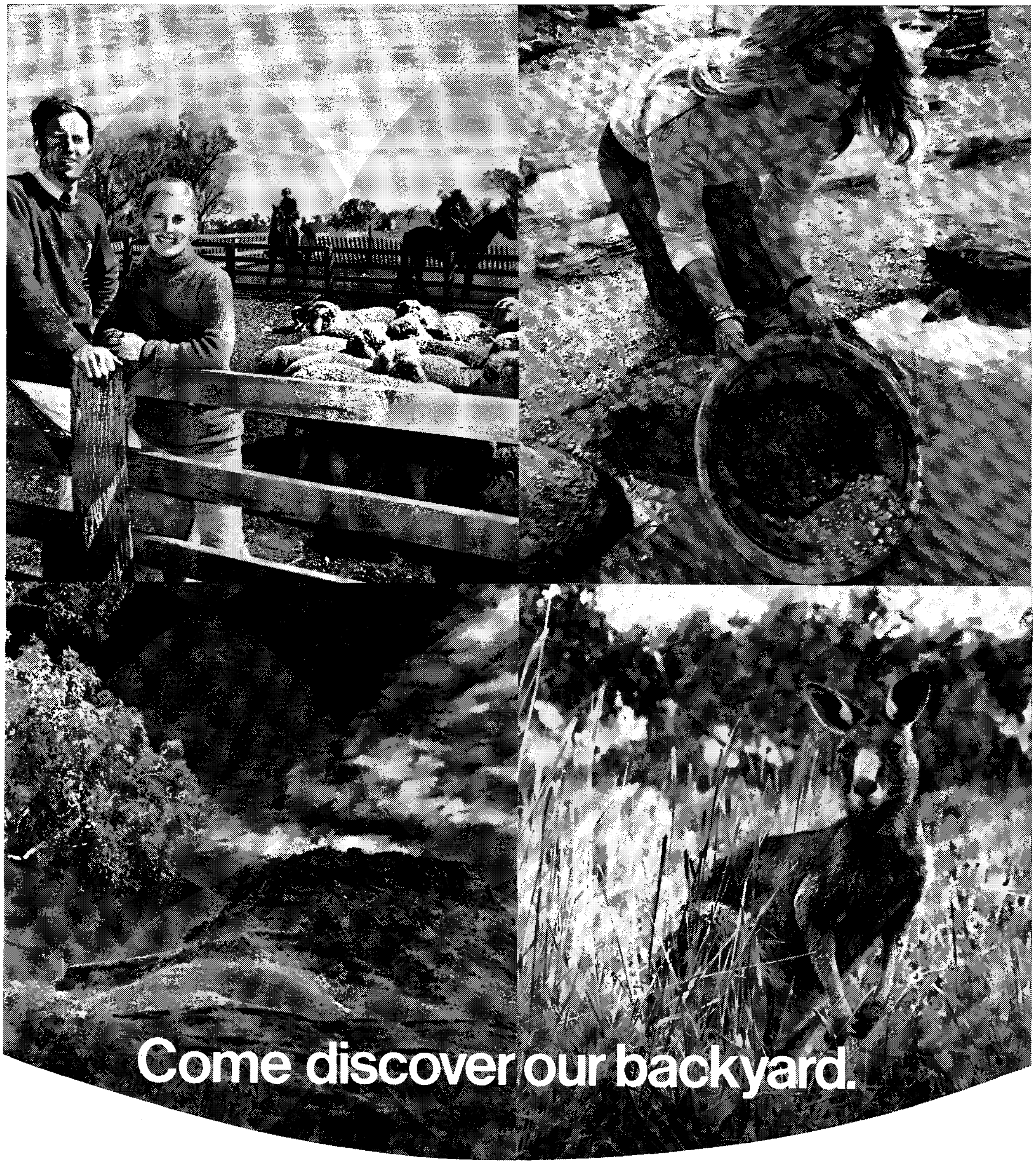

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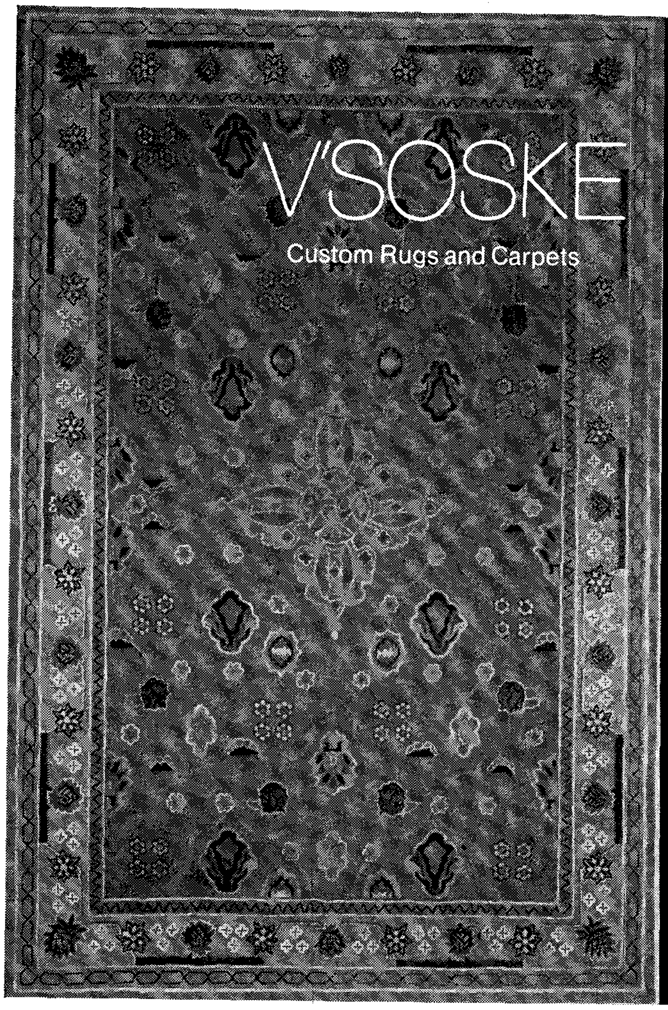
style, holding the ink brush vertically, directly above the paper. There are only a few of them left here. I have given a number away to friends. A few years back, there was a Japanese invasion, and Japanese collectors swarmed into town, took a shine to my horses, and almost cleaned me out."

I noticed a copy of "The Human Figure," by Dürer, on a small table. "I love that book," said Hale. "And those"—he pointed to a tall wicker basket filled with objects of assorted shapes—"are bones. Every kind of bone is in that basket. I dip into that basket all the time when I need a bone to draw from. I buy them from the Clay-Adams medical-supply people, in Parsippany, New Jersey, and students are always adding to my collection. There are bones all over the place." He led me into the long hallway and showed me a small framed photograph of a young woman seated in a field of flowers, painting. She was wearing a big hat. "My pretty mother," he said. "Painting watercolors. That's my grandfather, at about my own age. And that"—he pointed to still another small framed photograph—"is my pretty mother on top of an elegant carriage drawn by four horses. There she is, sitting way up there on the box." I could barely make out a tiny figure high on the box. The carriage was standing in front of a huge, rambling structure of the type one associates with European spas, long walks, mudpacks, and string ensembles playing in cavernous hotel lobbies after dinner. "Germany somewhere, I believe," said Hale.

We walked slowly back into the living room. The experience of the last few minutes had shaken me a bit. Once again, as so many times in my life, I had been made aware of the initial superficiality of one's impressions of things, of people, and of places. That room had been a comfortable, if somewhat alien, room when I first walked in. Now it had become a room of distinctive objects. And the scene and the leading character had merged and become one. I could never again look at the room without seeing Hale, or see Hale without thinking of the room. He was now speaking softly. "The beginner draws only what he knows exists," he was saying. "But there's an anatomy to everything—not just to the human body but to trees, for instance, and to all forms. What is required is detachment, the artist's detachment. A hard thing to learn. When someone bursts into tears is a prime time for acute observation. I say to my students, 'Observe. Observe the highlights on the



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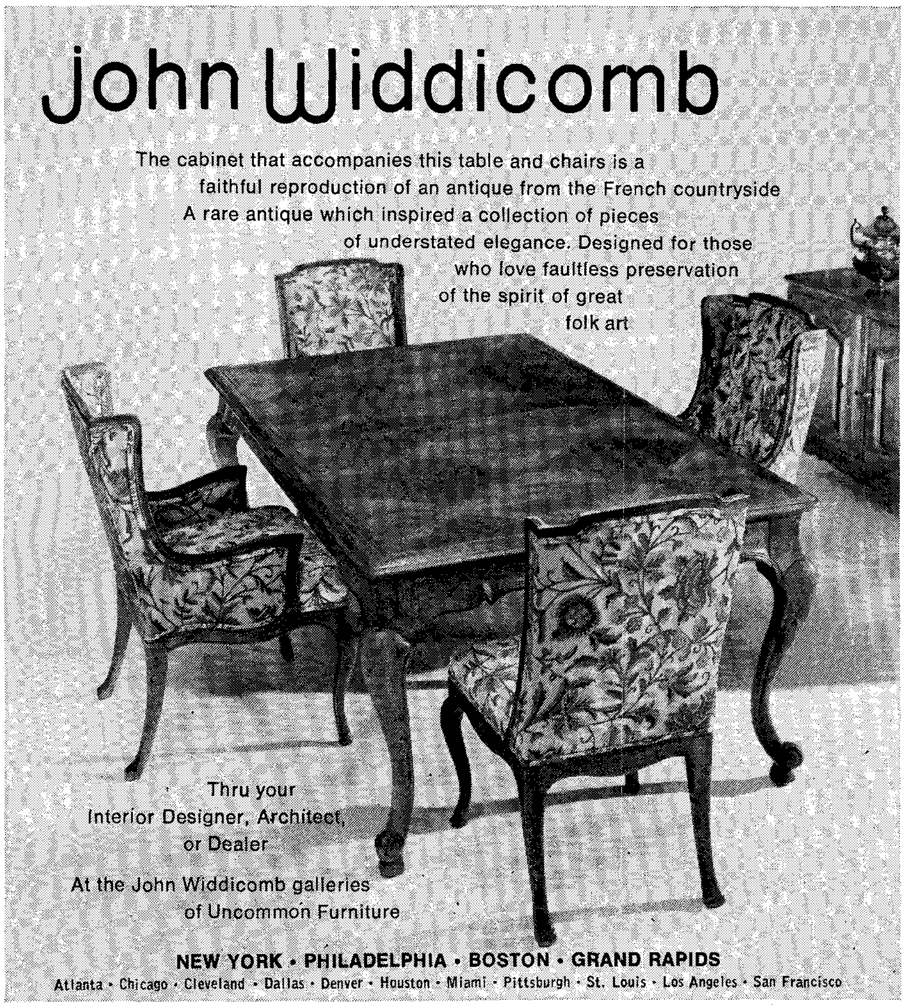

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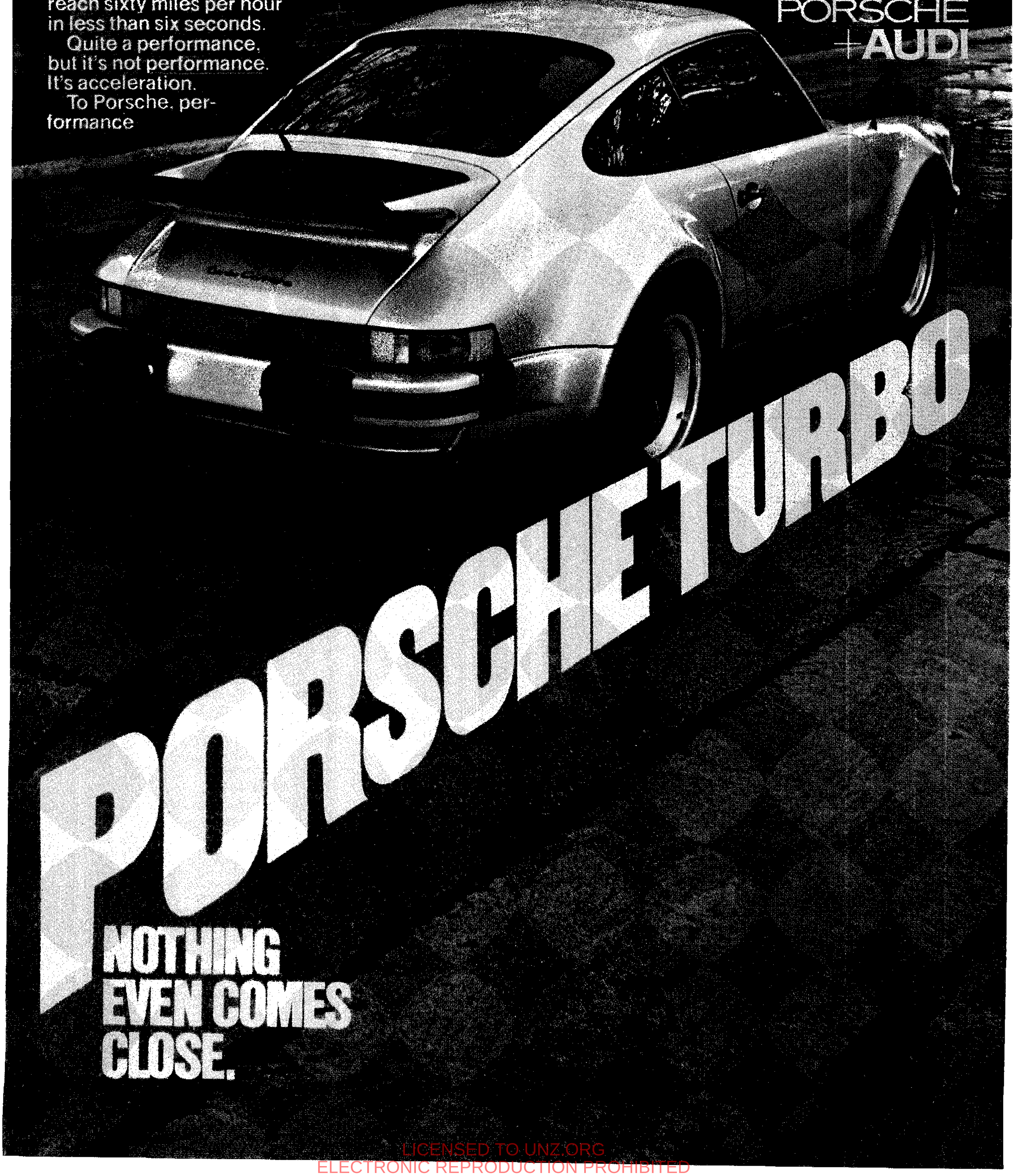

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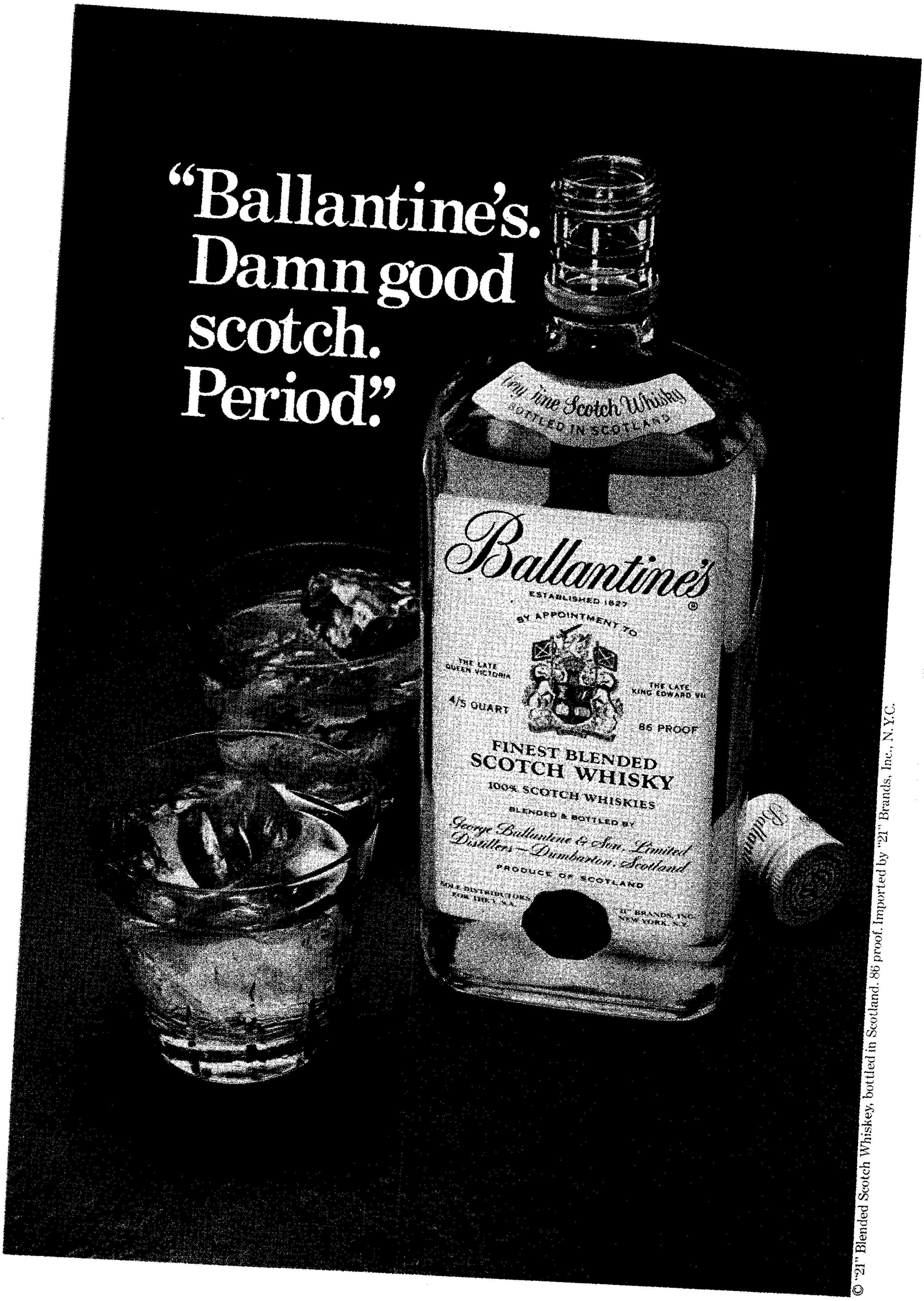
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tears as they course down the cheek.' And when some model faints at the League—the models range from eighteen to eighty, and someone periodically keels over—it isn't good enough just to rush forward to help, I tell them. 'Observe! Watch the changes in tone and value as the model changes position. Watch as the light on his or her face changes with the reflected light from the floor! Observe, as an artist must observe.' I have often thought how difficult it must be to remain nonhuman in one's sympathy after one has studied at the League and observed all those models. Young, old, tall, thin, and squat—all sizes, all shapes. Drawing from the nude is an enriching experience. Of course, the instant reaction of the square to the nude model is a sexual one. 'Aha,' he says. 'A naked body!' But this has to be unlearned by the student. A most important lesson. This is the true beginning of observation and detachment. The experience is not unlike that of the medical student when he first dissects a human body. A difficult business, looking objectively at the human body. The student's fear of death is either overcome or changed. He *becomes* changed. I suppose I'm a humanist because I teach the human body. Extraordinary how much interest there has been in anatomy since Hiroshima." Hale crossed the room and toyed with some bones in the wicker basket. One of his wife's rugs, which an hour before had seemed to me a mild orange, now appeared to be a deep, rich, vibrating rust red.

I CLOSE my eyes and see Hale at the Art Students League. Hale was on the ground floor of the League, in the administration offices, opening some mail before giving an anatomy lecture upstairs at 8 P.M. He still had a few minutes left. He was dressed almost exactly as he had been in his apartment; that is to say, he was casually but elegantly mussed. The life of the League swirled in the corridors outside—bluejeaned crowds moving back and forth with something of a holiday air. The exhilarating smell of paint and turpentine was all-pervasive. Hale was flexing and unflexing his hands. "I must do a good deal of drawing tonight, and I exercise my hands as though I were about to play the piano," he said. "There is a celebrated hand doctor who occasionally comes to the lectures, and we have long talks on the subject of hands. He says there are more industrial accidents to the hands than to any other part of the body. Speaking of playing the piano, back in

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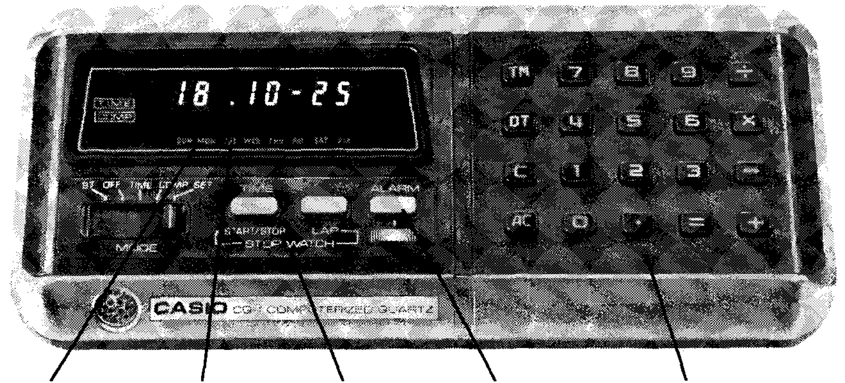

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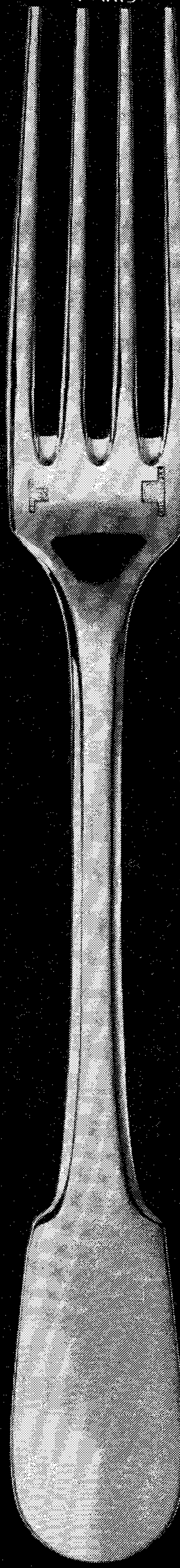

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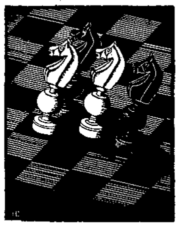
the Depression I went to work for an antique dealer whose shop, on Sutton Place, backed right up to the East River—no East River Drive yet. There was mostly English eighteenth-century stuff in the place, and few customers, and I spent day and night in that shop looking out over the river and drawing anatomically correct nudes. I would stick them in every cubbyhole of the antique furniture. All of a sudden, there was a great fire on Sutton Place, not in the shop but nearby, and the fire chief set up command headquarters in the shop. There would be a hurried call for Engine Company No. 4 and then for Engine Company No. 6, and the chief sat near me and dispatched orders to his lieutenants. As the fire was brought under control, the chief looked around and said, ‘What an elegant piano over there! Body is late Sheraton, legs are Regency.’ It was Chief Kidney, a celebrated firefighter and antique hobbyist. I can’t explain why I am thinking of this now, but I remember Chief Kidney saying to me, before he marched off to other conflagrations, large and small, ‘Play something for me.’ And I played some Mozart for Chief Kidney, and a piece by Chopin. ‘What sweet music!’ said the Chief, and he departed. Incidentally, for my own funeral I want Bach’s Prelude and Fugue in A Minor.” A gloomy look crossed Hale’s face. “There has been no real charcoal since the fall of France,” he said, “but I use Grumbacher No. 17, and make out. I draw on a chalkboard—which you will see in the lecture room—of plywood painted with a white abrasive powder, similar to a substance used by dentists. This material gives tooth to the charcoal and holds the drawing to the board.”

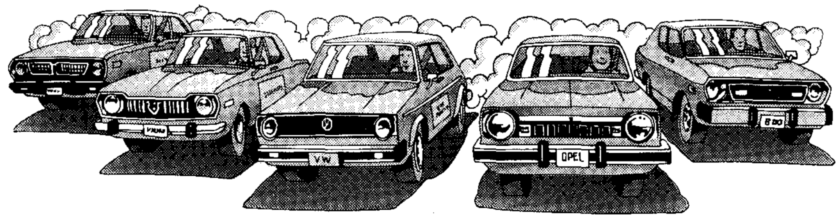


Hale suggested that I go upstairs and take a seat he had reserved for me. “You’ll find Wash—that’s Mr. Randolph Washington, the assistant superintendent at the League—expecting you.” I went upstairs to a large, almost square room, whose walls were covered with portraits, landscapes, still-lifes, charcoal sketches, oils, abstractions—a bright patchwork sample of work being done in various League classes. There were about two hundred people in the room. A quiet man, whom I took to be Mr. Washington, was standing by the door and noticed me glancing around for a seat. He recognized me, saying, “I was afraid you’d be late,” and led me to a seat halfway back in the hall. “They start coming in for Mr. Hale’s classes at about six-thirty, and just sit quietly sketching in their sketchbooks until the lecture starts.” I sat down and glanced around. I was surprised at the number of middle-aged and elderly men and women seated among the bluejeans. The audience had a notably professional appearance, a high level of earnestness, and a palpable air of expectancy. A wall clock to the left showed three minutes to eight. In the front of the room, on a somewhat crudely constructed wooden platform, stood a small plaster cast of the human form, showing the muscles of the body. At the other end of the platform, a skeleton dangled from a metal stand, jiggling slightly with the vibrations in the room. The skeleton had such a youthful, relaxed quality, a sort of Bojangles looseness, that I almost forgot it was a skeleton. It seemed like a very happy skeleton. The chalkboard at the rear of the platform was covered with random sketched anatomical sections, apparently holdovers from a previous session. At one minute to eight, there was a distinct stir in the audience, and promptly at eight Hale moved slowly into the room, somewhat stooped and carrying his two long sticks, and went up onto the platform. The audience burst into applause.

ON many evenings, I have sat and watched this tall, very distinguished, very fragile teacher deliver lectures on anatomy. The chalkboard, the barely dancing skeleton, the long sticks, and the lectures themselves—on, say, the upper arm, or the elbow, or the head, or the features, or the rib cage—have become transformed in my mind, and my mind’s eye, into one continuous, quietly flowing lecture, during which time and space and subject matter dissolve and are mysteriously reformed into another entity, with a distinct life of its own, which I think of as The Lecture. Hence:

Hale is holding the stick with charcoal at one end. He pours himself a glass of water from a pitcher on a small table. He says something into the microphone, and a great growling sound comes out. “Oh, Wash, Wash, something is wrong with the machine again!” Mr. Washington patiently steps onto the platform and performs some mechanical magic, and when Hale speaks again his voice is clear and firm. He is talking about the arm, and his own arm moves gracefully and slowly as shapes begin to form on the chalkboard. The members of the class

Thrilling conclusion of


VW
OPEL
B 210

Buick Opel 5-Car Showdown.

Opel finishes...

uh...2nd.

2ND
1ST
OPEL test car
OPEL
VW

If you're in the market for a small imported car, you're probably looking at cars like the VW Rabbit, the Toyota Corolla, the Datsun B-210 and the Subaru DL.

But how about the Buick Opel?

That's what we thought. And that's the trouble. We know the Opel is a little dynamo of a car. But apparently very few of you even know it exists. Much less what it can do.

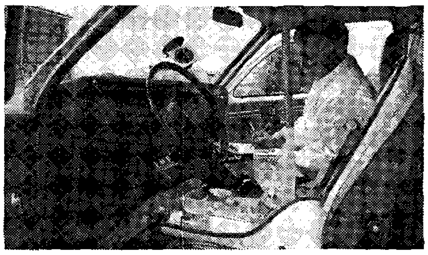
Thus, The Buick Opel 5-Car Showdown. In which we pitted our tough, talented Opel against four of its better known competitors in daring, fender-to-fender comparisons. Comparisons that would answer a lot of the questions that are probably on your mind. Like which car accelerates quickest? Which cars get the best EPA mileage ratings? Which corners flattest? Which is quietest and roomiest inside? Stuff like that.

To make sure the results would be fair and unbiased, we enlisted the aid of an independent engineering firm and an editor from *Car and Driver* magazine to oversee the procedures and review the data. All test cars were equipped as much alike as possible: all had 4-speed manual transmissions, available air conditioning, radial tires and a healthy complement of options. And the tests were conducted at the General Motors Desert Proving Grounds in Mesa, Arizona.

You may have seen our ads in your local newspaper, where we've been reporting the Showdown results on a regular basis. But in case you haven't or have missed some, here's what we've been up to.

SHOWDOWN #1: HUMAN ENGINEERING

Rabbit jumps ahead, takes first place.



	Interior Noise	Interior Room *	Total Showdown Points
	(Showdown Points)		
1. VW Rabbit (1600cc) Hatchback 2-dr. Sedan	5	5	10
2. Toyota Corolla (1600cc) Deluxe 2-dr. Sedan	5	4	9
3. Buick Opel (1800cc) Deluxe 2-dr. Coupe	5	3	8
4. Subaru DL (1600cc) Deluxe 2-dr. Sedan	5	2	7
5. Datsun B-210 (1350cc) Deluxe 2-dr. Sedan	5	1	6

*Using EPA procedures we calculated front and rear seat volume estimates. (Head x shoulder x leg room). A total passenger volume estimate resulted.

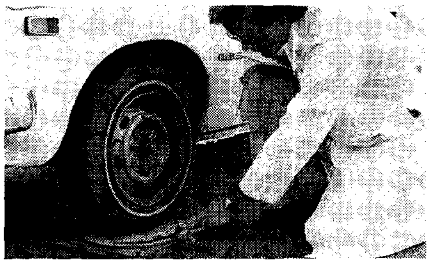
Here we focused on an area of traditional weakness in small, imported cars: creature comfort. In other words, how quiet, how roomy, and how generally good our test cars are at making life pleasant for their occupants.

The Interior Noise Test turned out to be too close to call, so we awarded each car five first-place points. But Rabbit's good showing in the Interior Room contest gave it first overall in the initial showdown. Opel, as you can see, finished third here.

So while we weren't exactly thrilled with Opel's third place finish, we did manage to beat two of our better-known competitors.

SHOWDOWN #2: UTILITY

Opel bounces back to grab victory.



	Trunk Capacity *	Pulling Power **	Parking Lot Maneuverability ***	Total Showdown Points
	(Showdown Points)			
1. Buick Opel	3	5	5	13
2. VW Rabbit	5	3	3	11
3. Toyota Corolla	2	4	4	10
4. Subaru DL	4	2	2	8
5. Datsun B-210	1	1	1	3

*Results based upon mfr. est's provided by the EPA.

**Measured pulling capabilities for (1) 30 mph (3rd gear) and (2) 55 mph (4th gear)

***Results based upon: (1) Measuring steering effort with the car standing still. (2) Measuring steering effort with the car moving at 10 mph. (3) Mfr. published turning diameters (Subaru measured)

GM
MARK OF EXCELLENCE

The function of this Showdown was to test functionality: which car has the biggest trunk, which car is easiest to park, which has the best pulling power. The results were most gratifying.

The Rabbit, with its hatchback, easily took trunk capacity honors. But our intrepid little Opel outmaneuvered all the others in parking ease (where we measured two kinds of steering effort and calculated turning diameter) and received the highest grades in what the engineers call "gradability" (or what you'd probably call "pulling power").

And that pulled Opel into a first-place tie with Rabbit after two showdowns. Most gratifying, indeed. Especially for a little car you might not even have been considering.

SHOWDOWN #3: OPERATING EFFICIENCY

Toyota and Datsun tie for first;
Opel—Gulp!—Last.

This was not our favorite event. Opel, with the biggest engine (1800cc) of all five cars, showed 27 miles per gallon* (based on EPA combined estimates: 55% city/45% highway). But it wasn't good enough.

Opel's bigger gas tank helped it do well when we measured Range (or how far a car can go on a full tank of gas), but not as well as Subaru and Toyota, who tied for first. And when we compared recommended maintenance schedules for 37,500 miles of normal driving, Opel (8 recommended visits) finished behind Rabbit (6 visits), and Datsun and Toyota (7 each).

All of which adds up to a first-place tie between Toyota and Datsun, with Opel—ahem—bringing up the rear, and dropping to third overall after three showdowns.

As we said, this was not our favorite event.

	Combined Mileage Est. *	Combined Range Est. *	Recommended Maintenance Stops ***	Total Showdown Points
	(Showdown Points)			
1. Toyota Corolla (EPA est. 39 hwy/28 city/32 comb.) (13.2 gal. tank)	4	5	4	13
1. Datsun B-210 (EPA est. 41 hwy/29 city/34 comb.) (11.6 gal. tank)	5	4	4	13
2. Subaru DL (EPA est. 41 hwy/28 city/32 comb.) (13.2 gal. tank)	4	5	2	11
3. VW Rabbit (EPA est. 37 hwy/24 city/28 comb.) (11.0 gal. tank)	3	2	5	10
4. Buick Opel (EPA est. 36 hwy/23 city/27 comb.) (13.7 gal. tank)	2	3	3	8

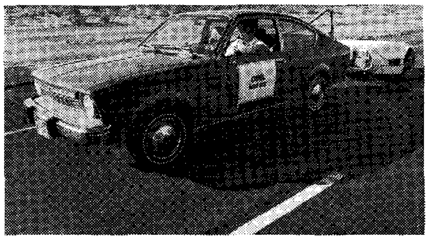
*Based upon EPA combined estimates (55% city/45% hwy). All vehicles equipped with standard 4-speed manual transmissions. Actual mileage may vary with driving habits, the condition of the car and its equipment.

**Based upon multiplying EPA combined mileage est. by gas tank capacity as published by each manufacturer. Actual range may vary.

***Based upon the number of recommended maintenance stops as outlined by the mfr. The number and type of recommended inspections, adjustments and replacements would vary by visit. The less frequent the number of dealer visits, the higher the score.

SHOWDOWN #4: ACCELERATION, PULLING POWER, CORNERING FLATNESS, STEERING QUICKNESS

The fourth event was close;
Rabbit and Opel outrun the pack.



This, however, could very well be our favorite event. Because the first thing most people want to know about any car is, "What'll she do?"

How fast does it accelerate? How's it corner? How sensitive is the steering? And—for Opel—the answer to all of these questions is, "Quite well, thank you."

So well, in fact, that our surprising little Opel was barely nosed out by a car much ballyhooed for its prowess in these areas, the VW Rabbit.

Our Acceleration Test clocked three capabilities (0-55 mph, 20 to 35 mph., and 30 to 70 mph.), and Rabbit beat the clock every time. But Opel—yes, Opel—pulled down a solid second place.

In the Gradability test, (the ability to climb a hill) Opel finished second. But Opel showed the way around turns, exhibiting (along with Datsun) the least body lean in the Cornering Flatness Test (assuming, of course, that flatter is preferred—if not, switch the order in the chart); and tied with Toyota, Rabbit and Datsun for first place when we measured Steering Sensitivity or quickness.

	Acceleration *	Pulling Power **	Cornering Flatness ***	Steering Quickness ****	Total Showdown Points
	(Showdown Points)				
1. VW Rabbit (1600cc) (1945# Avg. Curb Wt.)	5	5	4	5	19
2. Buick Opel (1800cc) (2193# Avg. Curb Wt.)	4	4	5	5	18
3. Toyota Corolla (1600cc) (2190# Avg. Curb Wt.)	3	3	3	5	14
4. Subaru DL (1600cc) (2031# Avg. Curb Wt.)	2	3	4	4	13
4. Datsun B-210 (1350cc) (2047# Avg. Curb Wt.)	1	2	5	5	13

*Based upon: (1) 0-55 mph (2) 20-35 mph (3) 30-70 mph

**Based upon pulling capabilities for: (1) 30 mph (3rd gear) and (2) 55 mph (4th gear)

***Based upon opinion that less lean is preferable to more lean

****Based upon: (1) measuring lateral acceleration and (2) calculating the resultant circle diameter (per 100 degree steering wheel angle @ 30 mph)

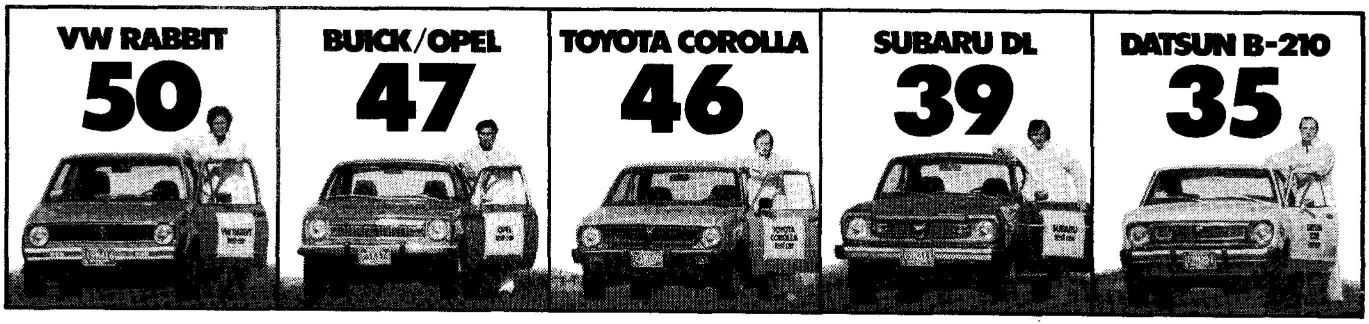
AND THE WINNER IS...

Let's put it this way: we didn't win. Well, alright, if you insist, we'll put it this way: Rabbit won.

But not by much. As you can see in the final point totals, the VW only beat our Opel by three points (with Calif. emission equipped cars: four points). And Opel did finish ahead of three highly regarded opponents in the areas we tested.

So if the point of this whole 5-Car Showdown was to convince you that our Opel could hold its own against better-established competitors . . . that Opel should definitely be considered when you wander out to shop . . . well, we think we've made it.

Results will vary in California.



THE BUICK OPEL 5-CAR SHOWDOWN.

are doing two things at one time: looking at Hale's drawings and making sketches of their own. There is the silence of study in the room. Hale is drawing and erasing—shoulder blades, collarbones. "See how the arm is closed," he says. "It is done with the biceps and the rib cage. . . . The ulna. All the ulna can do is go up and down, up and down." Drawing, erasing, drawing, erasing. "Artists have certain ideas of the arm. You can think of the arm as a three-sided prism. Goya did a drawing of a woodman and broke the sleeve into planes, and for this he probably put his own arm up." Hale does so. "Watch out for a model who may be tired, for then you will get a tired arm. Raise your collarbone if you want vitality. 'I like to draw what I see,' said a man to Whistler. To which Whistler replied, 'Wait till you see what you draw.' And watch out for literary terms in relation to anatomy. Very misleading. Such as 'Her breasts were like two young roes feeding among the lilies,' or 'Her nose was like a tower in Lebanon,' or 'Her lips are like scarlet thread,' or Emerson's comparison of Thoreau's arm to the bough of an elm tree. Practice, practice! Take a look at the lower arm—the length of the hand is one-fifth of the length of the ulna above." He rolls up one sleeve. "So many muscles in this arm," he says. "Many students look at the muscles and give up anatomy forever. The hand! A miracle! You can pull corks out of bottles, turn keys in doors. Your horse, however, is stuck. He can just go up and down. Your cat is stuck. He can't do much, either. Practice contour lines all the time." The stick crosses and recrosses the board. He is drawing lines, some delicately shaded, some thick, some eerily thin. "You can't draw a line unless you know where it's coming from and where it's going." Cylinders appear on the board, and cubes, rectangles and squares. The chamois cloth erases, and new drawings appear. "The positioning of the thumb is very difficult. Watch the planes and lines where they meet and change. A wrist is a block going in a certain direction. It's all in my mind. The artist watches the flow from place to place—the tendons that carry the flow, grasping and handling. It's all in the unconscious. Hang your baby on a gas jet at home and he'll automatically hang on. You can begin to see how subtle the body is. Hands can be as flat as the horizon"—he holds a hand out flat—"or they can stretch out to the horizon." He stretches his hand, mak-

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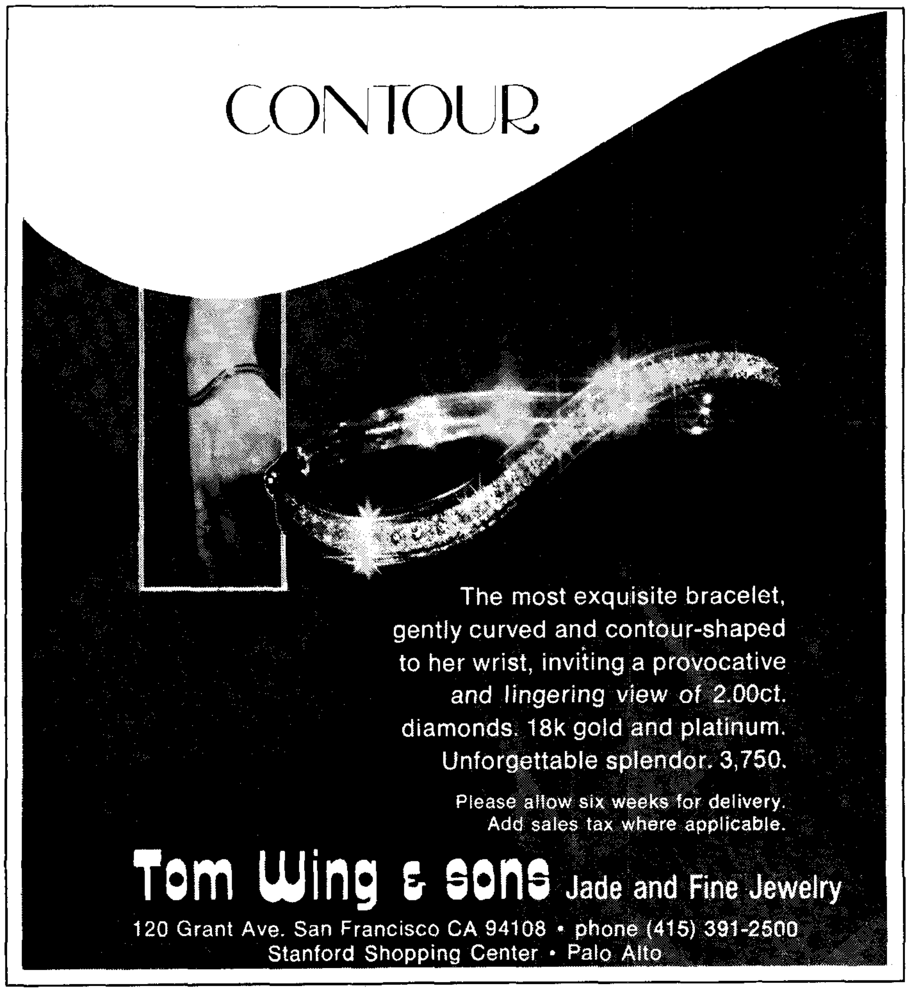
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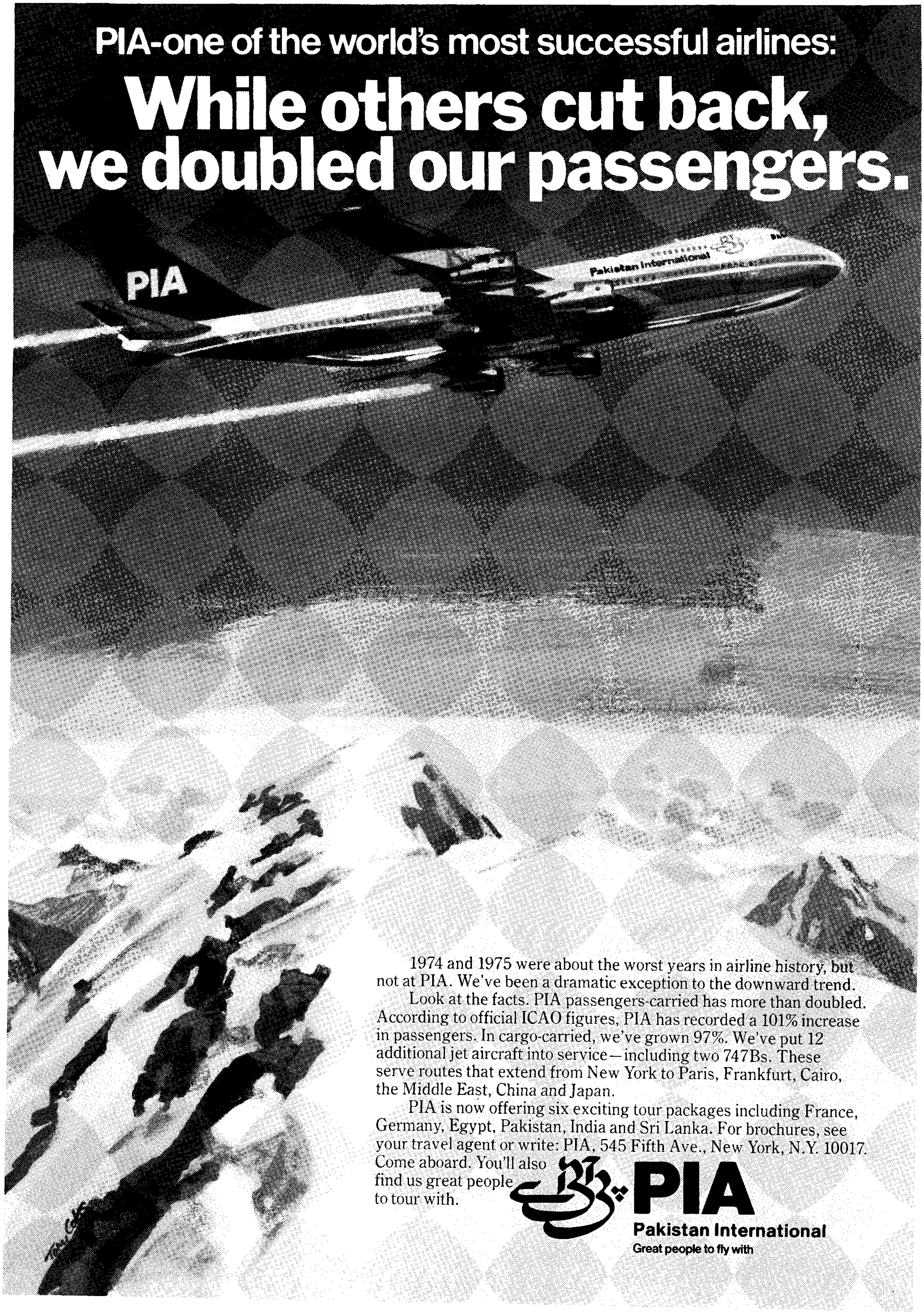

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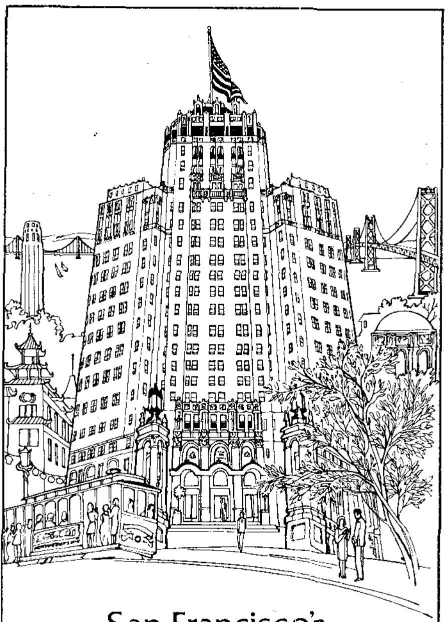
ing it look as though it were about to grasp the horizon. "Or it can look like a bird, with wings on both sides. Keep drawing, keep drawing. You'll do better if you have real bones to work with. Not too difficult these days. There were eleven murders yesterday in New York City." The board is filled up with the front of the hand, the palm, a side view, phalanges, wrists, thumbs. "Practice, practice—it's all hard work. But why should you think it would be easy? Remember Eliot:

> And so each venture
> Is a new beginning, a raid on the
> inarticulate
> With shabby equipment always
> deteriorating
> In the general mess of imprecision
> of feeling . . ."

Hale briskly wipes the board clean and walks from the room. The class applauds again. Intermission. Students gather around the skeleton with their sketchbooks and continue to draw.

HALE reënters. A nose begins to take shape on the chalkboard, eyes begin to form. "The eye is a Ping-Pong ball. You run your lines over the forms you can see. Draw lines where planes meet." He discusses the muscles of the face. "Through time, gravity just pulls everything down, down into the grave. There are muscles of shape and muscles of expression. For shape, you have the temporalis in the head, and you can feel it by placing your fingers on your temples and chewing. The expressions are limitless, depending on the muscles used. Artists know these things. For a real smile—not an airline-hostess smile—you employ the zygomaticus major, the smiling muscle. The circular muscles of the eye must act for a sincere smile. Pain and grief—the muscles of the mouth operate as the mouth opens more and more in relation to the pain. For torture, you cease employing the muscles of the forehead—they are for attention—and open the mouth more for amazement. All these things artists know. Let's assume a banker receives a man in his office. 'Good morning,' says the banker. 'And your name, sir?' 'Getty,' says the stranger." Hale breaks into a broad and sickening smile. " 'Ah, Mr. Getty,' says the banker. 'Won't you have a seat? Please be comfortable. You must have a little oil business and many large problems to handle. Have a cigarette. Relax.' 'Well,' says the man, 'my name *is* Getty, but I'm on welfare, and I haven't worked in five years, and . . .' " Hale's expression changes to horror, to pain, to grief,



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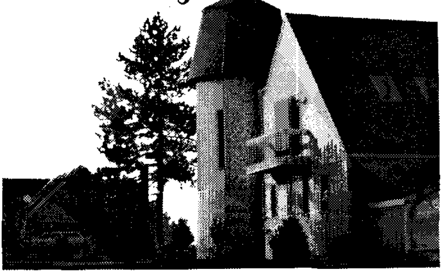

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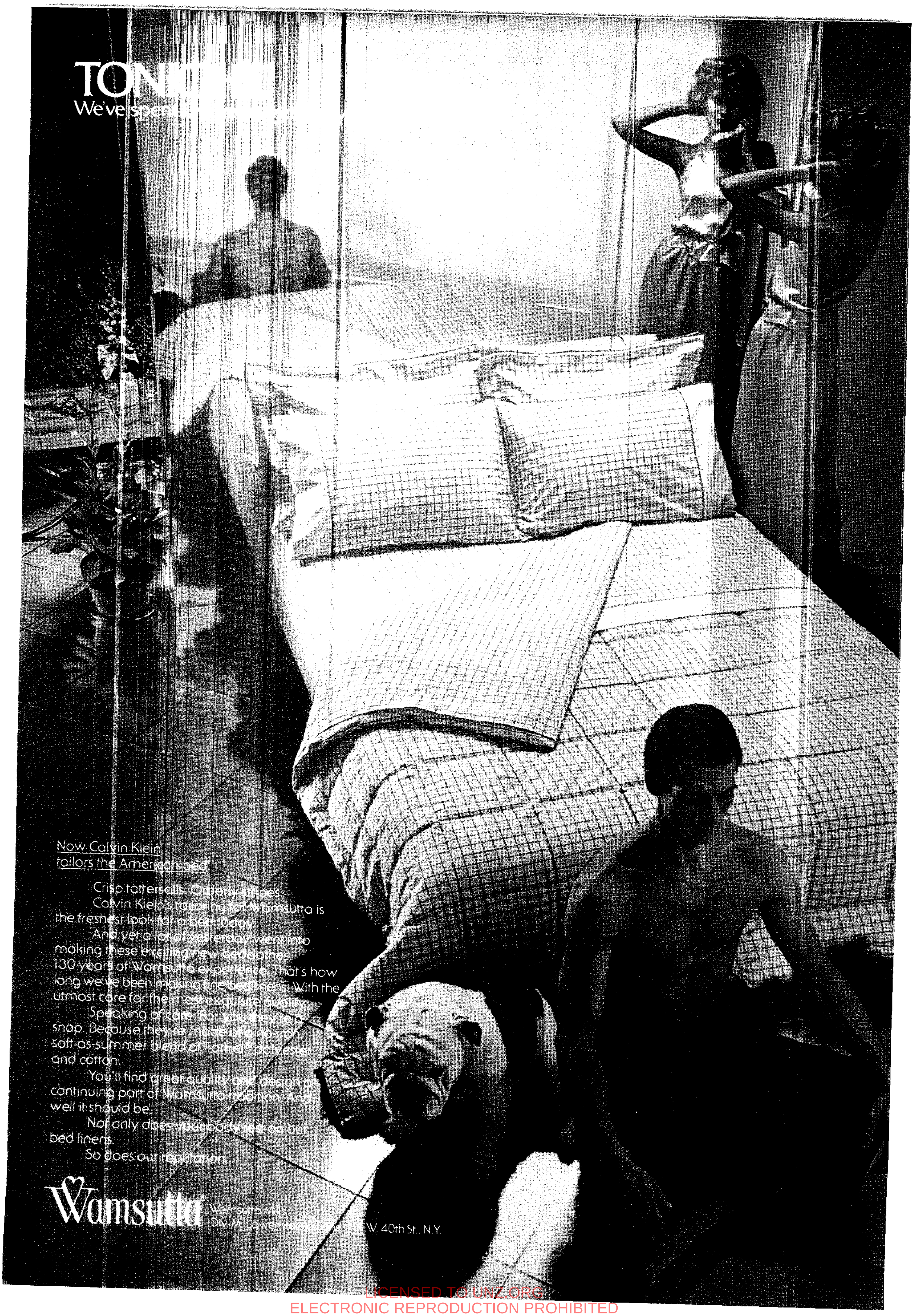

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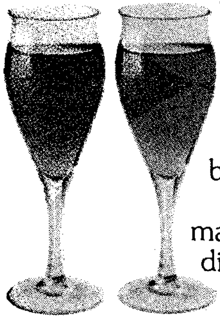

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to torture, to revulsion. "There is a muscle of irony and there is a muscle of anger," he says. "There is a muscle of sneering and a muscle of grief. There are expressions of sneering and of grief, and in New York they are often the same expression. Sculptors have a terrible time with eyelashes. Most of them cast them as shadows. The mouth itself goes over the cylinder of the teeth. Draftsmanship really resides in the mind." Hale is drawing a human head now, slowly, the features taking form as though they were emerging from a mist. I see a nose, a mouth. "The mouth is under the nose for a special reason—the smelling of food," he says. "Bridgman often speculated how inconvenient it would be if the nose were under the arm. Then we would have to put the food there and sniff before eating." Long hair is now flowing from the figure on the board. It is the face of an older man. The expression is sad and wise. Long, steady sweep of the charcoal. "Sausages pull down over old men's eyes as they grow older," Hale says. The class is intently leaning forward now, watching the drawing. "I'll put in sideburns, and a goatee," he says. "When I was a little boy, every doctor had a goatee, and they all made house calls. And I'll put in a mustache, and I'll make the beard longer, and fuzzier at the end. Everything is moving, always moving, in a perspective block, and finally into a block six feet under. There's a song of Leadbelly's about his days on the Louisiana chain gang, and it haunts me." Very slowly, standing in front of the wild and ancient figure with the long, flowing beard, Hale recites:

"Take this hammer
And carry it to the captain.
You tell him I'm gone,
You tell him I'm gone.
If he asks you
Was I laughin',
You tell him I was cryin'."

The lecture is over. Hale steps off the platform and heads for the door. There is a long moment of silence, and then long applause. By now, Hale is gone, but the class seems unwilling to leave, and many students move toward the chalkboard and stare and stare at the drawing.

—Philip Hamburger

•

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*Adv. in the Boston Globe*]

Reputed Eating Place
and
Coffee Shoppe
Prime location. Harvard Square.

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Galaxy Crisis

FEW things are as endlessly fascinating as the idea of men on other planets. Scientists may try to spoil the fun with news of mere oxygen on Pluto, or herbs on Jupiter, or Martian stones that grow on Earth only in the carbon monoxide of car exhaust, but what we want are human beings, who, if necessary, have pointed ears, but who are definitely able to speak. Until the first astronaut set his clumping boot on the moon, we all secretly believed in the man in the moon: a gentle man, on occasion made of cheese, who craved well-mown lawns in his life among ashy craters, wandered desolate around the moon lakes cherishing romantic notions, and was as scared as we were of the dark side of the moon. According to nursery superstition, he opened one eye to stare back at us malevolently if we looked at him on his thin crescent through an Earthly pane of glass. Before the anti-romantic moon landing, the man in the moon was a creature clear in every Earthman's consciousness: rubicund; all for love; obviously lonely in his life without any moon mate; possibly rather foolish; with a physical system well adjusted to the waxing and waning of his interesting home.

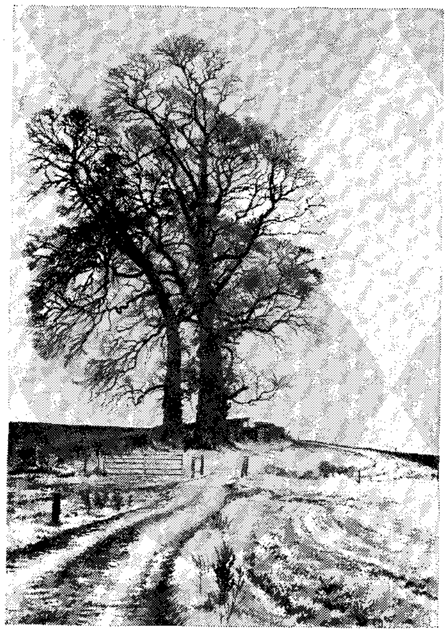
Science, Cape Canaveral, astronomers' maps have tarnished our fancies about the universe. It remains for filmmakers to restore dreams of humanoids on other planets, other moons. Having made an increasingly oppressive and unwizardly mess of our own Earth, we find much relief in any film or comic strip or TV serial that conjures up other worlds. "Star Wars," written and directed by George Lucas, is about an interstellar row that happened "a long time ago" but is technically far in advance of the H bomb. It is soothing to find a funny film imagining something a great deal worse than South Africa's possessing nuclear weapons. When the film opens, we are in a galaxy inhabited by tiny, chattering, evil beings and Tenniel creatures of high individuality: a caricaturist's dream in the form of a henna-dyed wolf man who is an accomplished space navigator; snakes with the look of higher mathematicians. There is a rebel princess called Leia Organa (Carrie Fisher), with apple cheeks and Tyrolean plaits around her ears, who possesses the secret plans of a sinister moon-shaped spaceship designed to destroy hostile planets by sending out beams of colossal energy that create lethal Fourth of July fireworks. There is a venal-seeming sophisticate (Harrison Ford) who turns out well in the end, and a good man (Mark Hamill) in storm-trooper disguise who is said unkindly to be very short for the role he is pretending to. And there are a huge number of strange spacecraft, shaped like opened grape scissors, or silver platters, or crossed fish forks, that hurtle through the galaxy at speeds rivalling the speed of light. Above all, there is Alec Guinness as an ancient sage, looking like a monk who has walked a long way; dressed in a brown habit, he seems to have come to us from the Bible. In the end, he dies that we should live. He knows the power of the Force, which is the film's word for what is sometimes called "the life force." When the power is used for moral ends, it seems to be the power of belief and devoutness in the face of unbelief and evil. The good shepherd gives his life for his sheep.

No sci-fi film—not even a sci-fi film set long ago—being complete without a robot and a computer, there is a gold-plated robot who walks as if his feet hurt, like a primal woman shopper, and an overweight computer who is a mixture of bald pate, traffic lights, and mailbox, and who transmits rapid information in a language that evokes Eskimo. The computer is the robot's dearest and most irritating companion. They trudge together across a desert that is actually Tunisian, arguing like man and wife. The robot is intimately rude to the computer, and calls him "you great gob of grease." To others, he talks like a valet; nothing is too much trouble, in spite of his obvious bunions. Alec Guinness speaks in the phrases of a non-denominational Jesus. "May the Force be with you," he says.

George Lucas, who made "American Graffiti," has put together a sci-fi film that draws on any number of as-

"Norman, I want you to meet Barry Lytel. Barry has also profited by his mistakes."

Value in original art



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sociations. "Star Wars" is both amazing and familiar. The robot-and-computer couple seems to be out of Beckett or vaudeville. The astonishing spacecraft have wars that summon up the effect of a bundle of kindling thrown onto a bonfire. The scuttling evil persons—never has there been such a hive of villainy—look like an ant heap under a magnifying glass. Alec Guinness, using a silver light-sabre to fence with an enemy chief, in black armor and carrying a gold light-sabre, is the archetypal messiah. He plays a character as old as allegory, as old as any deity, ready to die that others might live. Salvation through the self-sacrifice of a prophet is one of the oldest religious ideas. Guinness seems to be thinking of the Acts of the Apostles: "For we are in danger to be called in question for this day's uproar."

So after Guinness has crumpled, the others escape the uproar, only to return in their eerie Spitfires to attack the enemy, crashing through a gully of great architectural grandeur and narrowness which looks like a pantry corridor in a pyramid. There is something dazzling about a sci-fi film that manages to call upon the energies of both futurism and long-held faith. The movie is not to be compared in ferocity of imagination with Kubrick's "2001"—significant that the music here is merely illustrative, never caustic or memorable, and that there is nothing of Kubrick's vision of a blanched form of existence—but it is exuberantly entertaining.

Luchino Visconti's "Ossessione," now to be seen in New York, was made in 1942 and was for years forbidden public showing in this country, because it is based on James M. Cain's "The Postman Always Rings Twice," the rights to which had already been bought for a Hollywood film with Lana Turner.

Visconti left Italy in 1936, meaning to work in the cinema in England or France. Through Coco Chanel, he met Jean Renoir and worked with him as assistant director on "Une Partie de Campagne" and "Les Bas Fonds." When I saw Visconti in Rome years ago, he remembered the time in France mostly for what it meant to him politically. He had escaped from Mussolini's state and was working in the intoxicating air of the Popular Front. There is a clear stylistic bow to Renoir in "Ossessione," and a bow to the naturalistic tradition of Maupassant and Zola, and of Giovanni Verga, as Geoffrey Nowell-Smith records in his book "Luchino Visconti" (published in 1973 by Viking). Verga, the late-nineteenth-century Sicilian writer, was the hero of the young Mussolini-era filmmakers and critics in Italy who were struggling for *verismo*. "Ossessione" gave much offense all round; the film was not widely seen until after the war, and even then not in its intended form.

The suggestion for making the film came from Renoir. "Ossessione" is about the manic potency of a certain kind of sexual obsession. A poor man called Gino (Massimo Girotti) appears at a roadside joint, stays on as a worker because he has proved himself someone who can cope with the spare parts of a car and mend a pump, and falls in love with the proprietor's wife, Giovanna (Clara Calamai). A paltry woman, she runs away with him, sticks it out for the shortest while on the road, and then goes home. The husband, a heavy-minded dolt played by Juan de Landa, later meets Gino elsewhere and insists that he come back with him and his wife. On the way, the lovers murder the husband in a staged car accident. In the best part of the film, the two settle down to run the café. They are rattled and malcontent. She collects her husband's life insurance; Gino gets his own back by spending the afternoon with another girl; and the police are on to him and Giovanna before there is an accidental diagrammatic repetition of the arranged accident to the husband.

Gino and Giovanna are both refugees from society, beyond its bounds. Their unhappiness is pagan, and so in tune with Visconti's atheistic turn of mind. The film is a story of people at the end of their tether, people who are trying to find consolation and ease in a world where they know nothing but fret. Giovanna wants to keep the earth steady, to belong to it; Gino is happiest as a vagrant, someone passing through. "Ossessione" is partly a story of people without a sense of consequence, of fugitives who do not even know that they are on the run. Sometimes dated now, it is still a passionate film about people living in a situation of unbroken self-delusion. —Penelope Gilliatt

•

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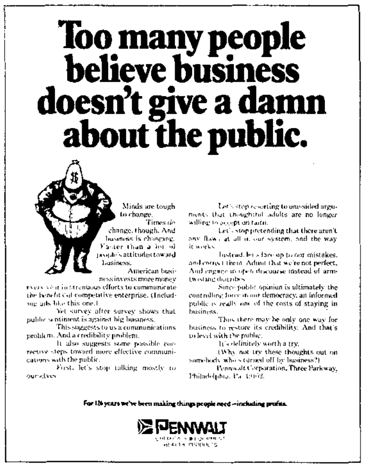

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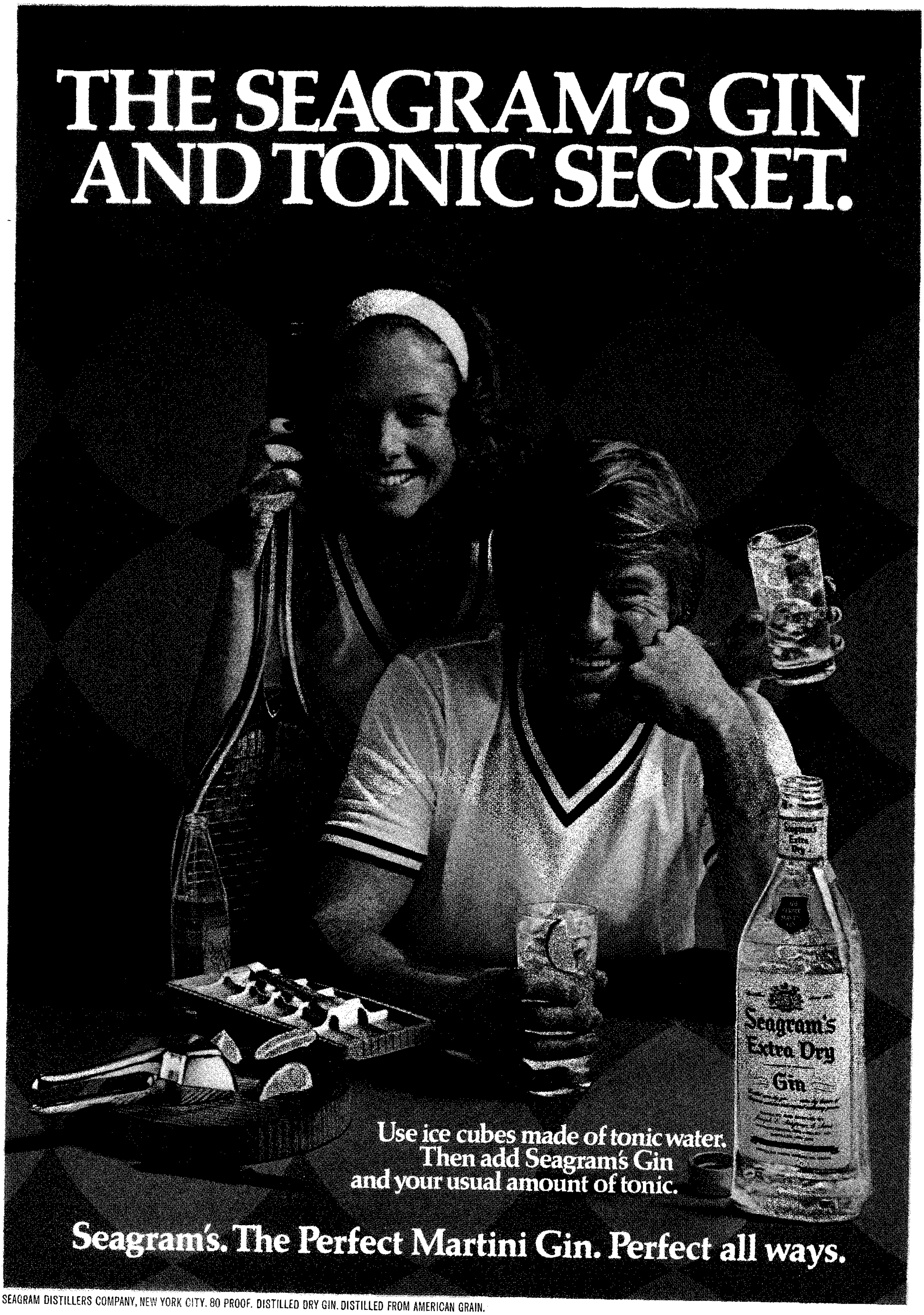
LETTER FROM TAIWAN

Taiwan, which calls itself the Republic of China, is as nervous these days as a cat trying to cross a busy road with the traffic getting worse by the moment. The nervousness stems primarily from the fact that the United States, the Taiwanese government's staunchest ally and protector, will probably extend full diplomatic recognition, either this year or next, to the Chinese Communist government in Peking and will simultaneously "de-recognize" Taiwan. Just when and how this will happen depends mainly on how difficult the negotiations between Washington and Peking prove to be; but when it does happen the American ordeal of establishing a new relationship with Taiwan, which almost all officials and politicians, including members of the Carter Administration, profess to favor, will be equally difficult and undoubtedly more painful. Nevertheless, the conclusion that a visitor to this booming island reaches is that the sooner the process is begun, the better it will be for all concerned. A number of compelling reasons are offered for the desirability of moving forward without hesitation, among them a wish on the part of the United States to elevate its current quasi-diplomatic status with Peking in order to place itself on a firmer footing in the tricky game of détente it is playing with both the Chinese and the Russians. A counter-argument submitted by the Taiwanese and others, including some Americans, is that in the wake of Mao Tse-tung's death there is less reason than ever to change the status quo by rushing ahead to complete "normalization" of relations with Peking, since this is a time of political and social turmoil on the mainland; but the majority of observers stress the inevitability of recognition and the wisdom of achieving it both as judiciously and as expeditiously as possible while at the same time not abandoning Taiwan.

The Chinese Communists have shown increasing impatience with the slow progress of normalization, and many experts believe that the longer we vacillate the more inflexible they are likely to become. However, there is some uncertainty now about just who will negotiate what and with whom. President Carter and Secretary of State Cyrus Vance—who expects to visit Peking soon—are prepared to begin talks with China's new Party chairman, Hua Kuo-feng, but Hua is still in the process of consolidating his power, and no one knows for sure just what sort of relationship those in the new hierarchy actually will seek with the United States. In principle, Peking is not averse to our maintaining a military position in Asia, as a countervailing force to the Soviet Union, but our having bases and troops in South Korea, Japan, and the Philippines is not the same as our extending military assistance and renewed pledges of support to Taiwan, even if we remove the rest of our troops there—which are already down from a 1972 figure of ten thousand to fourteen hundred noncombat soldiers and advisers, with more scheduled to leave.

A number of possible maneuvers have been suggested for the playing of this unusual diplomatic game, which has been compared to a combination of poker, pinochle, and bridge. The biggest card that the Chinese Communists hold is our admission, in the Shanghai Communiqué, of February, 1972, that there is only one China, and that Taiwan is part of it. Among the possibilities that have been raised is that, once further talks between Peking and Washington get under way, a firm agreement will be reached, either openly or secretly, that Peking will not use force or attempt a naval blockade against Taiwan, and will grant Taiwan a degree of autonomy for a stated period of years. In more ways than just militarily, the Communists would have a hard time swallowing Taiwan, which in most respects is far more economically advanced than the mainland. As could also be the case with Hong Kong, for different historical and current reasons, they might let Taiwan remain a separate part of China for a time, during which they would obtain added acknowledgment of their basic sovereignty over it. It has also been suggested that if Peking wants United States recognition badly enough, the Chinese might agree to joint neutralization of the hundred-and-fifteen-mile-wide Taiwan Strait, which the American Seventh Fleet is at present supposed to protect in case of an armed conflict. Such a dual guarantee, or even a restated American unilateral declaration of interest in protecting the security of the area, would serve to aid Peking in containing the Russians, especially now that the Soviet Navy has increased so much in size and maneuverability that it extends all the way from the North Pacific to the Indian Ocean. As for the Russians, while they might be unhappy about this arrangement, they, too, have their reasons for wanting us to stay in Asia—not only to restrain the Chinese but, among other things, to prevent a rapid takeover of Taiwan by the People's Republic, since such a move would enhance the latter's role as a world power. The situation is further complicated by the Korean question. Recently, there have been indications that the Chinese are applying renewed pressure on the North Korean dictator,



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Kim Il Sung, to refrain from making any new military moves against South Korea, and a continuation of this pressure could conceivably become part of a Chinese-American deal, secret or otherwise, that would influence our bargaining with Peking over Taiwan, although the beginning of American troop withdrawals from South Korea might make such a deal less likely.

While the Taiwanese don't like to discuss the immediate future, either privately or publicly, the small, tight group of advisers around Premier Chiang Ching-kuo, the son and political heir of Chiang Kai-shek (who died in April of 1975), are doing some serious thinking about it, and one manifestation of this is their continued stress on economic development, including further industrialization and foreign investment, so as to make Taiwan even more prosperous and self-reliant. Militarily, the island—which has an army of three hundred and fifty thousand men, an air force of six hundred modern planes, two-thirds of them combat types, and a small navy, consisting mostly of American-donated destroyers—can defend itself fairly well at present against all threats short of an all-out Communist attack, but the United States, which has sold Taiwan a half-billion dollars' worth of weapons in the last two years alone, believes itself responsible for maintaining the process of modernization, principally by sending Taiwan sufficient spare parts for its complex American-made equipment until the Taiwanese, who are already producing some light and heavy weapons and their own communications, can manufacture such parts themselves. A joint effort is under way by Northrup Aircraft and the Taiwanese to build and assemble F-5E fighter planes, of which Taiwan has about fifty now and expects to have two hundred within five years. Largely because of not wanting to upset Peking, Washington had refused to sell Taiwan the newer and better F-16 fighter planes or missiles for its patrol boats, and the latter refusal led to Taiwan's purchase of surface-to-surface missiles from Israel.

ALTHOUGH our defense agreements with Taiwan constitute the first big question mark to be faced by our diplomats and by Congress, a host of other matters are embraced in some sixty or seventy agreements of various kinds which we have with Taiwan, and these agreements, too, will have to be revamped. Even with Peking's assent, this parallel process of negotiation with Taiwan will take a long time and will be extremely complicated, especially since many new agreements would require congressional approval. The first problem, if diplomatic relations with Taiwan are broken and the defense treaty is renounced, will be to find some formula for establishing new, semi-formal ties. (Although a new Administration has taken over in Washington, our ambassador to Taiwan, Leonard Unger, has been retained in his job.) Taiwan has full diplomatic relations with only twenty-three nations—most recently, ambassadors have been exchanged with Saudi Arabia and South Africa—but it has trade and cultural-relations agreements with more than a hundred and twenty countries all over the world, and most of the foreign organizations controlling these serve as quasi-diplomatic fronts. For example, the Japanese in Taipei, the capital, have something called the Japan Interchange Association; the Spanish have a Cervantes Society; the British have an Anglo-Taiwan Trade Committee; the Australians have an Australia-Free China Society; and so on. It is conceivable that once the United States and Communist China agree to send ambassadors to replace the heads of "liaison offices" in Washington and Peking, similar offices can be set up for Washington and Taipei which will have some basic consular powers, such as the right to issue visas, along with the freedom to serve as channels of negotiation for other matters. But whatever new organs of communication are created, the complications remain manifold. For instance, a change in diplomatic status would complicate relations with the Export-Import Bank, an American institution that has loaned Taiwan more than a billion and a half dollars over the past fifteen years and is right now extending sizable fresh loans. Even leaving aside Peking's feelings, congressional approval would be needed to get around these obstacles, and this might not be easy to obtain. Taiwan is no longer a member of the International Atomic Energy Agency, an adjunct of the United Nations, but it does submit to I.A.E.A. inspections. It has also signed the international nuclear-nonproliferation treaty, yet it is now building the first of three nuclear reactors, of two units each, which by the mid-nineteen-eighties will provide it with close to forty-five per cent of its total energy requirements. For these, it needs nuclear fuel—enriched uranium—and waste-disposal assistance, and it is hoping that the United States will provide

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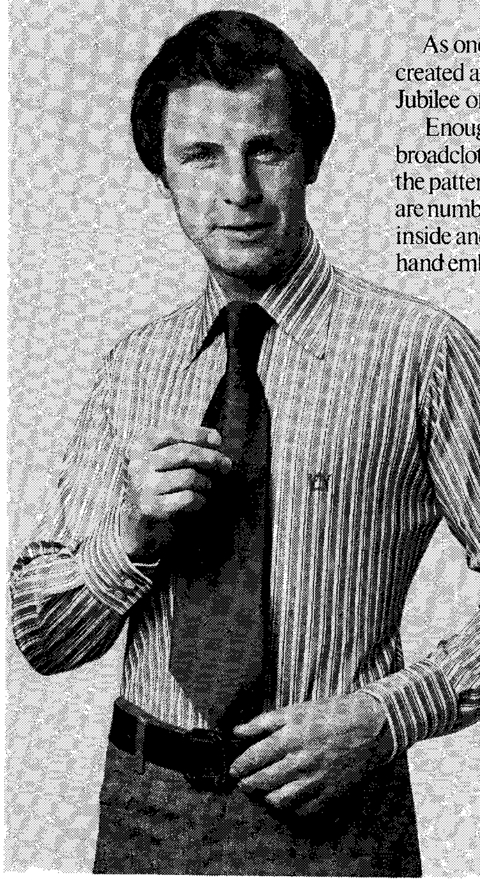

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both. Last year, the Ford Administration pressured Taiwan into refraining from opening a small experimental laboratory for reprocessing uranium, and the Carter Administration is busy establishing new and tougher guidelines concerning uranium and plutonium production. There are many technical agreements, covering everything from civil aviation to such financial subjects as taxation and banking, and including guarantees protecting nearly half a billion dollars' worth of private American investments in Taiwan, where some of the largest United States companies both manufacture and sell their products, and where eight American banks have full-scale operating branches. All these matters, too, will have to be dealt with. As one American diplomat in Taipei has put it, "sorting all this out means there are enough headaches to keep all of us dipping into the aspirin bottle for several years—assuming we even get started on the job."

Americans often tend to concentrate on the technical aspects and concrete details of diplomatic situations and problems, and to think of them in immediate terms, while Asians approach them by indirection and devote greater attention to subtle qualities of manners and behavior and to long-term goals. This has led another diplomat, with wide Asian experience, to remark, "Taiwan is a problem that will ultimately be solved by the Chinese themselves, in ways that Americans can't even imagine." This may very well be so—five or ten years from now, when a new generation of leaders here and on the mainland meet and, as the Shanghai Communiqué prescribes, agree upon "a peaceful settlement of the Taiwan question." There are people here now, both mainlanders and Taiwanese, who privately predict this, and on occasion will admit it to Westerners, but any public reference to negotiations with the People's Republic is at present anathema, and the prevalent feeling expressed is one of injured pride and moral indignation at the Americans' having begun talks with Peking and shunted Taiwan aside after so many years of support. One constantly hears comments on the way we "sacrificed" the Vietnamese, followed by questions such as "How can we believe that you will keep your pledges to us?" That the Kuomintang lost the mainland for some of the same reasons that the South Vietnamese lost Vietnam—among them corruption, poor leadership, ruined morale, and calamitous mismanagement—and that for years we persistently backed both losing sides

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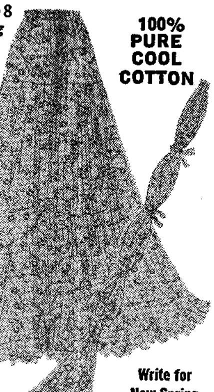

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in faulty and ultimately futile ways seem to have been lost sight of, along with the further fact that we helped the Kuomintang remnants flee the mainland in 1949 and subsequently gave them one and a half billion dollars' worth of economic aid and plentiful supplies of military equipment. Some Americans who are not engaged in making money in Taiwan feel that we have more than fulfilled our obligations—have certainly "done enough for the rascals"—but the majority of Americans here are determined to see to it that we do as much as we still can for the Taiwanese, and for ourselves, too, financially and otherwise, even as the diplomatic rug is gently slipped out from under them. This determination is not made easier by the holier-than-thou attitude of some of the hard-liners in the Kuomintang, such as one high-ranking official who talked to me about "betrayal of freedom, especially at a time when you have just finished celebrating your Bicentennial." Far more convincing than this sententious talk about freedom—there is more political and personal freedom in Taiwan than there used to be, although the island today is scarcely a paragon of human and political rights—is the legitimate concern one hears expressed about the psychological as well as the material impact that derecognition could have around the world. If security understandably worries the Taiwanese most, they are nearly as worried about what effect derecognition will have on their multiple trade relations, on which their existence depends, and on the future of foreign investments, particularly if there should be a prolonged period of limbo while negotiations between Washington and Peking—and, on a parallel track, between Washington and Taipei—drag on. It is true that trade with Japan, Taiwan's second-biggest customer after the United States, soon returned to normal after Tokyo recognized Peking, and is still larger than Japan's trade with Communist China, and it is also true that Taiwan has maintained substantial trade with European and Middle Eastern nations, many of which have relations with Peking. However, our break with Taipei would undoubtedly have a much stronger impact. The Japanese are especially worried that America's withdrawal of its protection would seriously affect their trade with the island. A climate of investment withdrawal could set in, and trade with other nations as well as with the United States, whose two-way trade of nearly five billion dollars with Taiwan last

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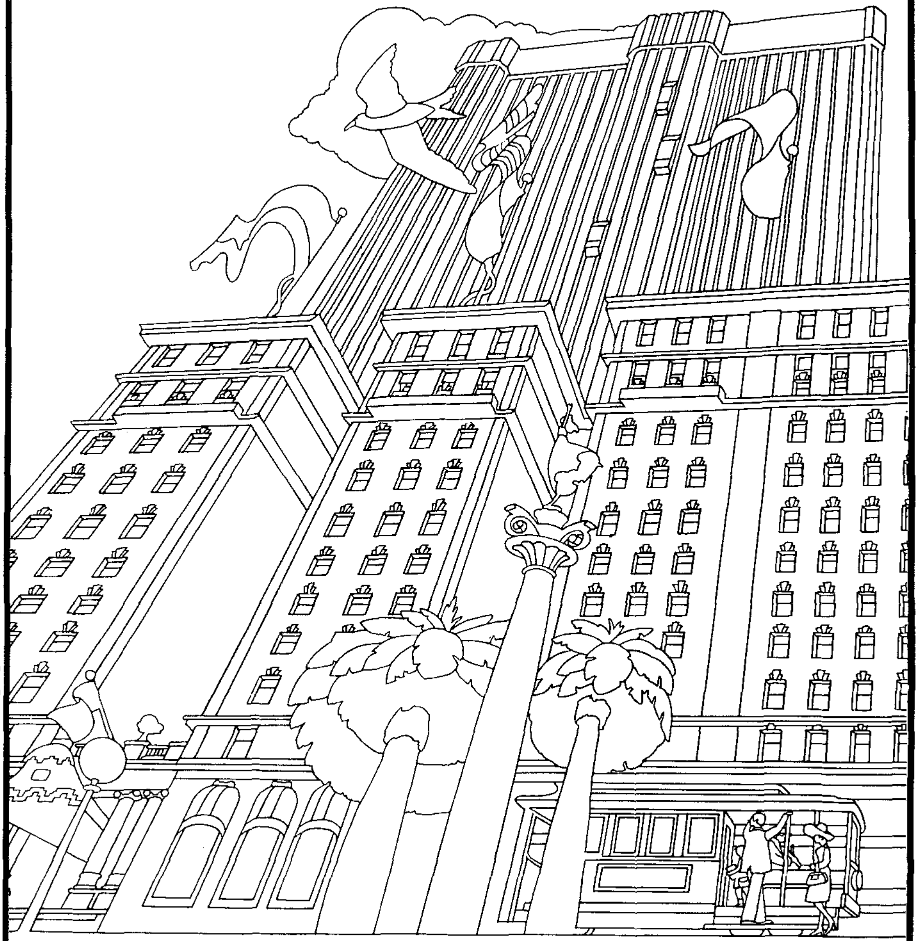

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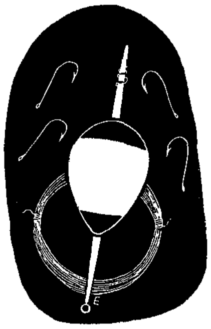
year was nearly ten times that with China, could drop off if Peking attempted to squeeze and isolate Taiwan, applying various forms of propaganda and pressure to Taipei's trading partners around the world.

On the other hand, the Communists, having confirmed the legitimacy of the one-China principle and begun to look ahead to the eventual incorporation of Taiwan and mainland China, might temporarily, at least, allow Taiwan to go its own way, and might even encourage its continued prosperity. A year ago in Taipei, there seemed to be a realistic acceptance of the fact that United States recognition of Peking was not far off—that if it hadn't been for Watergate and the political demise of Nixon recognition would undoubtedly have come sooner. Now, however, there has arisen, at least among the old Kuomintang crowd, a fresh surge of hope that Washington will hold back on normalization, and this is accompanied by repetitions of the old theme "We will return to the mainland if we are invited." The chances of the Kuomintang's being invited, even by a moderate or right-wing faction that took over in some new dispensation, are slight indeed, and, though it claims to be still dispersing large numbers of its agents on the mainland, the chances of their inspiring a "popular uprising" that would prompt a Kuomintang return are equally slight. It is always difficult for a visitor to Taiwan to distinguish myth from reality. The reality of economic success is everywhere apparent, but the myths of a misconstrued past—encompassing lost dreams, bitterness, and the flagellation of scapegoats—and of a quasi-religious moral rectitude, expressed in the brandishing of ancient swords and in the assertion that the Kuomintang represents the sole hope of preserving traditional Chinese civilization and culture, are harder to recognize for what they are. At present, there is an odd irony in the use here of the by now somewhat dubious word "détente." Those of us who accompanied President Ford to Peking in December of 1975 were treated to a steady denunciation of détente as it related to our diplomatic dealings with the Russians. In Taiwan, détente is also denounced, but here the reference is to American dealings with Peking. Moreover, there is some surprising talk about the possibility of a Taiwanese deal with Moscow. These suggestions, or threats, even though not many serious people take them seriously, are being used as a propaganda weapon against the "treachery" of America's presumed renunciation of Taiwan.

LIVING in political limbo, amid dreams and nightmares about the past and illusions about the future, is neither easy nor practical, but the Kuomintang old guard that continues to rule Taiwan has somehow managed to do this and at the same time to preside over a remarkable economic program, which in almost three decades has transformed the island from a crippled, war-battered rural economy into a flourishing industrial society with a standard of living that in Asia today is second only to Japan's. Per-capita income in Taiwan last year was eight hundred and nine dollars, more than three times what it was in 1968 and more than six times what it was in 1962, and is expected to reach thirteen hundred dollars by the early eighties. Free and compulsory education having been extended from six to nine years in 1968, there is almost complete literacy, and with the growth of prosperity came an apparently insatiable desire for further education, through the college level. There is a heavy brain drain, however: approximately twelve thousand college graduates have gone abroad in the past ten years, mostly to the United States, and only about five per cent of them have returned to Taiwan.



The Kuomintang has achieved its economic success through a combination of tight political control and basic economic freedom, with enough guidance and planning to maintain stability and growth. There is an obvious historical irony in its succeeding here so phenomenally after its total failure on the mainland. Taiwan, of course, was a more manageable place to start with, simply because it was so much smaller. However, at the end of the Second World War, when the Japanese, who had occupied Taiwan since 1895, departed (nearly half a million government officials, soldiers, and civilians were repatriated to Japan), they left behind a badly bombed island and a society that had been rigidly run and was predominantly rural, though there were some industrial facilities. (The six million Taiwanese were almost all descendants of Chinese who had migrated from the mainland starting in the seventh century.) The island reverted to China, whose administrators faced serious food shortages and con-

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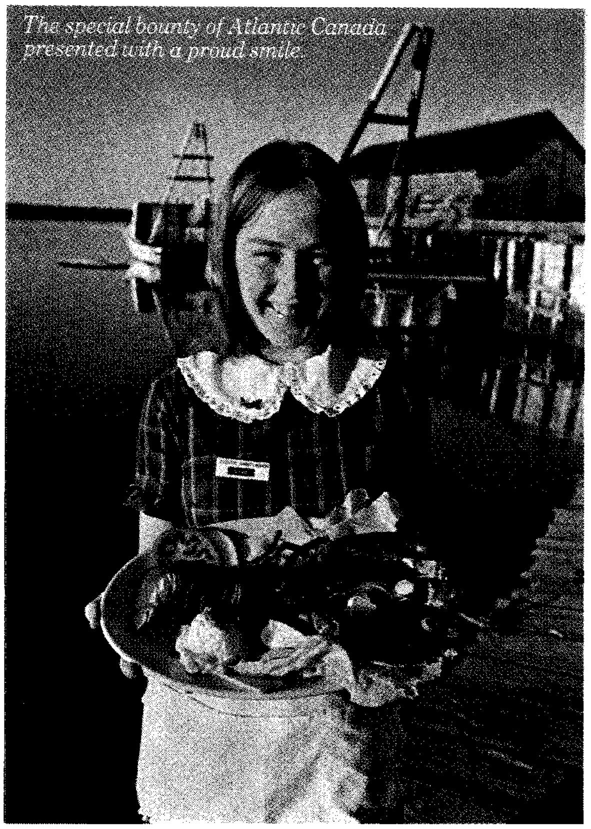

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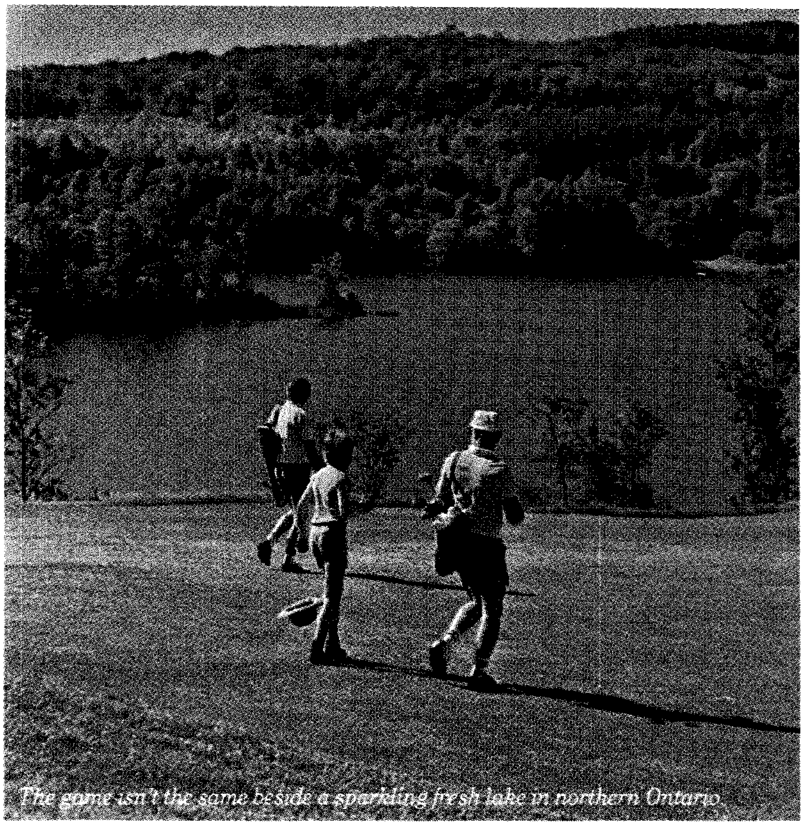

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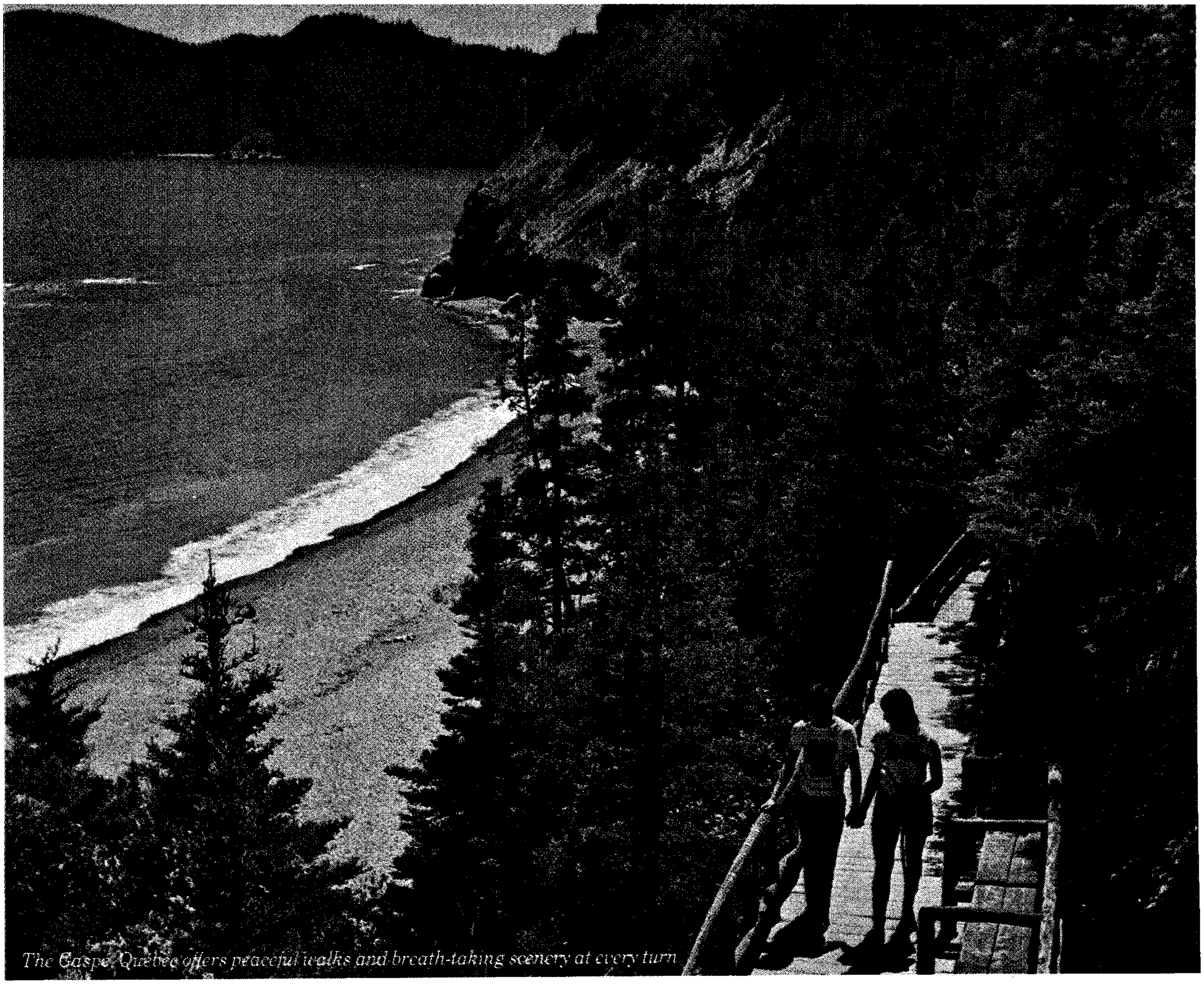

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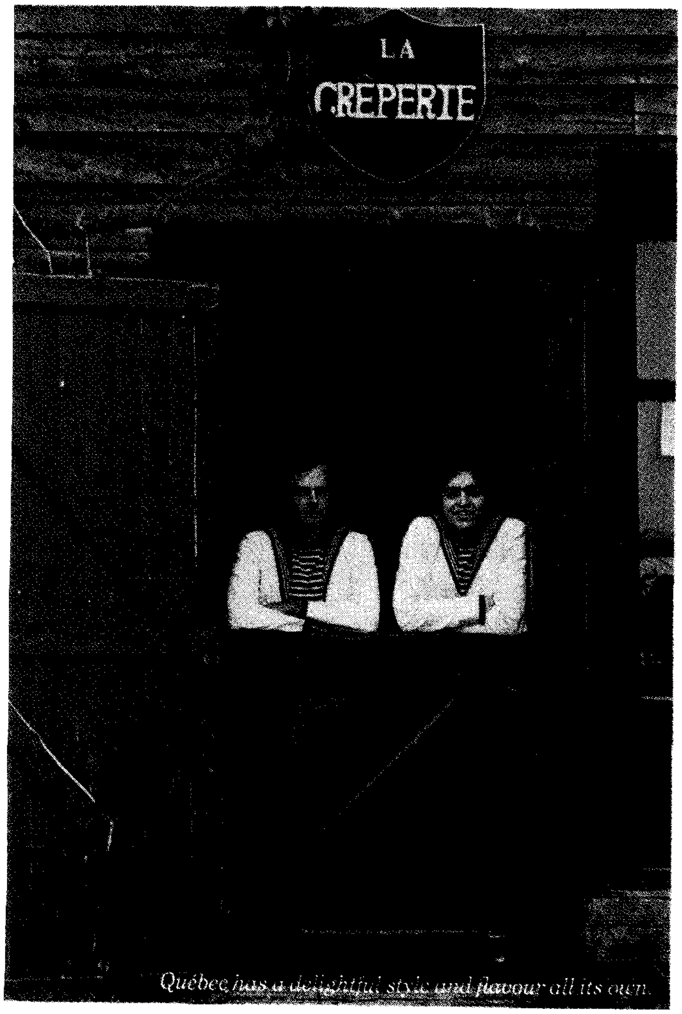

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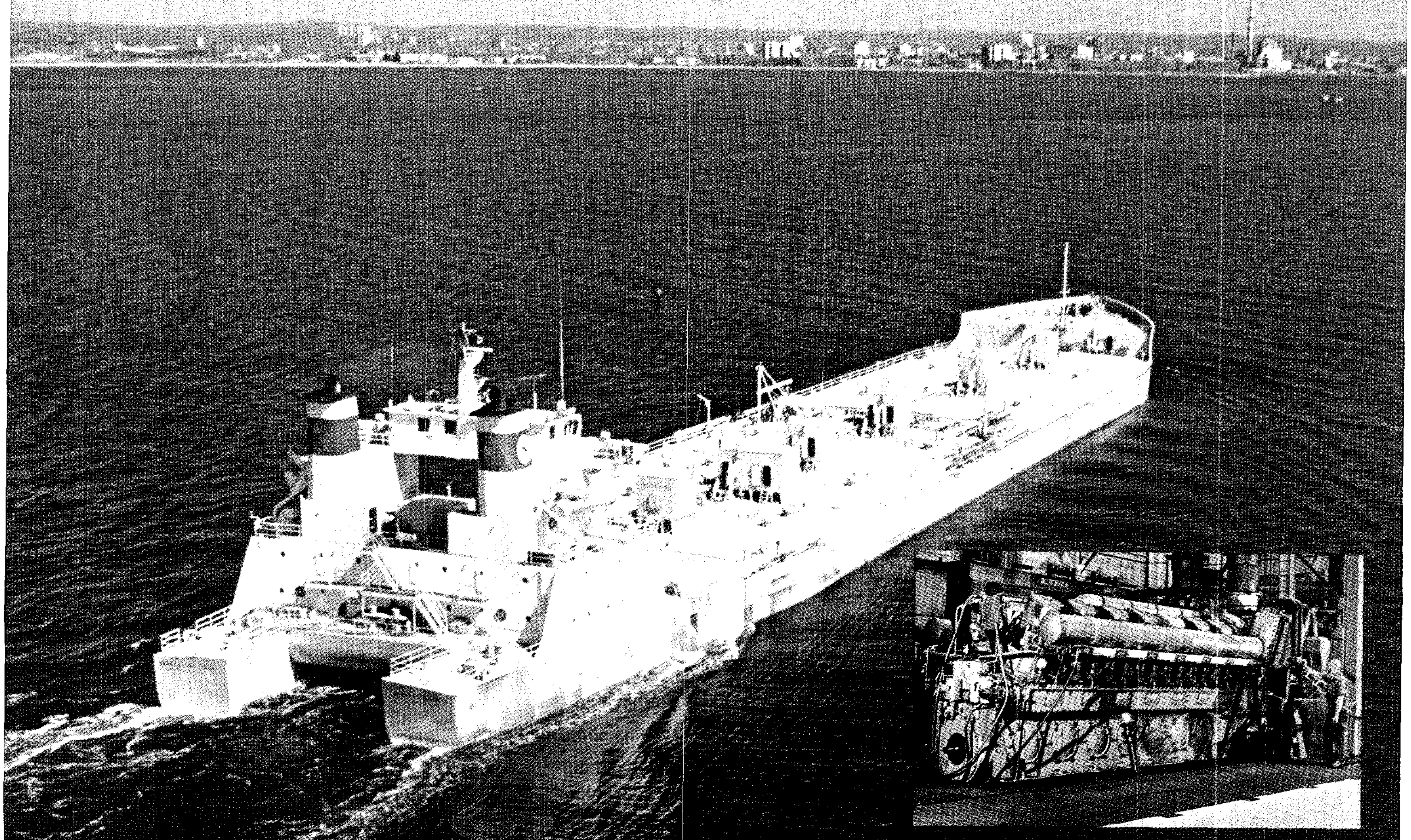

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siderable disorder, abetted by criminal elements that the Japanese had turned loose from prisons before they left. The difficulties were increased by the misrule of the first postwar Chinese Administrator-General, Chen Yi, which inspired a violent revolt by the Taiwanese in February, 1947. Some five thousand Taiwanese died in the uprising, which left a legacy of bitterness between natives and mainlanders. This has gradually diminished through the years but still finds expression in the Taiwan Independence Movement, a relatively small group of native Taiwanese, which has its headquarters in the United States, though it retains some local adherents, who are not satisfied with the government's slow pace of "Taiwanization," or bringing more native Taiwanese into the government.

It was while the island was still in the process of recovery and readjustment that the last Kuomintang resistance on the mainland crumbled, late in 1949, and the exodus of a million and a half Nationalists to Taiwan began. That October, two Communist divisions, totalling ten thousand men, in an armada of junks, invaded the island known to Americans as Quemoy and to the Chinese as Kinmen, only a few miles from the mainland and about ninety miles from Taiwan, but the Kuomintang forces there, after a violent two-day battle, repulsed the attack, killing three thousand Communist soldiers and capturing the rest. On Kinmen today, some sixty thousand soldiers of Taiwan's Army, which many consider a disproportionate number, live in huge catacombs and emerge to practice endless drills. In August and September of 1958, the Communists poured half a million artillery shells on Kinmen and the neighboring island of Matsu; reciprocal shelling continued sporadically over the years, but it is now confined to the exchange of fifty-pound shells bearing propaganda material, which the two sides shoot at each other while they also broadcast messages and music back and forth over powerful transmitters and try to overpower one another's eardrums in what amounts to a vast and noisy loudspeaker contest. The successful defense of Kinmen and its continued position as a bulwark created a new sense of security and stability on Taiwan, and this was heightened in June of 1950, when the outbreak of the Korean War led President Truman to order the Seventh Fleet to patrol the Taiwan Strait—a move that was followed by large amounts of American military and economic aid to Taiwan.

The Korean War served as a stimulus for the reconstruction and development of Taiwan, just as it did in the case of Japan. A series of four-year plans was started here in 1953 (the most recent one has been superseded by a six-year plan), with the emphasis initially on raising agricultural output, then on developing consumer-oriented light industries, including the production of fertilizers, glass, cement, and textiles, and finally on building heavier industries, such as petrochemical and steel plants, along with new ports and shipyards, and power plants and other utilities. When the Nationalists quit the mainland, about a thousand experts in various fields of technology, economics, and finance left with the troops and the bureaucrats, and these experts, assisted by a number of counterparts from the United States, who began arriving in the fifties, were the spearhead of the efficient planning and modernization process, which was later accelerated by technicians who returned to Taiwan after studying and working abroad, mostly in America. One of the first and most successful coöperative enterprises was the Chinese-American Joint Commission on Rural Reconstruction, created in 1949 and consisting originally of three Chinese and two American agricultural and land-reform experts. The Taiwanese land-reform program, like the Japanese one under the American Occupation, came to be regarded throughout the non-Communist world as a model of success. In 1949, Taiwan had three and a half million farmers, of whom forty per cent tilled privately owned tenant farms and paid rents ranging from fifty to seventy per cent of the gross annual yield of rice, the main crop. Starting in April of that year, their rents were reduced to a uniform thirty-seven and a half per cent of the yield. In 1951, the tenure of leases was lengthened to six years and made renewable at the option of the tenants, and the sale of public land to tenants began. Then, in 1953, the government purchase of private land from landlords was begun, and this continued until 1967, by which time, out of nearly nine hundred thousand farm families—more and more people had been migrating to the cities—only twelve per cent were still tenants. Some land was also sold to peasants directly by landlords. The landlords' response to the reform was naturally not enthusiastic, but persuasion and fair compensation payments induced most of them to go along with it.

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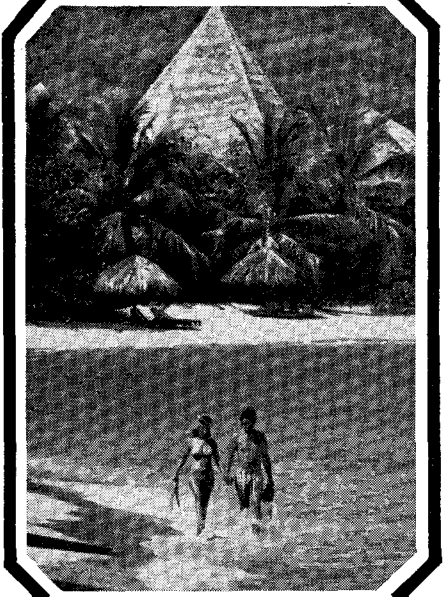

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lowed to retain seven and a half acres of rice land apiece, many eventually sold their holdings and remained in the rural areas to become either money-lenders or businessmen, using their compensation payments to start new ventures. Most of the latter group, lacking experience, failed at the outset, but over the years a growing number gained business expertise and moved to urban areas, where they ended up successful entrepreneurs, and became wealthier than they had been to start with. The government not only adopted a laissez-faire policy toward the native Taiwanese in business but actually encouraged them. Thus, in the sixties there emerged a new class of well-to-do Taiwanese merchants and industrialists, and today they own much of the wealth of the island. There are still, of course, some wealthy mainland families around, too, but by and large the Kuomintang has remained content to run the country politically, set the economic guidelines, and let the Taiwanese be the dominant commercial element. If the emergence of a new Taiwanese middle and upper class was one effect of land reform and growth, a number of agricultural problems were left for the Joint Commission on Rural Reconstruction to contend with, such as the need for coöperative mechanization in working overfragmented farms. With the increase of urbanization—Taipei today has a population of two million—more food has to be produced by fewer people on the land, yet mechanization in Taiwan, though it has made some progress (there are only half as many water buffalo on the island, for instance, as there were ten years ago), is nothing like as far advanced as mechanization in the United States. The Joint Commission has been particularly successful in inducing farmers to plant only two rice crops a year and to take advantage of the rich soil of the lowlands (only a quarter of Taiwan's fourteen thousand square miles is arable, the rest of the island being mountainous or swampy) to plant a wide variety of winter or summer third crops, including melons, bananas, tobacco, jute, and many kinds of vegetables, and to breed hogs and other livestock as well as to raise fish in man-made ponds—all of which, incidentally, provide an abundance for the restaurant kitchens of Taipei and other cities, whose chefs have come from all over China and provide the best and most varied Chinese cuisine to be found anywhere in the world.

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as their counterparts did under the Kuomintang on the mainland, created a political vacuum in the countryside, and, gradually, ordinary farmers began to show more interest in community affairs and politics, which was expressed through new organizations like farm-tenancy committees and farmers' associations. And, with their incomes rising, the peasants also paid more attention to improving their houses (tiles replaced thatch on many roofs), and began buying bicycles, motorbikes, and other things that had once been considered luxuries. As the villagers grew more sophisticated and community-minded, the farmers' associations, which were originally established by the government as a means of controlling land reform, became the new political nuclei in the countryside, and since 1950, when local elections for county and city councillors and for magistrates and mayors (almost all of whom are Taiwanese today) were initiated, the more than three hundred associations have developed into conduits of political power. The Kuomintang approved of their becoming instruments of a certain degree of Taiwanization in the lower and middle levels of government, as a safety valve, while it carefully maintained control at the top. But as competition for power increased locally, the farmers' associations often became centers of both political intrigue and corruption, with the result that about two years ago the government announced that henceforth it would pass on the qualifications of the associations' general managers. Some observers feel that the farmers' associations were also threatening to become cells of political opposition, and that it was partly for this reason that the Kuomintang intervened.

UP to now, certainly, the Kuomintang has had little to fear in the way of any real opposition, though there are some who believe that the Taiwan Independence Movement, which became very active for a short time in the early sixties under the leadership of Peng Ming-min, a university professor, might be revived after United States recognition of Peking, especially if Taiwan sinks into a prolonged period of political and economic uncertainty. However, the great majority of the native Taiwanese, who make up eighty-five per cent of the population, are essentially apolitical, and it is doubtful whether the small group of intellectuals and Taiwanese nationalists who are called activists here—they would

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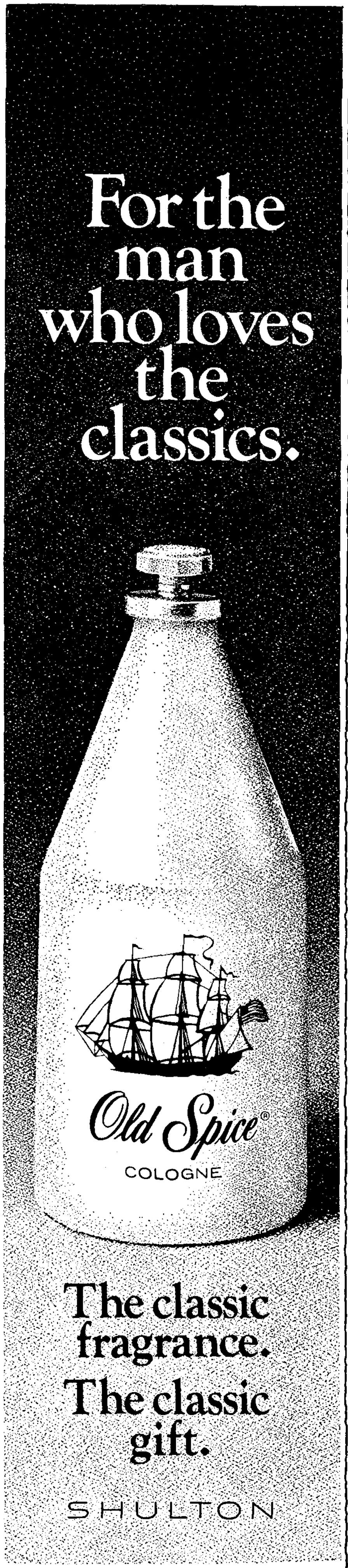
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be classified as moderates almost anywhere else—could stir up sufficient popular support for a successful independence movement. If political opposition is lacking, there does remain considerable resentment among the Taiwanese against what they feel is the mainland immigrants' attitude of mandarin superiority. Except in the southern city of Tainan, where there is more intellectual and political ferment than in any of the other half-dozen urban centers, including Taipei, this resentment is most often expressed over local issues in the smaller towns and villages. If there are any potential leaders of a national independence movement who are ready to replace Peng Ming-min—who was arrested in 1964, released in 1966, and fled to the United States in 1970—they are lying very low, as a result of stringent security measures, although recently a number of splinter groups have appeared, and one of them, calling itself the Taiwan People's Liberation Front, wrote letters to about forty American, Japanese, and Chinese companies, calling them "imperialists and capitalists" and demanding that they leave the country or face "due punishment."

Many Taiwanese patriots were arrested in 1970 and 1971, following Peng's flight and a subsequent attempt on Chiang Ching-kuo's life while he was visiting New York. In October of 1975, eight thousand prisoners, including two hundred political ones, were released in an amnesty, and immediately afterward the government announced that eight more leading political prisoners, at least two of whom had worked with Peng, would be freed either this year or next. Estimates of the number of political prisoners still being held range from three to four hundred. In 1975, an outspoken new monthly magazine, *The Taiwan Political Review*, appeared, but it was banned after five issues. A short period of calm ensued until, at the end of May, 1976, two prominent dissidents were arrested and charged by the Taiwan Garrison Command with sedition in attempting "to overthrow the government, to disturb public security through violent means, and to create chaos by sabotaging oil and other power facilities." The two were Yang Chin-hai and Yen Ming-shen. Yen had run unsuccessfully in 1975 for the Legislative Yuan, the nearest thing to a legislature that Taiwan has, and Yang had been his campaign manager. Their arrest resulted from campaign speeches in which Yen strongly criticized the state of martial law, which has technically been in effect since 1949, and charged that the Kuomintang was riddled with corruption. Yang was sentenced to life imprisonment for "seditious activities," and Yen was given twelve years. In the past half year, there have been indications that a small underground dissident movement is prepared to turn to violence. Last October, Taiwan's governor, Shieh Tung-min, had his left hand amputated after he was injured by a bomb mailed inside a dictionary, and two other officials had close escapes from other mail bombs. A thirty-six-year-old Taiwanese named Wang Hsing-nan, who had been living in America before he returned to the island, was arrested and sentenced to life imprisonment for mailing the bombs.

Although *The Taiwan Political Review* was banned after a fairly short life, another independent monthly magazine, *The Intellectual*, is still appearing; its original editorial board was drastically reorganized on government orders, however, and it is now a fairly tame publication. The *Political Review* had published some surprisingly strong protests against the lack of civil liberties, the shortcomings of Taiwanization, the failure of the Kuomintang to abide by its Constitutional pledges, and similar matters. The specific article that led to the ban was an interview with two Taiwanese living in Australia, one of whom, a former professor, praised the amount of freedom and democracy in the People's Republic of China (a view with which the author of the article, incidentally, disagreed), and declared that the people of Taiwan had two choices if they wanted to be their own masters: either armed revolt to overthrow the Kuomintang dictatorship, or peaceful reunification with the mainland. These are precisely the two topics that are taboo in Taiwan today. Criticism of government policies is sanctioned in principle, but no one is permitted to speak or write against the envisioned reconquest of the mainland, and no one is permitted to attack the top leaders of the country. In a long talk I had with Chang Chun-hung, the editor of the *Political Review*, who for a time ran a noodle shop in Taipei which was frequented by intellectuals and became so popular that the government shut it down, I found him both extremely astute and surprisingly moderate in his views. In reply to a question about the degree of liberalism that existed in Taiwan, he said that the first ten years after the Kuomintang came to the island were fairly liberal—that intellectuals and writers and some independent politicians were able to bridge the gap between the doctrinaire Chiang Kai-shek and the comparatively open-minded Vice-President, Chen Cheng, who was instrumental in pushing the land-reform program. In the sixties, he said, the mood and atmosphere became tougher and more moralistic. Then there was an interregnum during which Chiang Ching-kuo gradually took over from his ailing father before actually becoming Premier, in 1972. There has been no love lost between many members of the Kuomintang old guard and Chiang Ching-kuo, who, at sixty-seven, is still regarded as an upstart by the septuagenarians and octogenarians of the old mainland regime. Chiang Ching-kuo initially permitted a fair amount of freedom—exemplified by his permitting *The Intellectual* and the *Political Review* to appear and by the release of political prisoners—but, in Chang's opinion, in the past three years things had retrogressed, partly because of the international situation and the likelihood of American recognition of the People's Republic, and partly because of other Asian developments, such as the student revolution in Thailand in the fall of 1973, which led to quick and careful surveillance of students here. "So the situation today is better than it was during the sixties but not as good as it was during the first ten years," Chang said.

In further conversations with Chang and with Kang Ning-hsiang, who was the founder of the *Political Review* and is also a member of the Legislative Yuan (he was narrowly elected in 1975 for a three-year term), I found them both critical of the tight control that the Kuomintang maintains and worried about what will happen concerning United States recognition of Peking. Chang was among those who felt that the recognition problem should be faced up to realistically as soon as possible. "American recognition of the Communists will inevitably bring the situation here to a head," Chang said. "But the United States will make a historical mistake if it sacrifices Taiwan. In many ways, the old leaders of the Kuomintang don't appreciate or understand our intentions, as Taiwanese, of saving this nation. There are important generational differences, too. Many second-generation mainlanders are sympathetic neither to the Kuomintang nor to the Taiwanese activists, and some of them, when they go

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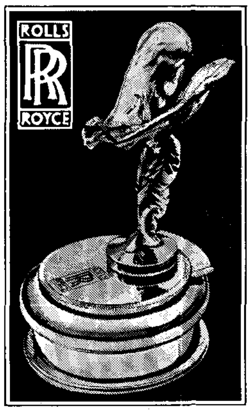
abroad, to the United States and elsewhere—students, especially—drift or are lured into the Communist orbit. The Chinese Communists in America and their American friends are active on university campuses, among other places. Historical Chinese chauvinism often becomes a motivating force in attracting these students. Maybe there will be changes in the third generation—greater rapport between the Taiwanese and those who come from mainland families. Already, there is considerable intermarriage, and this is likely to increase with social mobility in general. Meanwhile, it's important for independent intellectuals here to speak out, as an act of courage—as they did at my noodle shop."

Kang, as a minority legislator, laid special emphasis on the fact that all decision-making is still in the hands of the Kuomintang. "Few Taiwanese are involved," he said. "And most of those who are have been coöpted by the Kuomintang and have joined the Party, or are puppets, no longer able or willing to redress the balance. I don't think there will be another radical independence movement, but questions about independence will go on being raised. My own feeling is that we should place our emphasis on social and economic progress before seeking a political solution."

THE top Taiwanese in the government—there are two out of ten in the Cabinet today and three out of seven additional ministers without portfolio—similarly stress this theme of unity, patience, and continued economic growth. During a talk I had with Henry Kao, who was Mayor of Taipei twice and then became, successively, Minister of Communications and a minister without portfolio, and who is a sort of elder statesman among the Taiwanese nationalists, he said emphatically, "Survival for Taiwan is more important than any national independence movement as such. This is still a closed government, but it's better than it was before. The tempo of Taiwanization, except at the local level, remains too slow, but we keep trying to speed it up."

In the central government, whose structure is highly complex, elections have been held for some members of three bodies—the National Assembly, the Legislative Yuan, and the Control Yuan. Of approximately fourteen hundred members of the National Assembly, which meets formally only once every six years and does little more than approve the designated candidates for President and Vice-President, no more



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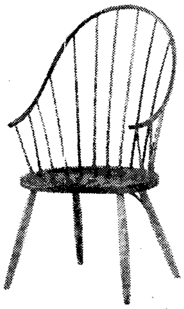

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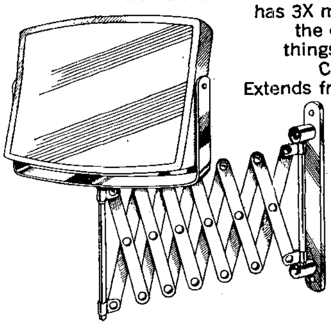

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than five per cent have been elected; most of the rest were appointed for life before elections were held—in 1969, for fifteen members, and in 1972, for fifty-three. Of those fifty-three, only nine are independents; the rest belong to the Kuomintang. Of four hundred and thirty-four members of the present Legislative Yuan, which meets twice a year for several months to consider bills framed by the Kuomintang hierarchy, fourteen per cent, or just sixty-three, have been elected, but only six are non-Kuomintang. The Control Yuan, whose functions are similar to those of the General Accounting Office in the United States, has seventy-two members, of whom only twenty-three per cent are elected—and, again, only a handful of the elected members are independents.

The Executive Yuan, which is similar to our Cabinet, is the main governing body of Taiwan, and all its members are appointed. The most important Party organization is the twenty-two-member Standing Committee of the Kuomintang Central Committee. A National Party Congress, of some fifteen hundred delegates chosen locally by Party sections, is supposed to meet every four years to choose a new Central Committee, which, in turn, will choose the Standing Committee, but a Congress meeting last November was the first since 1969; it had been postponed owing to a number of events, including Nixon's opening of relations with Peking, the illness and death of Chiang Kai-shek, and Chiang Ching-kuo's consolidation of power. As a result of the meeting, the number of Central Committee members was raised from ninety-nine to a hundred and thirty, and the total of Taiwanese on the committee increased from seven to twenty-three. Chiang Ching-kuo, as expected, was named chairman of the Party to succeed his late father, but he offered no clues as to who might succeed him when he passes from the scene. Such clues may come when the National Assembly next meets, in 1978. It is generally expected that at that time Chiang Ching-kuo will become President, replacing C. K. Yen, an erstwhile economics expert, whose role is wholly ceremonial. As President, Chiang Ching-kuo would undoubtedly continue to run the country, but whichever men are chosen by him to be the new Premier and the new Vice-President (there is no Vice-President at the moment) will be the ones to watch. Of the small and little-known group of loyalists around Chiang Ching-kuo, the man who is most often mentioned as a possible suc-

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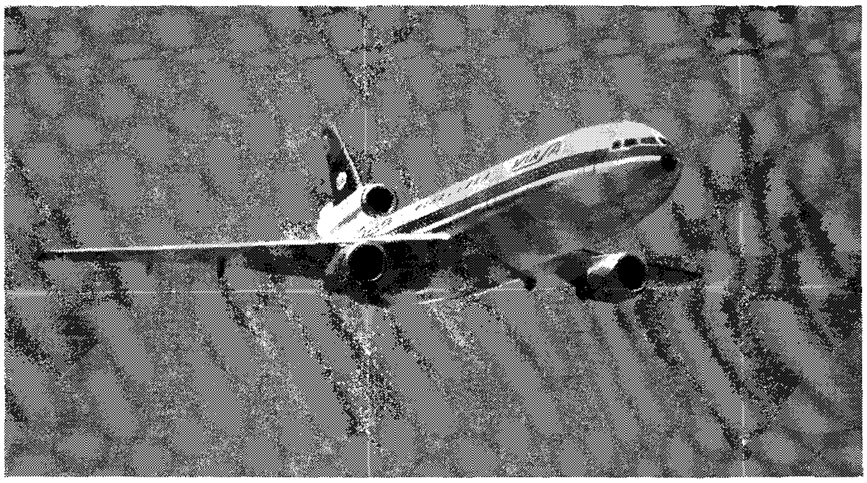

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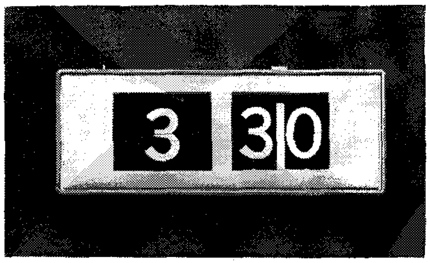

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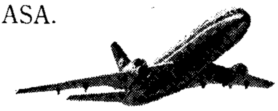

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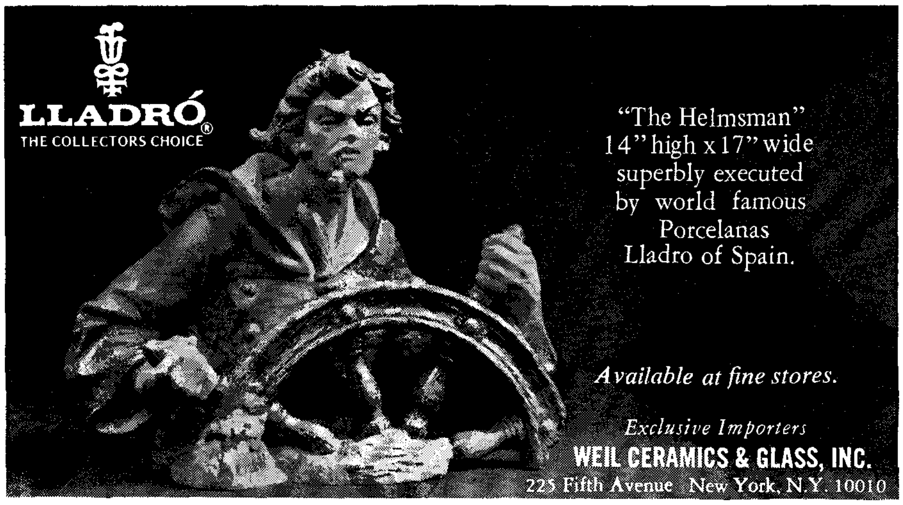

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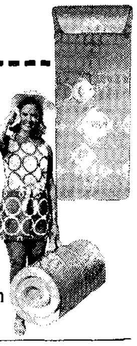
cessor is Li Huan, who runs the Party's organizational affairs and the Youth Corps, but the consensus is that unless Chiang Ching-kuo really grooms Li or someone else from his inner entourage—and as yet he has shown no signs of doing so—a collegial group, probably including one or two Taiwanese, will share power. If anything should happen to Chiang Ching-kuo in the next year, one of the old guard, probably President Yen, would become the pro-tem leader.

Chiang, a generally inaccessible man, remains in absolute control of Taiwan's affairs, and no one of his close relatives—his younger brother, Chiang Wei-kuo, who is president of the Armed Forces University, or either of his two sons—is regarded as a potential heir. "The spectrum may be slowly broadening, but so far this is just as much of a one-man show as it was under Chiang Kai-shek," says an American who has lived here many years. Unlike his father, however, Chiang Ching-kuo regularly travels around the countryside, visiting factories, rural areas, and ordinary people elsewhere, in what is an apparent effort to "humanize" his regime and at the same time emphasize the benefits of economic growth and the rising standard of living.

Almost all the intellectuals I spoke with displayed a bland acceptance of the current power structure: it was clear that they were keenly aware of just how far they could go in criticizing the government while maintaining an independent position. Among them were Taiwanese who have joined the Kuomintang but have tried to keep their Taiwanese identities. One of those who enjoy considerable latitude because they know exactly the shoals they have to navigate is Dean Heng-tse Tu, of the College of Arts of Tunghai University, in Taichung—Taiwan's third-largest city, south of Taipei. Tu, who also writes a column, mostly on international affairs, for one of the leading newspapers, which, though friendly to the government, is classified as independent, told me that censorship has been relaxed in recent years, and that a lot can be said by indirection or with careful qualification. Recently, for example, he wrote a column that dealt with the likelihood of United States recognition of Peking and the possibility that Washington might give the Communists some military aid of a technological nature, such as communications equipment. He was able to mention such touchy subjects because the point he was making was that Taiwan



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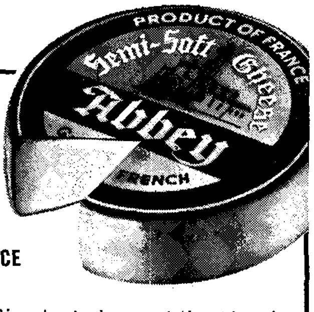

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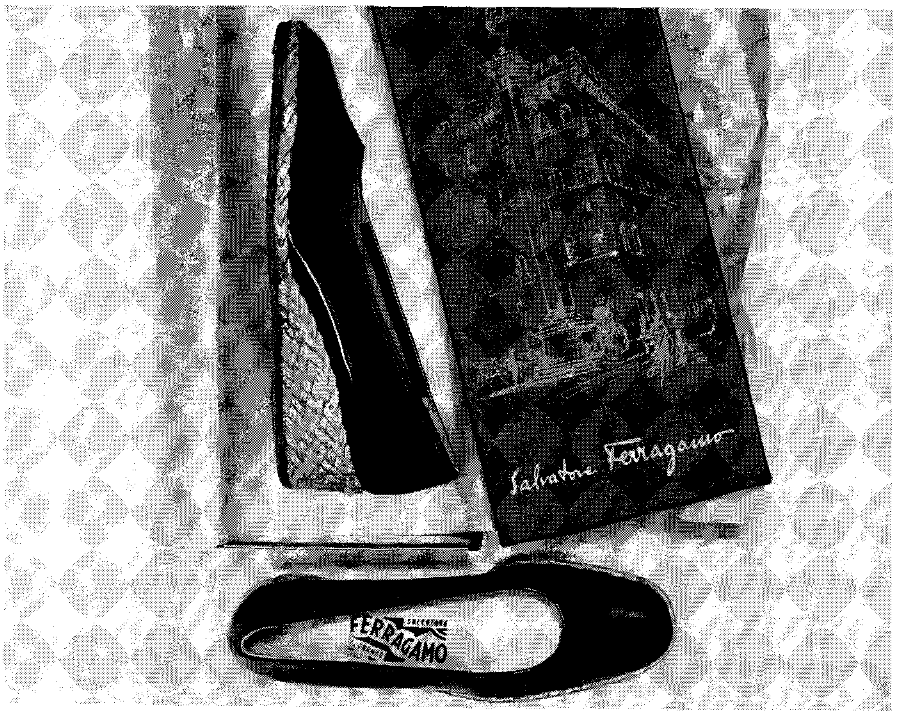
should prepare itself for these eventualities. "The government is more liberal than it used to be, but there is still a lot of toughness underneath," he told me. "Even the critics of Chiang Ching-kuo, however, admit that we need strong leadership today, because the situation is so critical, and he's the only one around to provide it." Tu and others I spoke with admitted that student freedom is circumscribed and that individual students suspected of engaging in political activity are carefully watched by the ubiquitous, if generally discreet, security apparatus. This consists of at least half a dozen different agencies, headed by a National Security Council, which acts as a sort of coordinating group, controlling the Ministry of Justice Investigation Bureau, a sort of Federal Bureau of Investigation; the huge Garrison Command, which runs military security; the National Police Administration, which does ordinary police work throughout Taiwan; and various agencies in charge of security with regard to railways, communications, industrial establishments, and so on. All of them interlock to some degree but are also rivals, and Chiang Ching-kuo, who under his father was the top security man in the country and is an expert in the field, frequently plays one agency off against another. "It's a very complete setup," one American observer says. "The hand is less heavy and more subtle than it was, and if you watch your step you can get away with quite a lot."

Others I talked with maintained that the fist beneath the velvet glove is just as heavily mailed as it always has been. Executions of political prisoners, which are said to have numbered several hundred in the fifties and sixties, seldom occur anymore—only a few are known to have taken place in the past few years, for sabotage, sedition, or espionage—but ordinary criminals are still executed, and early last year, when a wave of armed robberies and rapes occurred, about a dozen people were put to death; the crime rate subsequently went down. Political prisoners are held on an island off the south coast; many of the ordinary criminals are on another not far away. When I asked an American friend if he thought Taiwan should be classified as a police state, he hedged, saying that it depended on how you define the term. "Except for the two big taboos, you can say almost anything you want, and you can move around freely and work anywhere you want," he said. "But there's no doubt that if you get out of line you get slapped down. Big



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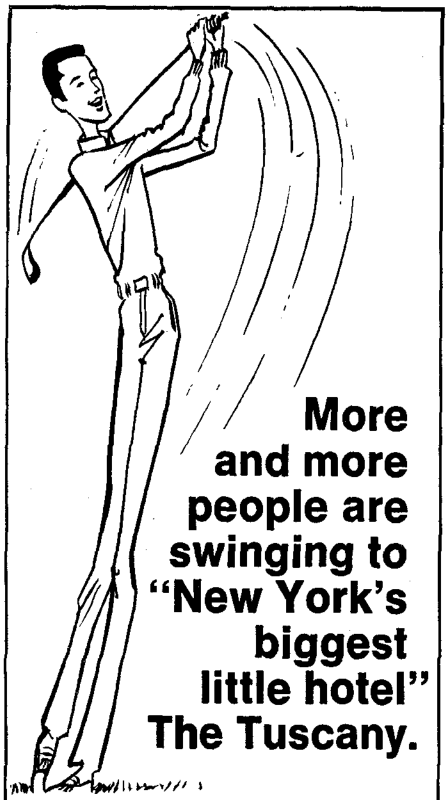
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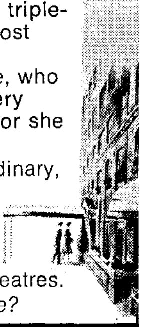

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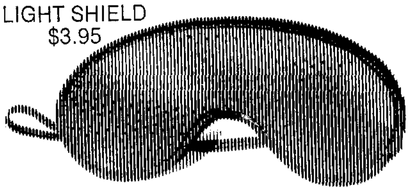

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Brother is still very much around."

This judgment seemed borne out by two discussions I had with a group of graduate students at one of Taiwan's major universities, during which I strongly suspected that despite their apparent willingness to discuss the political future they were somehow both holding back and putting me on. They thought that Taiwanization was proceeding apace, they said, and felt that, whether they came from Taiwanese or mainland families, they belonged to one people. A new drive for independence was unlikely, they added, though they could foresee a deal with Peking whereby Taiwan would become an autonomous part of China for a stated period. As potential bureaucrats in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs and other ministries (I gathered that this was how most of *them* regarded themselves), they thought in terms of survival, but even though international law and diplomacy were the subjects most of them were pursuing, they didn't seem to have any ideas about the conditions under which Taiwan could survive internationally.

Indeed, Dr. Wei Yung, the deputy director of the Institute of International Relations, which is a quasi-official organization, was one of only a few people I saw who were thinking ahead specifically in such terms, including ways in which Taiwan could retain some formal ties with nations that recognized Peking. "The problem of devising means of multiple recognition and representation for a divided nation is a difficult one, but it can be solved, as the history of such countries as Korea, Vietnam, and Germany has shown," Dr. Wei said. He suggested that the policy of recognizing two Germanys, for example, might be applied in the case of China and Taiwan, or, alternatively, that the United States might support the principle of unity between Taiwan and the People's Republic without promoting it, and that Taiwan could thereby "continue to have substantive relations, if not complete substantive diplomacy, with the rest of the world."

IF manifestations of student power are slight in Taiwan, under the circumstances of constant subtle surveillance, there are a few reformers and mavericks enlivening the scene. A small group of lawyers, for example, has started a legal-aid service for the indigent; and a young woman in her thirties named Annette Lu, who has an American law degree, is active in promoting women's rights. Among other things, she has sponsored a series of workshops on the role of women in

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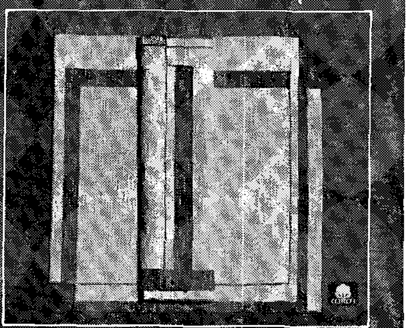

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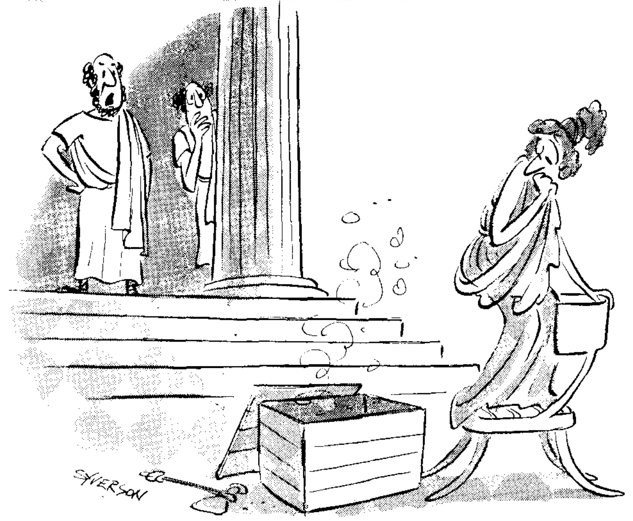
Chinese society, launched a publishing house that has so far issued five books on women's rights (translations of American and British books), and instituted a telephone service called "Protect You," for women in need of social counselling and as a hot line to prevent or deter rape. According to Allen Choate, the representative of the Asia Foundation office in Taiwan, which has supported Miss Lu's endeavors, she has so far been able to get away with her ambitious activities, but both she and the foundation have been questioned by security officers, who don't quite know what to make of her. Choate believes that sooner or later the books she is distributing will probably be banned, despite the fact that Taiwan, which has never endorsed the Universal Copyright Convention, is renowned for pirating books on virtually any subject.

There is very little literature of merit here, and not much art, though in the past year a local folk artist has suddenly become something of a popular hero. His name is Hung Tung, and he is a fisherman in his fifties who started making Grandma Moses-like sketches in his son's school copybooks one day and decided he was a born artist. After filling half a dozen copybooks with drawings and paintings, he showed them to a well-known local painter, who sponsored him but got nowhere until the United States Information Service in Taipei became interested. It gave Hung an exhibition that broke all attendance records, with lines a block long outside the exhibition hall. Hung thereupon astounded everyone by refusing to sell any of his works and returning to his village, near Tainan, where he is still sketching and painting away and waiting for the government to grant his only wish—that he be given "a house with a roof that doesn't leak."

What impresses the visitor to Taiwan more than anything else is the frenzy of economic activity, which is what the island prides itself on most highly, and which remains the basis of its determination to survive. Riding by train from Taipei south to Taichung and then on to Kaohsiung, the second-largest city, one sees construction going on everywhere and Bruegel-like activity all over the countryside, where every inch of land is planted. Starting in 1972, the year after Peking's entry into the United Nations, when Taiwan's world political fortunes were at their lowest ebb, Chiang Ching-kuo launched a seven-billion-dollar construction program, backed by foreign loans and involving ten major projects, among them railway electrifica-



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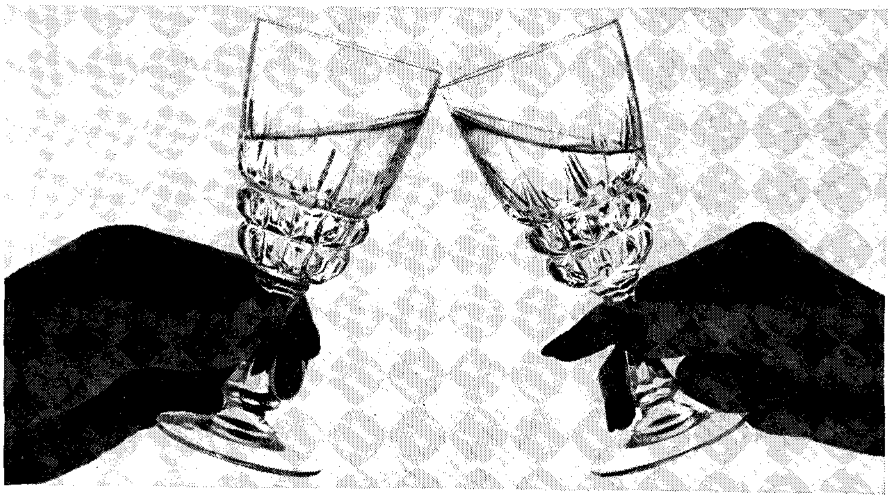

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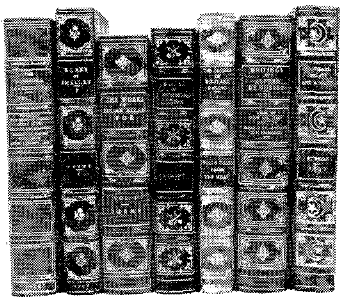

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tion, new highways, a new port complex at Taichung, and the building of a steel mill, a petrochemical plant, and a big shipyard in Kaohsiung, and a new airport near Taipei. All the projects are now under way, some are finished, and the rest are supposed to be finished by 1980. The ten projects afforded work to thousands of people at a time of recession. Wages, incidentally, are still amazingly low here, with ordinary factory workers making only sixty dollars or so a month, though as the economy moves from a labor-intensive to a technology-intensive one, labor costs will rise, and some industrial wages have already started to increase. Unions, however, remain captives of the companies, and whatever bargaining takes place is usually over fringe benefits, not wages. Even aside from the fact that urbanization has brought a host of problems—housing among them—which the government has hardly begun to solve, there is some doubt about whether all the economic expansion is necessary or advisable, and one wonders what will become of all the new embellishments if the Communists take over and try to incorporate this capitalist society into their own regimented economic structure, with its emphasis on communal agriculture and highly organized factory production. No one in Taiwan is looking that far ahead, though—or, if anyone is, he doesn't admit it. The new Taichung port, which is to include a separate satellite city—one of five being planned on the island—and the Kaohsiung shipyard, capable of building ships of up to a million tons (at the moment, with shipbuilding in decline, only two four-hundred-and-fifty-thousand-ton tankers are being built), are impressive examples of Taiwan's zeal for modernization, but I could not help wondering what flag would eventually fly over them. There is an odd, unreal atmosphere about much of what one sees in Taiwan nowadays, especially for someone who, like me, saw the misery and mismanagement on the mainland in the declining days of the Kuomintang. If in many ways the island seems to be living on borrowed time, one comes away with the feeling that somehow, no matter what happens, the Chinese will manage, as the American diplomat said, to find a solution of their own, and somehow everything will be pieced together.

On one of my last afternoons in Taipei, I visited a number of temples with an American friend, Neal Donnelly, of the United States Information Service, who is a recognized authority

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on Far Eastern religious architecture. There are about eight thousand temples on Taiwan, and temple festivals and pilgrimages are being held constantly. Most of the temples honor Taoism—that comfortable, all-embracing, harmonious religion—but many of them also feature Buddhist shrines and shrines devoted to simple ancestor worship, and welcome any and all worshippers, who each year give millions of dollars in offerings to the gods of the soil, the kitchen, and other aspects of existence, seeking support or advice in regard to such matters as crops, business, marriage, and children. Many of the newer temples are unattractive, gewgaw constructions, demonstrating what another American friend describes as a local "talent for the tasteless;" they are also justifiably regarded by the government as rackets, and it has recently threatened to tax them unless they donate at least part of their huge incomes to charity or public services. But some, such as the hundred-year-old Kuan Yu temple, in Taipei, contain beautiful shrines, old carvings, and other art objects. We were there at noon, and the courtyards and shrine chambers were crowded with men and women lighting joss sticks and making offerings to the gods and goddesses. It was a bit like a lottery, I thought, and then it struck me that the whole procedure of obeisance and worship was not unlike the Mao worship and the whole litany of discipline I had witnessed not long before on the mainland—which in competitive political terms, and in terms of personal survival under Communism, is a lottery, too. If one is the old China and the other is the new China, representing two different ways of life, the Chinese everywhere remain Chinese and retain their historic sense of a common destiny, whether they murmur prayers or mumble the dialectical incantations of class struggle. The Taoists of Taiwan and the Maoists of the mainland, whether or not they reach a reasonable accommodation soon or later, will surely endure, one way or another, as Chinese.

—ROBERT SHAPLEN

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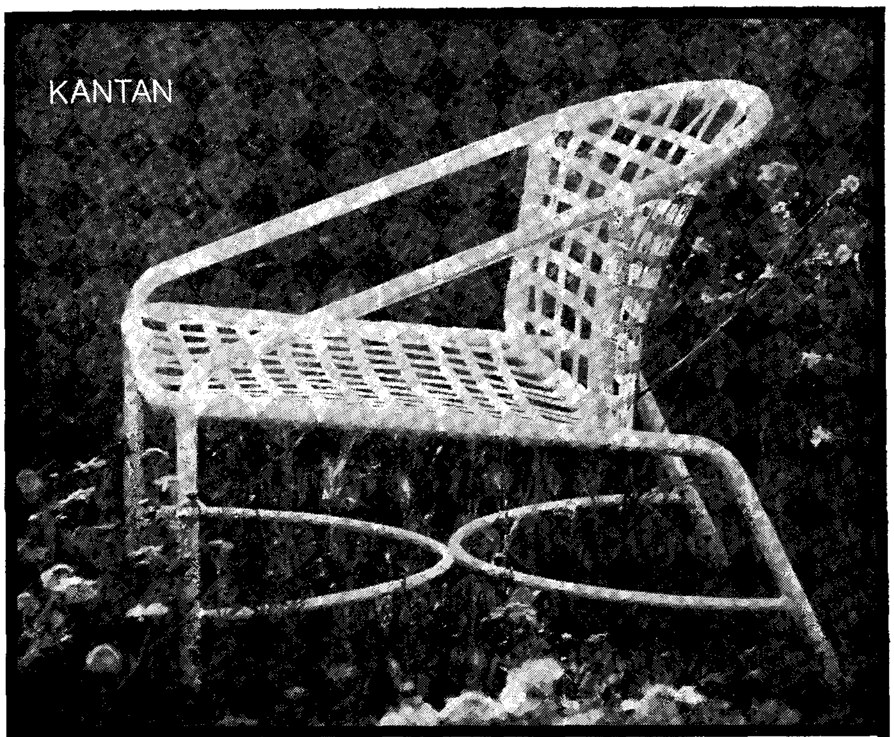

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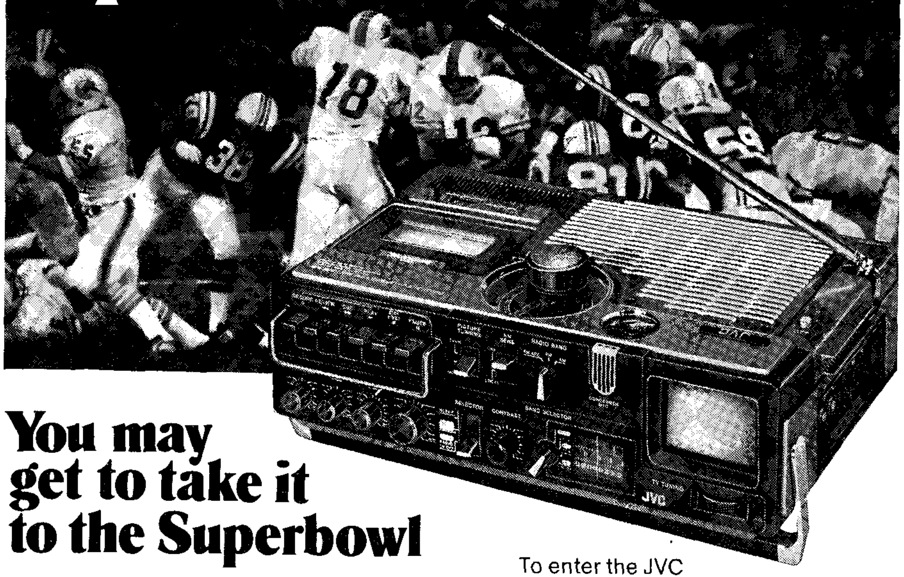

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Low-Country Festival

TO Charleston, South Carolina, Gian Carlo Menotti has brought what seems to be America's first full festival modelled after a common European pattern: densely packed days of music, drama, and dance in the principal theatres, churches, halls, parks, and gardens of an attractive and interesting city; of important premières and new productions; of exhibitions, lectures, pageants, and parties; of sunshine and celebration shared by the inhabitants and their visitors, and showers easily endured because there is plenty to see and hear indoors. It is the kind of event found on the largest scale in Salzburg, Edinburgh, Holland (where for three weeks in summer the whole country holds a festival), and Adelaide, and on a large scale in York, Aldeburgh, Bath, Brighton, Harrogate, Leeds, the City of London, and many other British towns. Britons seem to be especially fond of festivals.

The twelve-day festival in Charleston is entitled "Spoleto Festival U.S.A."—which is hard on Charleston. But presumably no neat title could be devised to indicate that this is at once a Charleston festival and an American edition of the Festival of Two Worlds, which Menotti founded in Spoleto, an Umbrian hill town, in 1958. It is not a simple copy or a direct translation, but it does borrow many of the ingredients that have made the Spoleto festival so successful. The two towns are very different. Spoleto has a center, a meeting place—the Piazza del Duomo, on which stand the cathedral, a theatre, palaces, cafés, restaurants, and the festival offices. The aspect of the city is part Etruscan, part medieval, with Roman and Renaissance elements. The streets are steep and irregular. Down vistas framed by buildings of sun-baked stone or from terraces and belvederes one looks to the beautiful countryside below. At festival time, the night air is lime-scented. In the words of the eleventh Britannica, "there are . . . few medieval towns with so picturesque an appearance." In 217 B.C., Spoleto repulsed an attack by Hannibal; it recalls the incident in the name of one of its gates. In 1670, Charleston was founded under and named for Charles II, but most of its older buildings are Georgian. It is a pretty town, unlike any other, as individual as Aldeburgh, Wexford, or Aix-en-Provence, and therefore, like them, a good festival place. On the southern tip, at least, of the flat, river-girt peninsula on which Charleston stands, the description in that old Britannica still holds: "The streets are shaded with the live oak and the linden, and are ornamented with the palmetto; and the quaint specimens of colonial architecture, numerous pillared porticoes, spacious verandas—both upper and lower—and flower gardens made beautiful with magnolias, palmettoes, azaleas, jessamines, camelias and roses, give the city a peculiarly picturesque character." That is south of Broad Street. There, one still walks on stone or brick sidewalks, along streets of houses where people live. North of Broad Street, where the hotels, restaurants, and shops are, where visitors stay, and where most of the festival events take place, the city has been less lovingly cared for. The sidewalks are often of concrete. Although many fine churches, temples, halls, and houses from Charleston's brilliant past remain here, too—Georgian, neoclassical, occasionally Gothic—they are punctuated by weedy wastelands. One looks for parks and sees parking lots. Here, the place resembles a once beautiful town badly bombed in a war and not yet restored. Charleston *was* badly damaged in the Civil War, and again, in 1886, by an earthquake, but some of the destruction is modern. The grand neoclassical Charleston Hotel, designed in the manner of Schinkel—possibly by a pupil of his—and admired by Thackeray, was not long ago pulled down and replaced by a motel whose architecture compels no admiration. Still, other cities have fared worse. The Charleston skyline is still dominated by spires, and the picturesqueness remains. I was there for only four days, fully occupied, and cannot report on the beaches, plantations, manors, and gardens, reached easily only by car, not by bus. Bikes can readily be rented, but the ride to Middleton Place or Drayton Hall is a long one to tackle in hot weather. The churches, halls, and theatres are within walking distance of one another, as in a festival town they should be.

Spoleto uses two theatres—the Teatro Nuovo, seating less than nine hundred, for the big productions, and the Teatro Caio Melisso, seating about four hundred, for smaller operas, recitals, and plays. Charleston also uses two theatres. Its "Teatro Nuovo" is a huge place—the Gaillard Municipal Auditorium, built in 1967, and seating over twenty-seven hundred. The stage is a little larger than that of the Teatro Nuovo, but the wing space is less and the pit is small. It is an ugly, graceless building (though during the festival its bleak, institution-like lobby was cheered by a bright show of contemporary South Carolina quilts). The auditorium within, not unpleasing to the eye, has lively, clear acoustics; nevertheless, it is hard for opera to make a strong impact in so large a space, and Menotti announced that he is seeking a smaller house to use in future years. Charleston's "Caio Melisso," the city-owned Dock Street Theatre, has a closer correspondence to its Spoleto counterpart. It seats four hundred and sixty-three people. But where the Caio Melisso is in the traditional horseshoe shape, tiered high with boxes, the Dock Street Theatre, built in 1937 as a W.P.A. venture, follows the lines of a Georgian playhouse. Its façade and foyers remain from an early-nineteenth-century hotel that once filled the site; before the hotel, there was a playhouse, which opened in 1736. (Kean, Macready, and Junius and Edwin Booth all used to play seasons in Charleston.) The new Dock Street Theatre is intimate, handsome, and convenient. Within the pews there are not hard benches but comfortable modern seats. Auditorium and proscenium are richly panelled with black cypress rubbed until it looks smooth and warm.

IN the Gaillard Auditorium two operas were done: Tchaikovsky's "The Queen of Spades," billed for five performances, and Menotti's "The Consul," billed for three. "The Queen of Spades" was a restaging of a production given at Spoleto last year. The three principals—Patricia Craig as Lisa, Jack Trussel as Hermann, and Magda Olivero as the Countess—were the same, and so was the conductor, Guido Ajmone-Marsan, but whereas in Spoleto the work was sung in an Italian translation, in Charleston it was sung in an English one (uncredited; apparently a local revision of Boris Goldovsky's). Miss Craig was clear and efficient, but her bearing, her timbre, and her pronunciation were not cultivated. Mr. Trussel was very clear; he has the kind of *voce fissa* that Italian audiences dislike and Anglo-Saxon audiences admire (Martinelli exemplified it)—strongly projected and precisely focussed, not vibrant or voluptuous. If he learns to be gentle and caressing (as Martinelli

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could be) as well as incisive, he should be a notable interpreter of such roles as Don Alvaro, Don Carlos, possibly Tannhäuser. Though handicapped by a blond principal-boy wig—Hermann is surely a Byronic hero in the raven-locked line of Rochester, Heathcliff, and Edgar of Ravenswood—his acting was impassioned and interesting. Miss Olivero's voice was threadbare and her performance ridiculously histrionic; in the bedroom scene she flung Hermann halfway across the stage. Mr. Ajmone-Marsan was a flamboyant, impassioned young conductor, readier to whip up excitement than to shape long, supple lines of unhurried cantabile. He should study the way Medea Mei-Figner, Tchaikovsky's Lisa, phrases her second aria. (So should Miss Craig.) But he is promising, and if he seemed rather often to impose himself between the work and its audience, the lighting was partly to blame: he was raised high; two spotlights played upon him throughout the evening; he was more brightly lit than anyone on the stage. But the sum of this "Queen of Spades" was in fact far more enjoyable than an account of its main ingredients might suggest. Filippo Sanjust designed and directed an intelligent, unfussy production. His sets—largely high, blank walls with tall doors and windows—were simple, almost stark, but impressive. Each of the scenes had a distinct character, but they composed into a gripping sequence. Dominant colors were subtly chosen for dramatic effect. The St. Petersburg Summer Garden of the start was a sepia print animated; gradually the individual characters took shape within it. The mingling of naturalism and hallucination was skillfully achieved, except at the Countess's ghostly appearance in Hermann's barrack room; that was feebly done. Above all, the tone of the production was right. Narrative, sentiment, spectacle, and melodrama were in balance. The director never drew attention to his own cleverness; imaginatively yet unobtrusively he served the composer. The Westminster Choir, from Princeton, was an excellent chorus. Mariana Paunova brought a rich contralto to the role of Pauline, and Charles Long was a resonant but insufficiently silken Yeletsky. Most of the words were clear; they were not always well shaped. (Hermann sang "desire" as three distinct syllables, and "fire" as two.) The long, beautiful opera was given almost uncut, and seemed short.

For ten years, Menotti kept his own works off the Spoleto bills, but then

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"The Saint of Bleecker Street," in 1968, was followed by "The Medium," "The Unicorn, the Gorgon, and the Manticore," "The Consul," "Tamu-Tamu," "The Telephone," and "The Old Maid and the Thief." Many festivals have grown up around composer-directors—Bayreauth around Wagner, Aldeburgh around Britten, Montepulciano around Hans Werner Henze. (The latest in the series, remote in the Orkneys, where Peter Maxwell Davies lives, is the St. Magnus Festival; this month, Davies' new opera, "The Martyrdom of St. Magnus," has its première there.) Menotti believes in his music, and makes a good case for it. Even a critic who finds much of "The Consul" tawdry and facile also finds, willy-nilly, that some of it remains emotionally affecting. The Charleston production was expertly directed by the composer, in scenery, by Carey Wong, borrowed from the Portland Opera. Marvellee Cariaga was a powerful Magda Sorel, and Sandra Walker a charmingly dapper Secretary. Christopher Keene—not spotlit—conducted with spirit.

MENOTTI is artistic director of the festival. Mr. Keene is its musical director. The Spoleto Festival Orchestra, like the Westminster Choir, is student—expert young players gathered from all over the country. (They go on to perform at Spoleto itself in June and July.) The choir was worked hard: besides singing in "The Queen of Spades" and "The Creation," it gave two church concerts. The orchestra was worked even harder: it played for both of the operas, for the Eliot Feld Ballet, for "The Creation," and in orchestral concerts. From this orchestra is drawn the Spoleto Festival Ensemble, which gave four afternoon concerts. The Spoleto Festival Brass Quintet gave twelve recitals, in various locations. Thirteen afternoon concerts, at three or five o'clock, formed a series called "Intermezzi;" besides the choir, the ensemble, and the brass quintet, the University of South Carolina Trio, organists, and a mandolinist took part in them. Most mornings, at eleven, there was a lecture on some aspect of the festivities. There were ten informal chamber-music concerts at midday, given in the Dock Street Theatre. The midday concerts in the Caio Melisso, devised by Charles Wadsworth, who is also their beaming compere, have long been a hit of the parent festival. And the Charleston series, co-directed by Mr. Wadsworth and Peter Serkin, was a hit,

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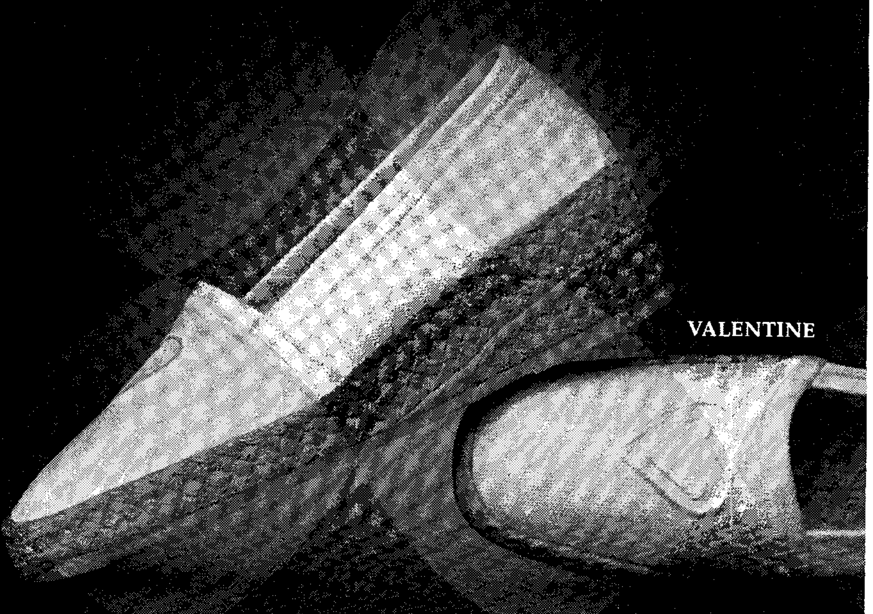

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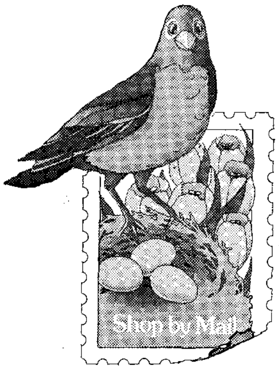

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too. Although there were no new discoveries to be made—at Spoleto concerts Jessye Norman, Pinchas Zukerman, Christoph Eschenbach, and Robert Szidon first came to international attention—young artists of known excellence played never less than agreeably and often with distinction. There was a pool of eleven instrumentalists and one soprano, topped up with occasional guests, such as Gerard Schwarz, who laid down his baton (he was in Charleston as conductor of the Feld Ballet) to take up his trumpet. On nine of the afternoons, there were also "mini-festivals," admission free, which took various forms: Greek food, dances, and music on the grounds of the College of Charleston; puppets, a parade, and storytellers in a grassy city square; Low-country cooking and music, and more storytelling, in a city park. The first mini-festival spread through thirteen Charleston churches; I took the chance to go organ-hopping, and heard recitals on two good modern instruments and on the Henry Erben organ (1845) in the Huguenot Church. (Charleston once had sixteen Erben organs; two survive, but one is in the restorers' hands.)

There was plenty to do. Dance was presented by the Feld company in the Auditorium and by the Ohio Ballet on the Cistern of the College of Charleston. This Cistern is the principal open-air stage of the festival—a very large filled-in tank set before a giant portico built in 1850 and designed by the versatile Edward Brickell White (whose work greets one at every turn in Charleston) as an addition to an 1828 college building by William Strickland (the architect of Philadelphia's Custom House and Merchants' Exchange). A broad, tree-shaded lawn stretches in front. It is a pleasant spot but not a good stage for dance. Feet were invisible. Trees and lighting towers impeded the view. The music was coarsely amplified to carry in the open air. I caught up with Feld's "A Footstep of Air," which I had missed in New York (such catching up is another pleasure that festivals often provide), enjoyed again his slight, elegant "Harbinger," and also enjoyed the Ohio Ballet's buoyant account of Paul Taylor's "Aureole." A galaxy of new dances (by Balanchine, Ashton, Tetley, and others) and revivals (Duncan, Shawn, the young Ninette de Valois) to music by Scriabin, with eminent performers from all over, was due on the penultimate day—Scriabin Day—with three concerts of his music, too: chamber music, piano music, and,

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at midnight, the music-and-light composition "Prometheus," lit by Thomas Skelton. Mr. Skelton lit almost all the Charleston shows, maintaining a poetic and imaginative level that puts Lincoln Center's follow-spot brigade to shame.

At the Dock Street Theatre, there was a new play, Simon Gray's "Molly"—not really new, however, but a refashioning for the stage of his early television play "Death of a Teddy Bear." Four characters hard to believe in are roughed out in dialogue of "Mousetrap" banality; they are données of the plot rather than personages—though Tom Waites, a young actor of forceful personality, made his role almost credible. "Black Medea," a play by Ernest Ferlita, was due to follow. There were eleven big-band jazz concerts featuring the North Texas State University 1:00 O'Clock Lab Jazz Band. There were ten afternoon film shows. Over on Kiawah Island, "Green Pond," a musical show, was played eight times. There were many art exhibitions—notable among them one of theatrical drawings from the Janos Scholz collection and another of designs for Diaghilev ballets from the Serge Lifar collection.

BY Spoleto standards, the fare was perhaps unadventurous. The first Spoleto festival included a Verdi "Macbeth" directed by Visconti, two operatic world premières, new ballets by Jerome Robbins and John Butler, and a production of Daudet's "L'Arlésienne" with Bizet's music. At the second festival, there was Prokofiev's "The Fiery Angel" (a little-known opera at the time), Donizetti's "Le Duc d'Albe," and new plays by Tennessee Williams and William Inge. In 1962, Shirley Verrett sang her first Carmen there. The list of Spoleto firsts is long. The Charleston fare, if less novel than Spoleto's, was nevertheless abundant, varied, and nourishing; and in any case a festival in its first year is not fairly weighed against the remembered highlights of another nearly twenty years old. Charleston was a success. No one could doubt that who saw and became a part of the happy, interested audiences thronging the shows. This cisatlantic Spoleto will surely go from strength to strength, and if the city-festival idea takes root and flourishes here as it has in Europe, no doubt Columbia, Charlotte, Charlottesville, and many other places will be wanting a similar festival, too.

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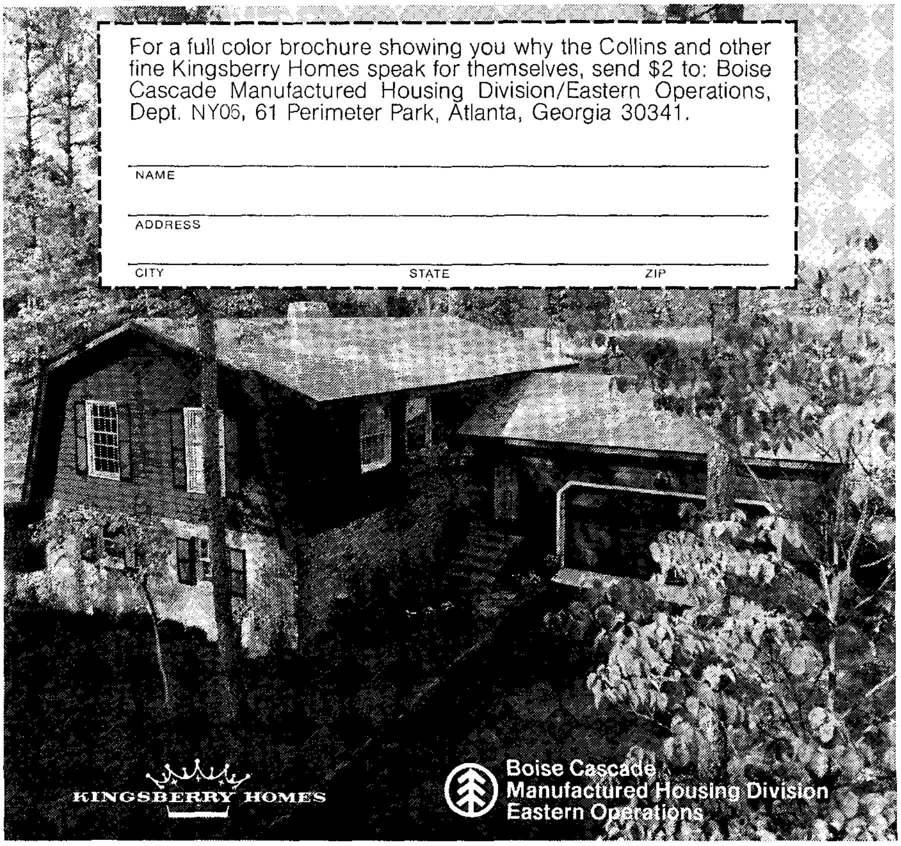

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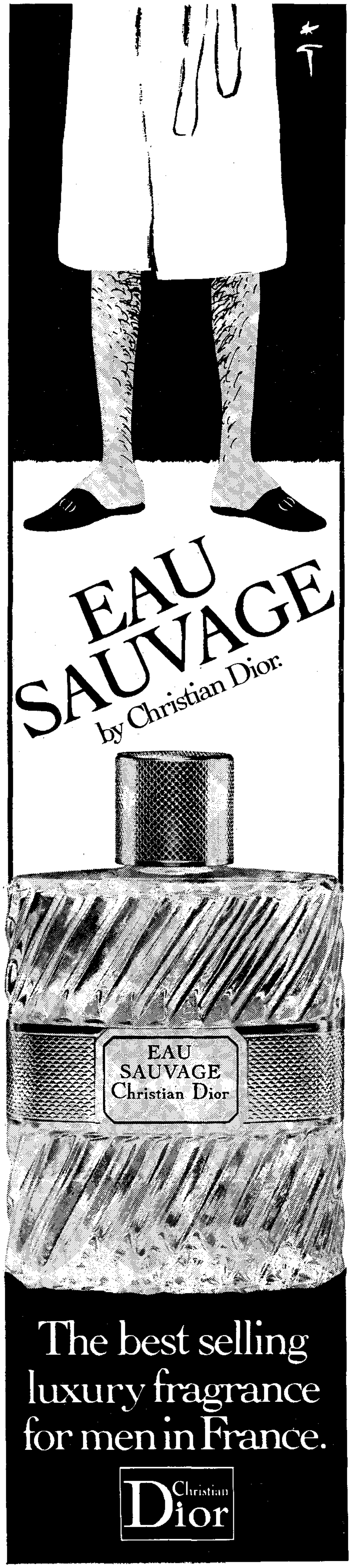

THE RACE TRACK

Forego's Metropolitan

FOREGO won the Metropolitan Handicap at Belmont Park on Memorial Day. The big fellow gave a crowd of 45,647 a nerve-tingling performance. Taking his time after the gate opened, he was tenth of the twelve starters at the first quarter, and still tenth at the half—Shoemaker had let him go his own gait, even though Barrera, a speedball who had run six furlongs in the amazing time of 1:07⅗ at Hollywood Park, was winging away lengths in the lead. Then Forego began to roll. Swinging into the stretch in the middle of the track, he swept past the leaders to win by two lengths from Co Host, to whom he gave twenty-two pounds—Forego was carrying 133. Full Out, to whom he gave eighteen, was third. The time was 1:34⅘, the same as when he won last year. The fractions were 0:23, 0:45⅕, 1:10⅕. Barrera, who led to the stretch, finished eleventh. Soy Numero Uno, thought to be a contender, was outrun.

It was Forego's fourth Metropolitan; he was second in 1974, third in 1975. Last year, he carried 130 pounds. First money in the race this year was $68,640, which, with the $15,000 he picked up in his gallop on opening day, brought his earnings in fifty starts, of which he won thirty-one, to $1,738,857. This moves him into third place, behind Round Table, with $1,749,869, and Kelso, who heads the list of great money-winners, with $1,977,896. If Forego sweeps the Big Three handicap races by winning the Suburban and the Brooklyn Handicaps, the former on Independence Day and the latter on July 23rd—and I am rooting hard for him—he will need only one or two more gallops to reach the top, which would please Mrs. Martha Gerry, who owns him, and Frank Whiteley, who trains him, no end.

THE strike of pari-mutuel workers, which upset racing at Aqueduct and Belmont Park for over a week, was settled on Memorial Day. A bargaining session that had lasted eighteen hours ended barely in time for the men to get back to their jobs. No details of the new two-year contract were available, but no doubt they included a boost in pay; ticket-sellers had been getting sixty-five dollars a day and cashiers seventy-one dollars, with extras running up to fifteen per cent. Members of the Independent Association of Mutuel Employees, a union not affiliated with any other, had walked out at the close of racing at Aqueduct on Thursday, May 19th. The Friday and Saturday cards were cancelled. The New York Racing Association countered with the announcement that Belmont's summer meeting would open as scheduled on May 23rd but that there would be no admission or parking-lot charges and that every patron would receive a program compliments of the management. However, there would be no betting at the track—anyone who wanted a flutter on his fancy would have to do it at one of the OTB shops. The weather was fine, Belmont never looked more beautiful on an opening day, Forego was to make his first appearance of the season in a race that would wind him up for the Metropolitan, and the rest of the card was first-class. But only 7,514 people came out to wander through the empty stands. Among them were some Moonlight Charlies, as bookmakers who operate at hunt-club meetings, where there is no tote, are called. The Pinkertons caught three. Attendance dropped even lower the next three days. On the fourth day, the management opened the tote at the track, using administrative personnel as ticket-sellers and cashiers. Attendance soared to 8,243. On Saturday, 17,974 guests of the management were in the stands for the Acorn Stakes (won by Bring Out the Band) and the eight other races. They bet $1,618,948. OTB handled $2,538,224. Had a settlement not been reached, I think Belmont would have closed.

THE Derby, England's most important horse race, run as usual at Epsom Downs on the first Wednesday in June, was won this year by The Minstrel, a Canadian colt by Northern Dancer, bred by E. P. Taylor, trained by Vincent O'Brien, and ridden by Lester Piggott. How's that for a combination? Well, Nijinsky, winner of England's Triple Crown in 1970, was also by Northern Dancer, bred by Taylor, trained by O'Brien, and ridden by Piggott. Twenty-two ran for the hundred-and-ninety-eighth Derby, and, from all accounts, Hot Grove went round Tattenham Corner looking the winner all over. But The Minstrel, under the handling of England's favorite jockey, wore him down and beat him by a neck. Blushing Groom, the favorite, was a distant third. It was Piggott's eighth Derby winner—a record—and the fifth that O'Brien has saddled. A partnership headed by Robert Sangster, who operates a major football pool, gave $200,000 for the colt as a yearling.

THINGS went back to normal at Belmont after the holidays. Showers, however, kept the crowd down to 13,220 for the Peter Pan Stakes, the public trial for the Belmont Stakes on June 11th. It ended in a surprise. Spirit Level, a colt from the Meadow Stable, who had run only four times, in moderate company, raced Sanhedrin down the stretch and beat him by a head. As you may know, after Sanhedrin had finished third in the Derby, he skipped the Preakness to be prepared specially for the Belmont, and the Peter Pan was his big test. Experts say it was just what he needed to wind him up. We'll see.

EXCITING as the Metropolitan was, it might have been the most talked-of race so far this season had Forego and Seattle Slew met in it. Right after the Preakness Stakes, Billy Turner was thinking seriously of taking a leaf from Elliott Burch's book in training his horse for the Belmont. In 1959, Burch used the Metropolitan to put the proper edge on Sword Dancer for the Belmont. He used it again for Arts and Letters in 1969. Both horses won both races. Seattle Slew had just run a mile in the Preakness in 1:34⅖ and would have carried 119 pounds in the Metropolitan, seven less than he had carried in his last three races, but Turner's thought was dropped. A few critics believe that the mile and a half of the hundred-and-ninth Belmont will be too far for the big dark-bay colt. Well, Billy Turner worked with jumpers for years, training the fast ones to go a distance of two miles and farther, and I'm sure he hasn't forgotten how to do it. Seattle Slew will rise to the occasion.

—AUDAX MINOR

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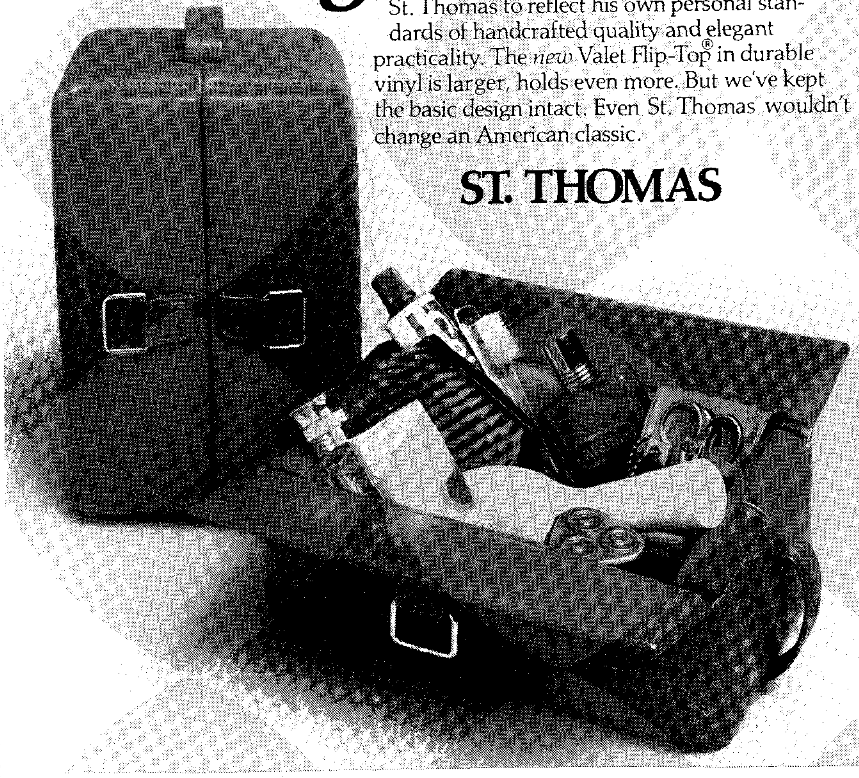

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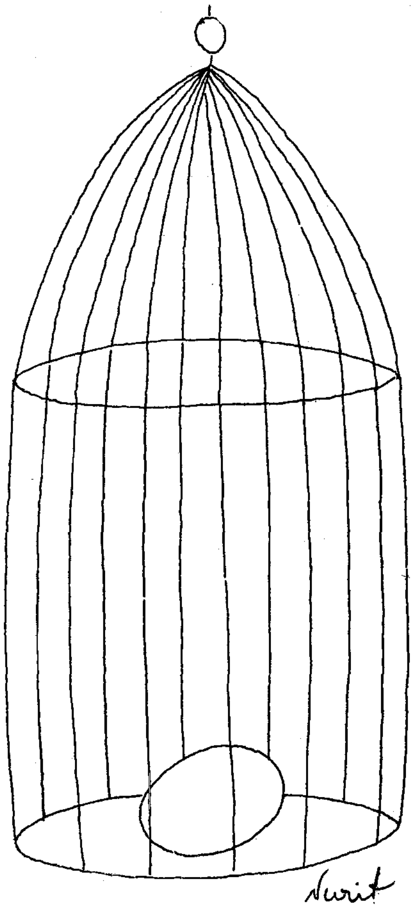
DANCING

White Turning Gray

WHEN a classic is lost—not forgotten but lost, right there on the stage in front of our eyes—we think one of two things must be true: either the performance is totally destructive or the work was not a classic to begin with. I watched Martha Graham's "Primitive Mysteries" (1931) die this season in what seemed, for the most part, to be scrupulous performances. The twelve girls looked carefully rehearsed. Sophie Maslow, who had supervised the previous revival, in the season of 1964-65, was again in charge. Everybody danced with devotion. Yet a piece that I would have ranked as a landmark in American dance was reduced to a tendentious outline; the power I remembered was no longer there. And some new and disturbing element had taken the place of the original content of the piece—a content I have largely to take on faith, because the performances I knew were only partial indications of it. Still, those performances had conviction, and what we see now on the stage of the Lunt-Fontanne Theatre is affectation—a portrait of a rather claustrophobic girls' dance troupe and its self-martyred leader. Undoubtedly, the piece always had undertones of preciousness. The undertones have become overtones.

We know that Graham's own performances are past recapturing, and we know, too, that the earlier Graham works, which were made on bodies that hadn't been prestretched and refined by ballet technique, are impossible to reconstruct without compromise. When "Primitive Mysteries" was last revived, with Yuriko leading the cast, the same things were said about it that had been said about the revival of 1947—that its performance was weak and inauthentic. But the Yuriko revival was one of the big events of the sixties for the younger members of the audience, whose only contact with the Graham of the thirties was the white-hot intensity of Barbara Morgan's photographs. "Primitive Mysteries" was Graham's first masterpiece of group composition, and it *is* very "white"—a few incisive strokes on a shadowless plain, organized to music by Louis Horst that sounds like a singing bone. It came about after a stay in the Southwest had exposed Graham and Horst to Mexican-Indian Catholic culture and the vestigial paganism of some of its ceremonies. The work, dealing with rites surrounding the Virgin, is divided into three parts—Hymn to the Virgin, Crucifixus, and Hosanna—which correspond to the Joyful, Sorrowful, and Glorious Mysteries of the Rosary. In 1964, as the dance unfolded on the stage one could settle into it and begin to understand the "pioneer" vision that the Graham of those days shared with Willa Cather and Georgia O'Keeffe. The formal rigor of the groupings in the Morgan photographs came to life with the force of revelation—no matter that the bodies weren't right. In the sixties, we could be impressed by the power of structure alone; perhaps that isn't enough now. Perhaps there's a statute of limitations on how long a work can be depended upon to force itself through the bodies of those who dance it.

One can pick at flaws in the present revival. The tempo, particularly of the crescendo in the Crucifixus, when the bison leaps turn into runs, seems too fast. The new ending, with the light fading on the final group pose instead of on the group's exit, is too romantic. And Janet Eilber, as the Virgin, floats about in her white capelet like a prom queen. Phyllis Gutelius does it better; with her dour white face tightly concentrating and her stick arms held out in archaic attitudes, she suggests one of those Mexican candy skeletons. But trying to say exactly why "Primitive Mysteries" doesn't work this time is like trying to say why Natalia Makarova isn't right in "Firebird." She should be precisely that "filmiest and most fairy-like actress-dancer" whom Carl Van Vechten in 1917 demanded in Fokine's ballet, but in spite of a new commitment to the role she just looks dutiful. And that's how the Graham dancers look in "Primitive Mysteries"—dutiful and a little hysterical. Luckily, a film of the Yuriko version was made, which shows something of the vitality the piece had.



The revival of "Plain of Prayer" (1968) was a pleasant surprise. This pseudo-Balinese / Thai / Javanese / Tibetan fable was never a major work, but Graham has overhauled it, and the current version is livelier than the original. The three look-alike goddesses who roam the stage in long white cloaks, the questing hero whom they baffle, the captive princess and her squad of keepers—all are ritualistically involved in some escapade we may dimly imagine we understand. Nothing is quite clear, but then nothing is quite serious. "Phaedra" (1962), which has also been revived, is still being taken more seriously than it deserves to be. It's Graham's X-rated treatment of Euripides; Noguchi provided the peep-show scenery. The Graham of today, who goes on making or remaking ballets for her dancers to perform, seems to me a much more clearheaded thinker than the Graham of the sixties. But it also seems that thinking isn't exactly the same as composing. Though the season's two new pieces are authoritatively fashioned, they are anonymous. "Shadows" is about former lovers who relive their affair in what seems to be a night club—the orchestra plays the Menotti score from an onstage cubicle. As in other ballets of this type, which derive from Graham precedents, there are the dancers who remember and the dancers who dance. Graham here imitates her imitators. And there are moments in "O Thou Desire Who Art About to Sing" (the title is from St. John Perse)—a piece for a man, a woman, and a length of cloth—that look like a parody of her parodists. Yet she's never as bad as some of her most devoted followers can be at their best.

WESTERNERS who are prepared to romanticize the People's Republic of China had better not look to the

Shanghai Ballet. As dancing, it's dull stuff, and only boobies could be moved by the freeze-dried emotions and the formula plots. Ballet doesn't seem to suit the Chinese temperament. The creators of "The White-Haired Girl" (who aren't named in the program) have made a systematic selection of steps and gestures from the Soviet repertory and used them to italicize political messages. (The ballet is about a peasant's daughter who escapes bondage and hides in the mountains, where her hair turns white. The seasons pass, and she is liberated by her boyfriend, who has joined Mao's army.) Naturally, there is a lot of righteous standing forth in piqué attitude with clenched hands raised to heaven or brandishing rifles. But the dance effects aren't allowed to carry the show. Arias are sung from the pit, and the propaganda is hammered in by revolutionary slogans projected on the backcloth or emblazoned on banners. I saw the Shanghai Ballet at the Salle Wilfrid-Pelletier, in Montreal, where the company appeared during its tour of Canada; every time a sign went up, applause burst forth, led by the Chinese in the audience. The other presentation on the tour was an even more hortatory program of music and dance highlights. Only half of the acts on the bill consisted of dancing; the songs were mostly of the wall-poster variety, with a few Canadian airs thrown in as encores. But the instrumental interludes were of real distinction—especially those consisting of ancient music performed on ancient instruments. The music for "The White-Haired Girl" was uncredited; presumably, like the choreography, it is a collective effort. It sounded like Puccini or Glazunov, but it was well played. However, when the musicians played folk melodies or music from the Sui or Ching dynasties they gave it a rhythmic force that was very different from the static tension of the ballet.

We heard some traditional music, but we never saw traditional dances. Why has the Cultural Revolution destroyed some of the arts of the "old society" and not others? Although the Peking Opera appears to have been demolished, the visit here in 1973 of Shenyang, the circus troupe, showed that as acrobats and illusionists the Chinese are still supreme. I'd gone to Montreal partly in the hope that some of the marvellous Shenyang acrobatics had crept into the ballet. When the landlord's henchmen attack the father of the White-Haired Girl in the first act, there is about thirty seconds' worth

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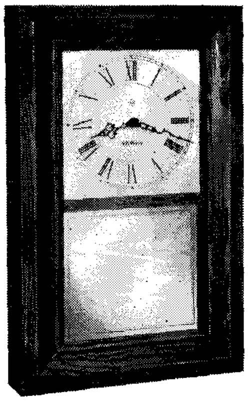

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of tumbling, and that's it. I should have known as much from my only previous experience of Red Chinese ballet—a film of the Peking company in "Red Detachment of Women." But this first Western tour of a Chinese ballet company had been preceded by a publicity barrage that made it sound as if the excommunication of Chiang Ching and her clique (the celebrated Gang of Four) had brought about far-reaching changes of artistic policy in the ballet. No one outside China seems to understand what these changes are, but it is obvious that no effort has been made to use the vigor and brilliance of traditional Chinese theatre—not even in the interests of propaganda. The result is that the propaganda is far less effective than it is in the Moiseyev dances, which do use the traditional skills of Russian performers. Dances on the variety program—such as "Militiawomen of the Grassland," which is the Shanghai version of "Partisans"—suggest a paler Moiseyev (and I mean even paler than the Moiseyev is now). "The White-Haired Girl" suggests a Bolshoi that never was. The People's Republic was colonized by Soviet dancers back in the fifties. But the technique has only been adopted, not worked through. And it has been censored. Turnout is prudishly restrained, the women dance in trousers, and the handling of their bodies in supported adagio is kept to a minimum. Male dancing is weak. There is such a thing, of course, as Russian Chinese ballet; it has produced one classic, "The Red Poppy," which is no longer given, for obvious reasons. Chinese Russian ballet is ersatz, a paper tiger.

THE structure of Twyla Tharp's latest work, "Mud," which was given its première at the Brooklyn Academy a few weeks ago, is as enigmatic as the title. A boy and a girl rush on and dance separately at furious speed for about a minute. When they leave, a decorous Mozart waltz begins and three girls in frilly dresses go on point—"dance" might not be the word—all over the stage in the jerky, discontinuous manner of the women's ensembles in "Push Comes to Shove," only with a good deal less technical control. Next, two couples execute ingenious tight patterns in silence. The women are on point, and at the end there are lifts and throws that seem calculated to outdo Jerome Robbins or John Cranko. One of the boys, Richard Colton, remains alone for a solo. Colton has a large head made larger

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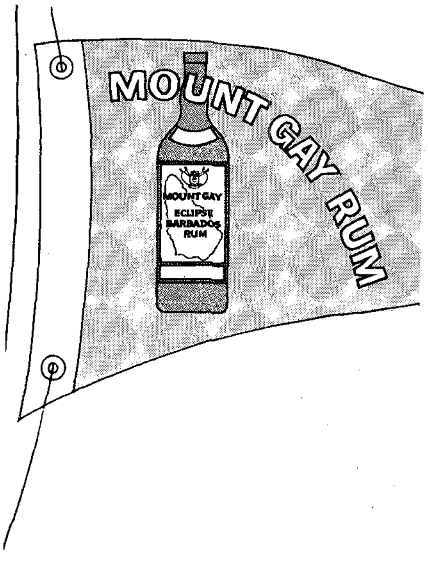

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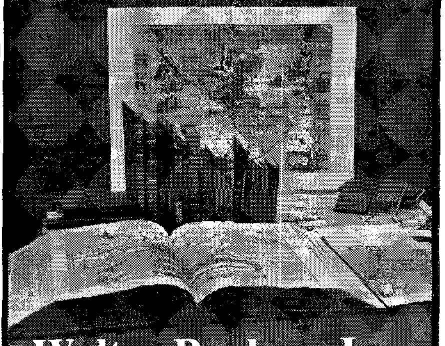

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by a ruff of curls, and a torso that diminishes into short legs. Tharp seems to see him here as a lyrical dancer (he dances to the Andante from a Mozart Divertimento), and his solo is filled with spirals and butter-smooth turns that suggest material for Sara Rudner. Rudner's finely proportioned body takes to such material; Colton's—fine for other dances, like "Cacklin' Hen"—seems to resist it. Shelley Washington, *not* on point, and wearing a big flower in her hair, joins him, and the two go into what looks like a conventional boy-girl duet with conventional romantic gestures—a rarity for Tharp. Then silence returns, and another quartet—composed, like the first, of two couples—takes the stage.

Until this moment, we've seen nothing that, Tharpian or un-Tharpian, we haven't seen before. The final quartet is outstanding in the audacity of its invention. If it didn't have real people in it (it has Rose Marie Wright, Jennifer Way, Tom Rawe, and Raymond Kurshals), I'd have guessed that Dubuffet made it, working in foam rubber. A cluster of dancers whirling, flopping, tumbling, continually displacing each other, it suggests a clown act fed by new possibilities of anatomical derangement. The deboned cast was perfect, and so were Santo Loquasto's clown-white costumes. His costumes for the other sections, also in white, didn't make as much sense, and the sporadic appearance of a botanical garden behind the dancing struck me as one of those "Let's try it" devices. Its peculiar indecisiveness—whether to have points or not, music or not, décor or not—makes "Mud" an awkward, flighty thing to watch. As a series of notebook studies, though, it is comprehensible. Only the point trio is unseemly—a good composition spoiled by some notion about toe shoes which never becomes clearly focussed. It's the first time I've seen Twyla Tharp be undeliberately amateurish.

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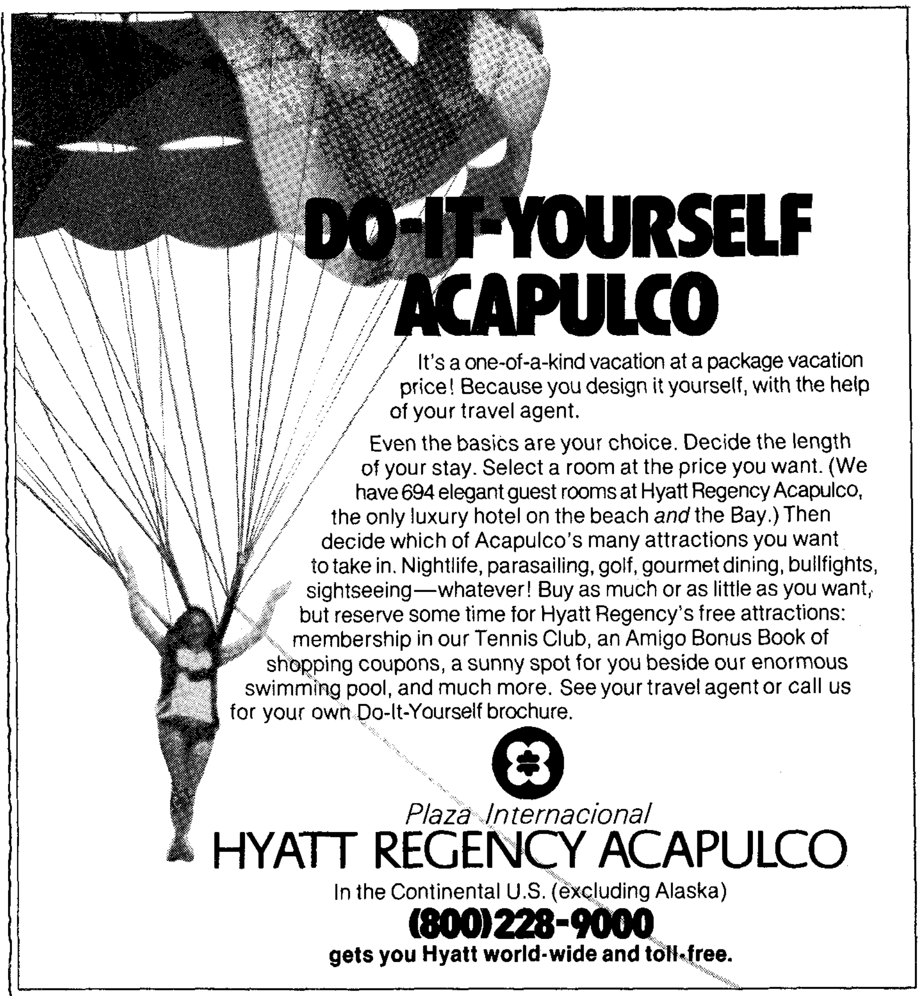
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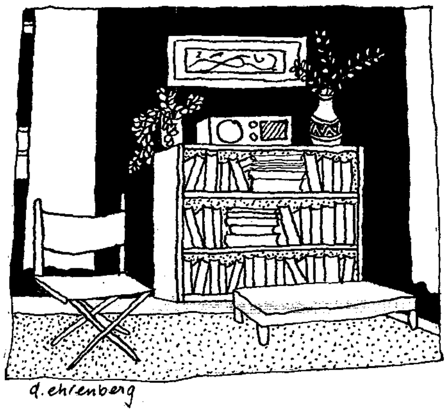
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

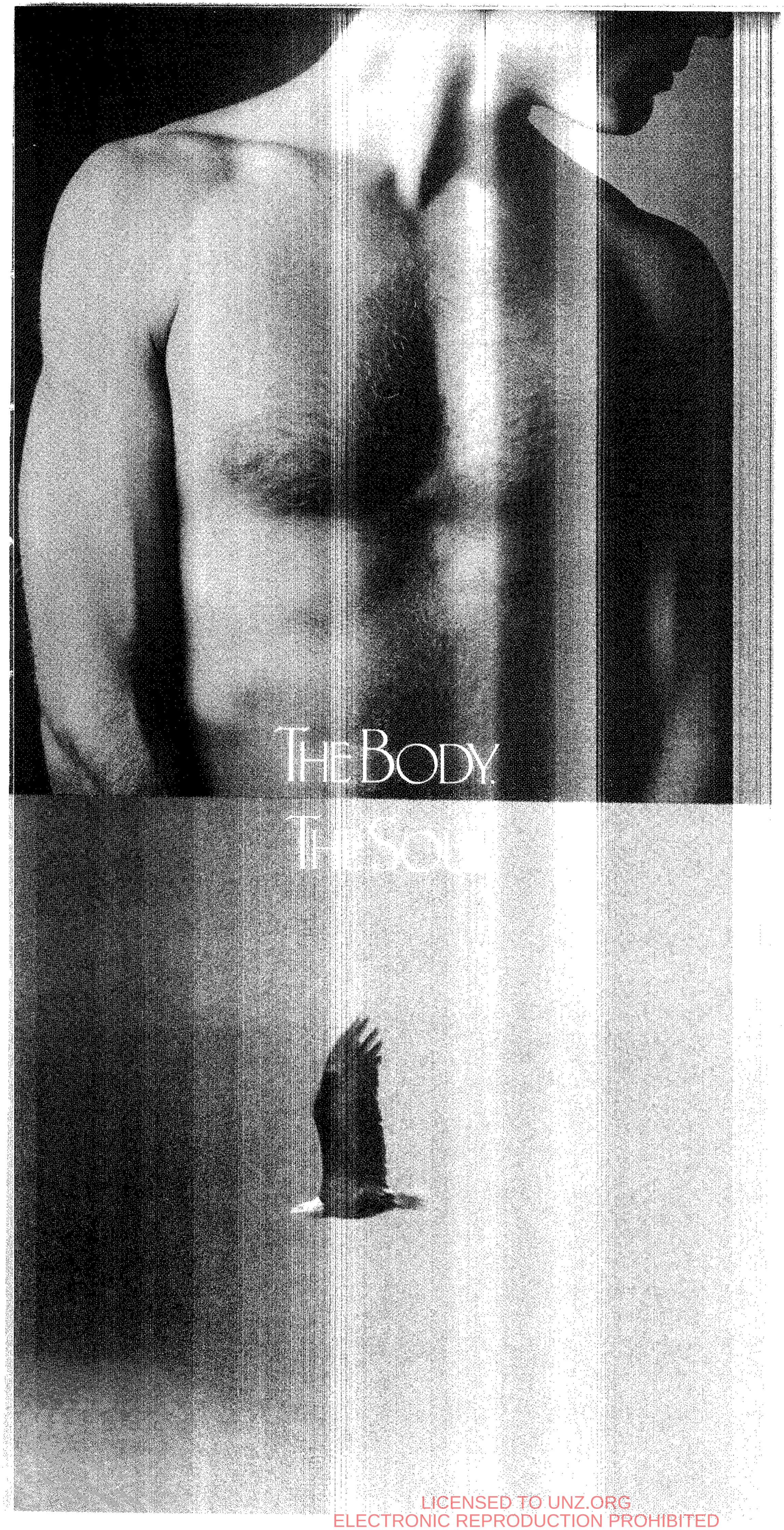
JUNE 4

IF he judges himself by the standards he set last year, Jimmy Carter must regard his four months of stewardship in domestic affairs as highly disappointing, even disillusioning. He still, according to the polls, enjoys the confidence of the electorate, but this doesn't seem to help much in his dealings with Congress, in generating public enthusiasm for his policies, or even in reaching a consensus within the Administration. He described his energy program as a moral equivalent of war and within a week was leading retreats on several fronts; what seems likely to remain of it in the end is some bureaucratic tidying up, tax incentives for home insulation, and those price increases which the corporate producers say are necessary as inducements for exploration and development of new fuel supplies. The President's plan to stimulate the economy yielded first to his acceptance of the judgment of some of his advisers that no stimulus was needed, and then to the fear that Congress is bent on overstimulating it and will force him, perhaps unavailingly, to use the veto power. He has deferred welfare reform, possibly until he has completed his term, and has decreed that any new system must cost not a dollar more than the present one, which means, among other things, that a city like New York can expect no further federal sharing of the costs of welfare. His proposals for simplifying registration and voting procedures, which two months ago seemed certain of adoption—if for no other reason than that they would work to the advantage of Democrats—have been withdrawn, as was his request for repeal of the Hatch Act of 1939, the law that prohibits political activity by most employees of the federal government. To be sure, he has got, or will soon get, some of what he has asked for. Some public-works and job-training programs have been funded, and others soon will be—conceivably in amounts that Carter will find excessive. A tax bill that will ease the burden on lower-income taxpayers has been passed. But these are measures that the Democratic majorities in the House and Senate would bestow on any President who wanted them, and might try to force on any President who didn't want them. And Congress has given Carter, as it gave several of his predecessors, a broad grant of authority to reorganize the executive branch as he sees fit—provided, of course, that what he wants gives no offense to either the House or the Senate. It is meeting his request for a Department of Energy, but if the House version prevails, the agency's charter will run for only five years, and in any case its head, presumably James Schlesinger, will be denied the right to set price levels on natural gas—a power that Carter considers essential to the functioning of the new agency.

Tension between the executive and the legislative branches is a constant and, within limits, desirable feature of our system, and no one really expected that it would disappear simply because, after eight years in which Republicans occupied the White House and Democrats controlled Congress, we have a Democratic President and an overwhelmingly Democratic Congress. Democratic Presidents, after all, gave us Vietnam, and the imperial Presidency did not begin with Richard Nixon, although under him abuses of the office took a quantum leap. But it did seem likely that Carter's election would break the stalemate that existed during Gerald Ford's tenure. Though on matters involving money Carter is a good deal more conservative than all but a few of the leaders in Congress, he shares most of their social aims, and while almost none of the Democrats elected last year are indebted to him politically—it is rather the other way around—they do have an interest in having him succeed, just as he has an interest in working with them to give the country effective national leadership. But stalemate is a reasonably descriptive term for the situation that now prevails, and responsibility for it seems to rest largely with the Administration. Though adroit in electoral politics, Carter has been unusually maladroit in the politics of negotiation and accommodation. Inexperience may account for some of his failures, but a certain insensitivity seems to be at the root of several of them. He had sound economic and environmental reasons for wanting to abandon most of the large-scale water projects under way in various parts of the country, but almost any novice in Washington—and, one would think, almost any novice in Georgia—could have told him that he had chosen the wrong way and the wrong time to make his feelings known. For many decades now, the people, with the possible exception of those in the Northeast, have considered huge dams and irrigation projects as necessary to economic development—sources of energy as valuable as any others, and as beneficial to the environment as the forests they so often flood. The politician who brings a dam to his district is as handsomely rewarded with votes as the one who, forty years ago, could claim credit for bringing in an electrification project. (This was how Lyndon Johnson began building his power base in Texas.) It may in time be possible to persuade people that many water projects nowadays are pork-barrel enterprises, on a par with shipyards producing obsolete naval vessels, but the effort would be a difficult one, and Carter, seeking to do by fiat what could only be done by education, accomplished nothing but the creation of needless antagonism among those who should have been allies.



The Carter people are blaming the difficulties they are having with the energy program on intensive lobbying by industry and by much of organized labor. This is part of the story, but hardly the whole of it. It was predictable that the oil and coal interests would oppose any kind of regulation, that the automobile manufacturers would resist anything they considered damaging to sales, that the affected unions would fight anything that seemed to threaten jobs, and that an annually escalating tax on gasoline would be welcomed by almost no one. But some of the lobbying against the program could have been offset if it had been so designed and presented as to produce counterpressures in its favor. Consumers and environmentalists maintain highly sophisticated and increasingly effective lobbies, and their assistance was needed if the effort was to have any chance of success. But they had little more use for the program than their adversaries had. It did not address itself to the need for mass transit as an alternative to the automobile; its conservation measures struck them as inadequate and its use of taxation as inequitable. Most of all, though, they had not been consulted on its planning and formulation. (This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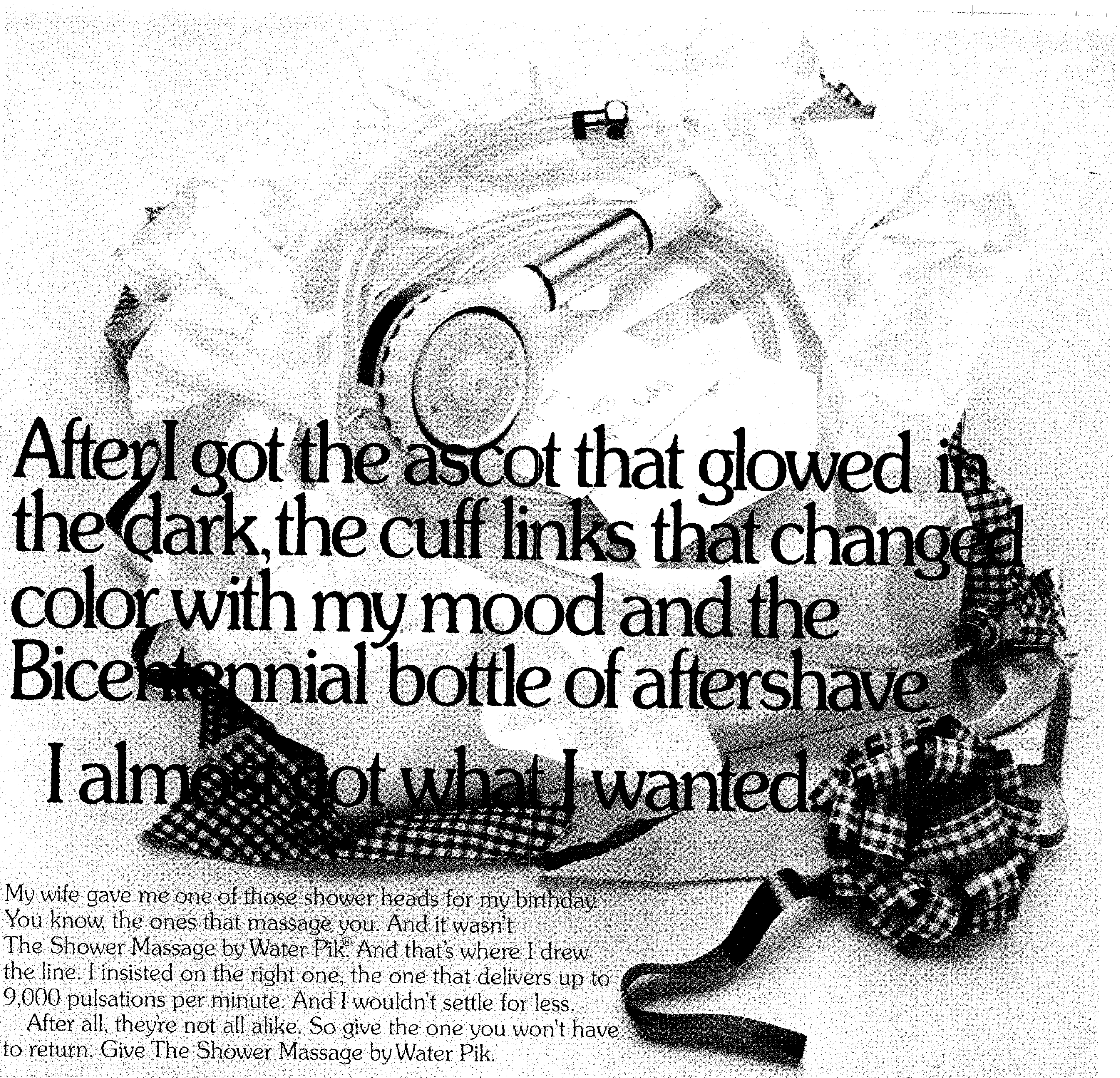

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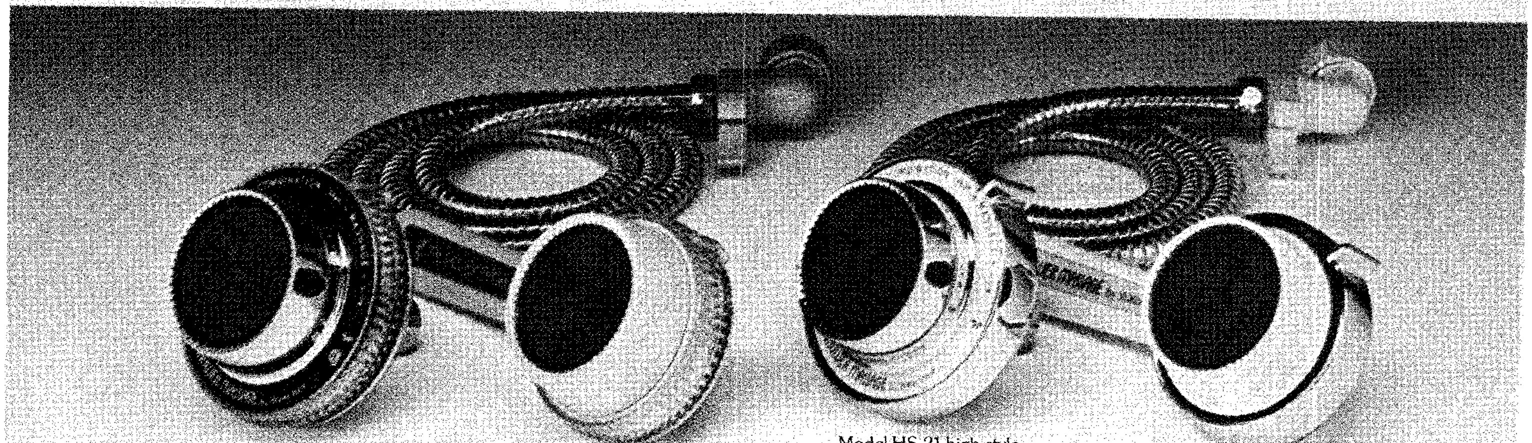

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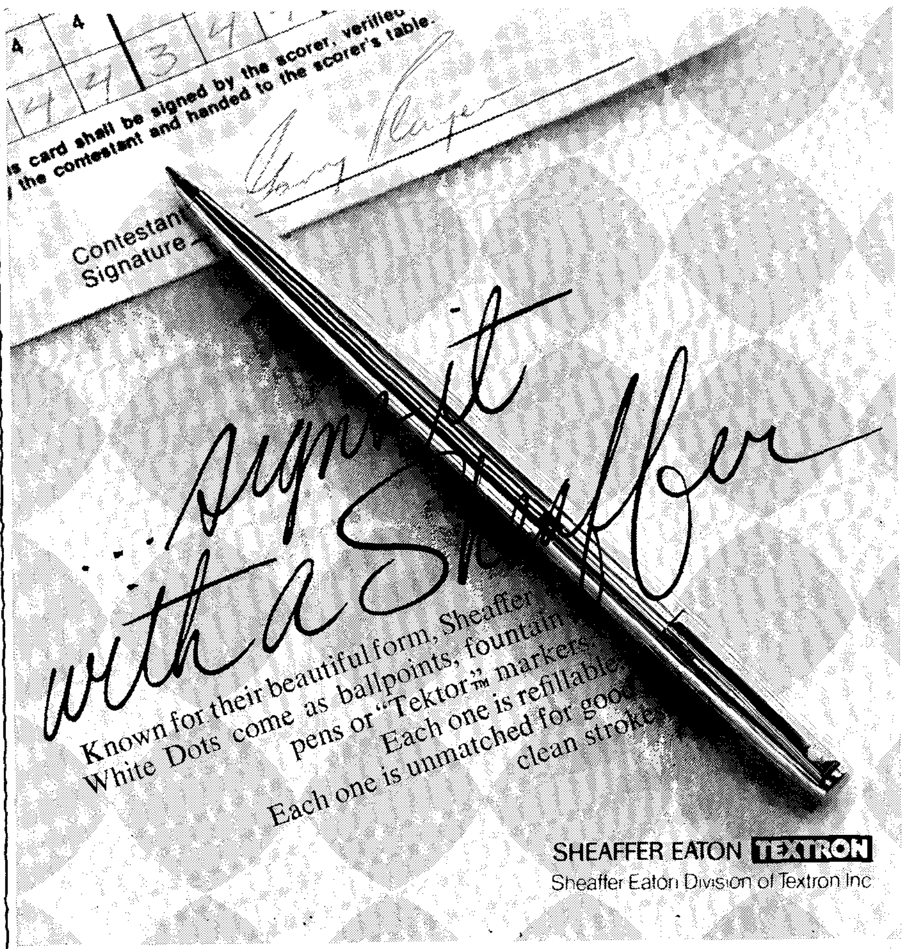
was a grievance shared by many in the Administration; the "package," as they call it, was almost completely assembled and wrapped by Carter and Schlesinger before the appropriate Cabinet members and the Council of Economic Advisers were brought into the discussion.) Had leaders of the consumer movement been involved at the beginning, the program might not have been much different in substance, but it might at least have reflected some of their concerns and been more appealing to their followers. As it is, the program has no real constituency, and this, indeed, seems to be the case with nearly all the Carter programs. Nothing he has thus far done or proposed has produced a public response that can be characterized as more than lackadaisical. There is little opposition to the measures he wants to take to curb inflation, and, in principle, none at all to his plans for balancing the budget, but nothing so far has produced any mobilization of support more impressive than that which greeted President Ford's WIN, or Whip Inflation Now, campaign of three years ago. No major interests opposed Carter's plans for electoral reform; on the contrary, the polls showed widespread public acceptance. But approval is one thing, support another. In the case of repealing the Hatch Act, the situation was somewhat different; by the very provisions of the law, the natural constituency for repeal could not, by law, be mobilized in its support. But other groups could have been rallied and were not—which may be a good thing, since a barely manageable bureaucracy might be altogether unmanageable if it organized itself as a political bloc.

Carter's troubles with Congress are largely attributable to his failure to learn that an activist President needs more than an electorate well disposed toward him and toward his long-term goals. He had this support when he took office, and he improved his standing with his frequent press conferences and other public appearances. But, except in that week in April that he devoted to alerting the country to the seriousness of the energy problem—an apparent failure, since a recent Gallup Poll showed that at least a third of the people believe that we still have enough oil to satisfy our requirements—he has dealt in the kind of generalities that characterized his campaign and has succeeded neither in instructing his followers nor in organizing them. But there is also an ideological aspect to his shortcomings as a leader in a government of divided powers. He is convinced that he has a mandate to



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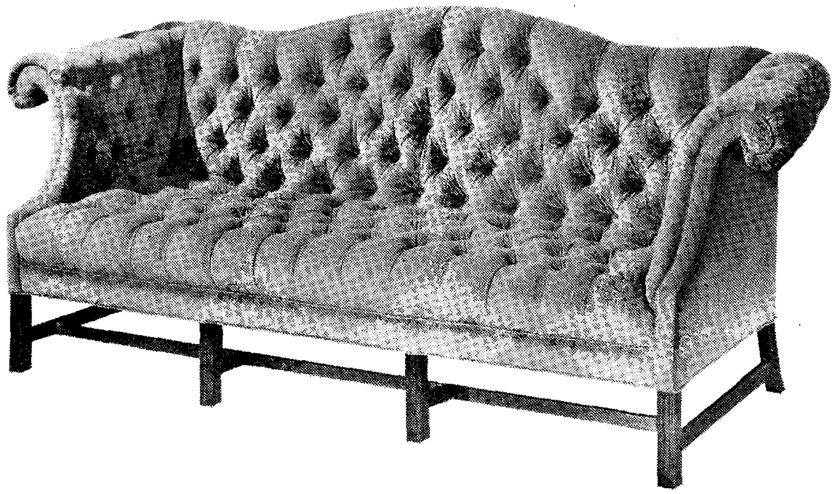
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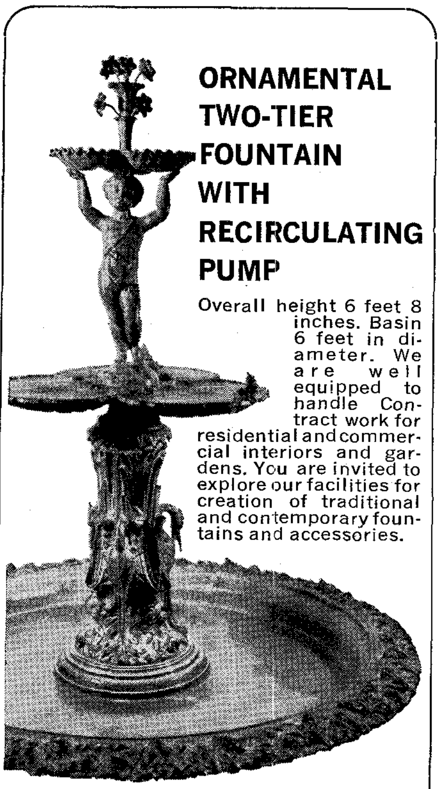
give the highest priority to fighting inflation and balancing the budget, and perhaps he is right. But the Democrats in Congress feel that they have a mandate to combat unemployment and a still sluggish economy, and perhaps they are right. The truth is that it is hard for anyone to draw any specific conclusions from last year's election. For one thing, it was almost too close to call in ideological terms, and for another Carter saw unemployment and inflation as equally abhorrent. The Democrats in Congress can argue that their mandate should have precedence, because most of them did much better at the polls than Carter, and the President can argue that he is the only one who took his case to the nation as a whole. In any event, it is clear that he intends to function as a conservative; that he attaches the utmost importance to winning the confidence of the business community, which in the main supported his opponent; and that, like Ford, he will tolerate what other Democrats consider an intolerable level of unemployment as long as that is required to keep down government expenditures. (Proponents of the other view hold that bringing down unemployment would, by increasing tax revenues and decreasing compensation benefits, be a sounder approach to budget balancing than cutbacks in government spending that may increase joblessness.) The political and economic difficulties of Carter's approach are most clearly apparent in his view of welfare reform. The cost in demoralization engendered by the present program—if so irrationally built a structure can be said to qualify as a program—is probably greater than its cost in money, but the financial cost is nevertheless staggering, and an obvious starting point, which Carter has frequently endorsed, is to put to work those recipients who are able to work. Opinions differ as to the number of those capable of work, but recent studies (particularly one by the Harvard-M.I.T. Joint Center for Urban Studies) show that most earlier estimates have been low, and that even among welfare mothers—generally considered to be the least willing to work—there is a majority eager to hold jobs. But Carter wants funding at no time to exceed the present level, and this means that unless the demand for labor soon exceeds the supply, there will be no program for employment of able-bodied welfare clients. The need is for jobs that do not now exist, and it will take an imaginative and—certainly at the outset—costly government program to create opportunities for welfare recipients to get off the rolls. A "reform"



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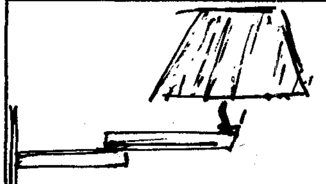

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that does not provide for this seems certain to perpetuate one of the gravest defects of the present system. And on this account it seems unlikely to become a rallying point in Congress—unless three or four years from now Congress is as conservative as Carter, which could turn out to be the case if he continues to enjoy public favor.

IN foreign affairs, the outlook is in some ways more promising and a good deal more interesting. It is more interesting because some of the players, notably Andrew Young and Walter Mondale, are more articulate—or it may simply be that they articulate more often—than their domestic counterparts and bring to American diplomacy a fresh and engaging, almost an exuberant, style. Moreover, though diplomacy is even more a game of tradeoffs than politics, it is generally less divisive, and can be conducted by the principals with little fear of retribution by the voters, though, of course, with some risk of reprimand by the President. But it is also a fact that Carter is bolder and more innovative in foreign than in domestic affairs. He has given new directions to policy in the Middle East and in southern Africa; they may not reduce the danger of war in either area, but most people think they are worth trying. He may get nowhere soon with his disarmament proposals—and they may in fact be, as the Russian leaders claim, inequitable—but most of them are negotiable, and they are at least proposals for genuine disarmament rather than for a continuing arms race legitimized by bilateral agreement. The President's trip to Europe, which in the days after his return seemed unproductive except in terms of social summitry, now appears to have advanced one of his principal aims, which is to stop the export of plutonium technology to non-nuclear nations. The French, it now seems, are having second thoughts about providing Pakistan with a plant that could produce the basic ingredients for nuclear bombs and are slowing down delivery of its components, which suggests that they are ready to abandon the plan. (Last year, they were ready to sell to any buyer, but they decided that this was a dangerous course and cut off every customer except Pakistan.) There is as yet no sign that West Germany is reconsidering its deal with Brazil for a similar plant, but if the French, whose economy is a good deal shakier than that of the Germans, get out of the business, the Germans will find themselves under heavy pressure to do the same. Making the extension of human rights a goal of for-

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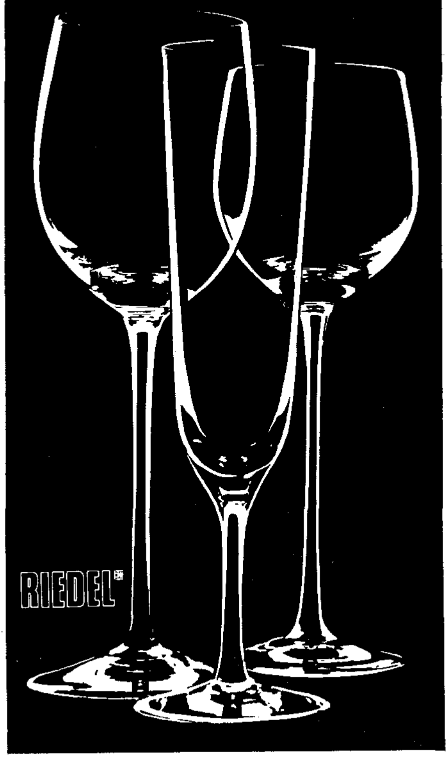
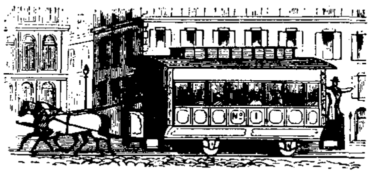


eign policy has as yet produced no lessening of human wrongs—though President Marcos of the Philippines, apparently in response to Carter's admonitions, announced once again that his country would have elections and a free press in an unspecified future—and it seems certain that some harsh words will be spoken when the signatories to the 1975 Helsinki agreements meet in Belgrade later in the month, but it is unlikely that this kind of confrontation will have much effect on disarmament negotiations.

Carter's recent speech on foreign policy at Notre Dame was hardly a model of lucidity or logic, but it was an exercise in establishing new perspectives on the American role in the world. Containment in and of itself, the President seemed to be saying, is a sterile basis for the policy of a great power, and a shared anti-Communism is a poor foundation for a global system of alliances, particularly when it leads to alignments with foreign leaders who fear democracy as much as they fear Communism. Containment and anti-Communism will, of course, continue to be our policy, especially in Europe, though we will not assume that all is lost if Communist Parties share power in France or Italy. Our efforts to reach disarmament agreements with the Soviet Union will be accompanied by attempts to reduce the inventories of arms throughout the world. (This could be even more difficult than bilateral disarmament, for while it is at least theoretically possible to control our own exporters of munitions, doing so would open tempting markets to other industrial powers. Success might mean little more than a change in trading patterns and a lessening of American influence over our former client states.) But there are new departures in more than rhetoric and heightened aspirations. Carter is determined to begin the withdrawal of American ground forces from South Korea, where we have put in twenty-six years and billions of dollars manning the northern frontier and training the armed services of our ally to resist invasion. We will not—not yet, anyway—give direct economic assistance to Vietnam, but we will not deny it membership in the United Nations, and we will negotiate trade agreements and in time, it seems certain, recognition. We have already reached some maritime agreements with Cuba, and there is soon to be an exchange of diplomats—not of ambassadorial rank or authority but people nevertheless accredited to represent their governments—between Havana and Washington. (The Cuban mission here will



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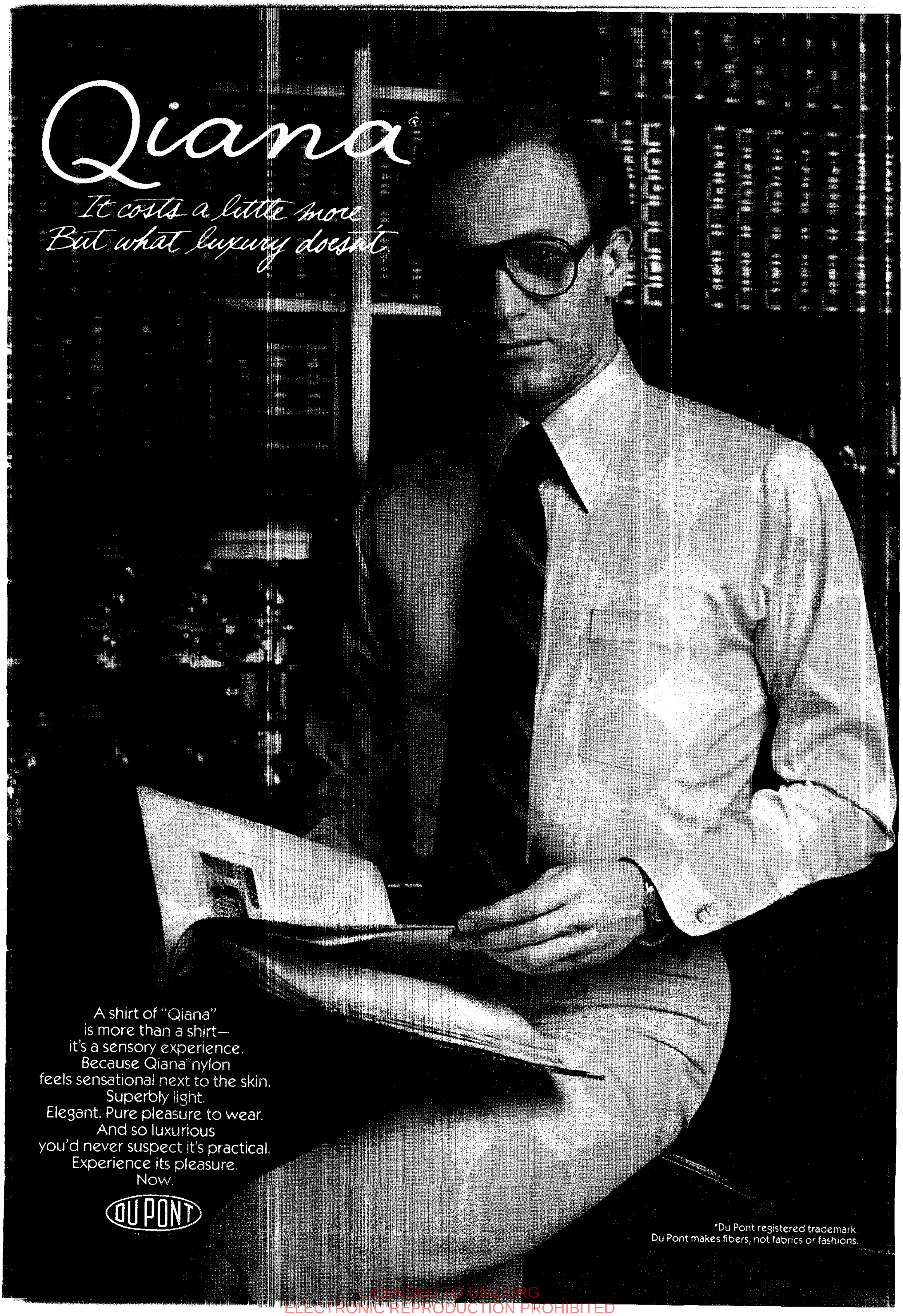
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be attached to the Czechoslovakian Embassy and the Americans there to the Swiss Embassy.) Presumably, the discussions will involve the Cuban presence in Africa, compensation for seized American properties, and American prisoners in Cuban jails—of whom ten, Havana has announced, are about to be released, while the cases of the remaining twenty are to be reviewed. As for the Cubans in Africa, no one here is sure how many there are or where they are (outside of Angola) or what they are doing. But, with our own record of heavy military intervention around the world, we are in a poor position to be self-righteous about the matter. We have not engaged our forces in any African wars, but we have had large training missions in some of the countries where the Cubans are now said to be, and so have many of our closest allies. If it should turn out that Cuban troops are active in anything more than training missions, American opinion would no doubt balk at a resumption of full relations, and Havana—in consultation with Moscow, which is subsidizing both Fidel Castro's economy and his troops overseas—would have to choose between American recognition and the dubious proposition that Cuba can do much to influence the course of events over a vast continent on which ideological battles are rarely fought and never won. It is no sure thing that national interest would dictate a withdrawal at the expense of national pride; indeed, the major pressure for reconciliation might come from Moscow, which is getting very little return on its Cuban investments. But Carter, by his willingness to try now to end a sixteen-year-old hostility that is as indefensible as some of our alliances, is the first President in recent times to recognize the existence of a large element of hypocrisy in American foreign policy.

—RICHARD ROVERE

•

During the reception in the Free Library, Mrs. E. Shirley Turner (left) talks with Mr. and Mrs. Joseph S. Rambo. Mrs. Turner, here from Virginia, is a cousin of Princess Grace. Mr. and Mrs. Rambo are friends.—*Photograph caption in the Philadelphia Inquirer.*

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BOOKS

Fighting All the Way

JULIAN GRENFELL was a handsome young cavalry officer who became fixed in the minds of a whole generation in England as a soldier-poet of the First World War on the strength of one much anthologized poem. "Into Battle" remained his only widely known work, preceded and followed by nothing. It was published in *The Times* in May, 1915, the morning after he died in a hospital in Boulogne, aged twenty-seven, of a shell splinter in the head. His mother, Lady Desborough, had sent it to the editor. Without these emotional circumstances it might never have achieved its fame.

> The naked earth is warm with spring,
> And with green grass and bursting
> trees
> Leans to the sun's kiss glorying,
> And quivers in the loving breeze;
> And Life is Colour and Warmth and
> Light
> And a striving evermore for these;
> And he is dead who will not fight;
> And who dies fighting has increase...

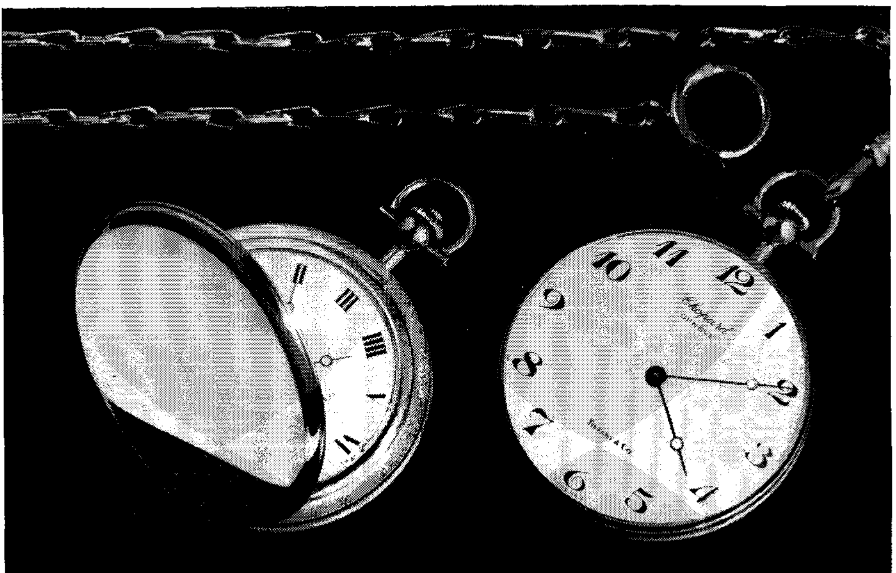
Fashions in writing about war and the pity of war change. Grenfell is remembered vaguely, if at all, as one of the particularly gifted, glittering band of aristocratic young men who were wiped out in the slaughter. Now a biography, "Julian Grenfell: His Life and the Times of His Death," by Nicholas Mosley (Holt, Rinehart & Winston), gives us the unexpected but more interesting picture of an introspective, often tormented being who was thinking his way out of the dilemma of being born a nonconformist into a society he found shallow, false, and infinitely boring. He was the eldest son of Willy and Ettie Grenfell. (His father was raised to the peerage in 1905 as the first and, as it turned out, the last Lord Desborough; Julian's younger, and perhaps more brilliant, brother Billy was killed near Ypres, and the youngest son, Ivo, died after a motor accident in 1926.) Julian followed the prescribed path of Eton, Balliol, and the Army. It was taken for granted by the family that soldiering would be his profession. Later on, his sudden, quite serious announcement that he wanted to throw it up, go to Paris, and study painting was dismissed, according to his mother's memory, as a ridiculous joke. When war broke out, he was a subaltern in the Royal Dragoons, having done spells of service in India, which he loved, and South Africa, which he hated.

Mr. Mosley has every qualification to write about Julian's world. He is a grandson of Lord Curzon, who, as a rising young politician in the nineties, was one of Ettie Grenfell's train of ardent (though in this case amusingly shrewd) admirers. Mr. Mosley's first wife was Ettie's granddaughter, and he knew Ettie in her old age, when she lived alone in an enormous, battlemented house, Panshanger, in Hertfordshire, which she had inherited, with a fortune, from an aunt in 1913. "Did you ever get the misgiving that big houses are a thing of the past?" Julian wrote prophetically to her when he heard of the legacy. She lived on there, nevertheless, until she died, in 1952, aged eighty-four. Her family papers were made available to Mr. Mosley after the death of Julian's last surviving sister. They were disconcertingly abundant. Ettie's generation tore up reluctantly. Even after destroying some of the perhaps too intimate letters—rereading them in a train and scattering the shreds out the window; it was "terribly like tearing up life," she wrote to a friend—she had preserved many thousands of them, neatly sorted and dated, as though waiting for a biographer. There were the journals she had kept from girlhood ("A *lovely* perfect ripping ball!"), newspaper clippings, household accounts, and family memoranda of all kinds. Mr. Mosley has plainly been loath to omit too much from the fascinating hoard, and the reader may occasionally wish that the recall had been less total. His account of the political and social events that led up to 1914 and were the beginning of the end for the Grenfells' ruling class is absorbing but somewhat slowed down by frequent pauses for psychological interpretation of the actors in what he compares often with Greek tragedy. The portrait of Julian that is finally allowed to emerge is of a brave, intelligent, and highly original young man. His mother is as hard a woman to stand up to in print as she was in life, however, and the extraordinary spell that she seemed able to cast on every man she met makes it a little uncertain at times whose biography Mr. Mosley is writing.

In the early days of their marriage, the Grenfells were enthusiastic members of the Souls, the unsuitably named coterie of worldlings—they included Arthur Balfour, who later became Prime Minister; George Curzon; Margot Tennant and her future husband, Herbert Asquith—who frequented the same country houses, where they discussed literature and politics, played pencil-and-paper games after dinner to show off their wit, and flirted. One wonders how Willy Grenfell kept up his end in these amusements. He was a good and engagingly simple

man, who excelled in all sports and was continually absent from home, shooting quantities of everything from pheasants to elephants. Ettie Grenfell was well up to it all. She was clever, enigmatically pretty, a seemingly model and affectionate wife, a devoted mother to her five children, and a Belle Dame Sans Merci whose captives sometimes remained enslaved all their lives. The young Guards officers in barracks at Windsor joked that their horses automatically turned their heads toward Taplow Court, the Grenfells' hideous red brick house above the Thames. Julian, a small boy watching the weekend arrival of his mother's adoring friends—male and female, for Ettie's enchantment worked as well on women as on their husbands—observed morosely that "company is beastible." It was his first recorded revolt against her sort of life, which he fought to the end of his own.

Mr. Mosley makes much of the chronicle of Ettie's lovers whose letters escaped being thrown out the train window. He debates whether the word "lover" implies the right true end of love or whether the passion was more or less literary. It certainly was in the case of Maurice Baring, who was perhaps thinking of Ettie in his novel "C," when he portrayed an irresistible married siren who cleverly manages to keep her position in society. He wrote delightful letters to her, but one recalls Edmund Wilson's observation that "in Baring's novels nobody pounces . . . nor would the ladies allow themselves to be pounced upon any more than the lovers would be capable of pouncing." The style of her other enamored correspondents is mostly high-flown, not to say ponderous. "Dear invisible loadstar and inapproachable star of my soul's magnetic needle" is a sample from George Wyndham, who wrote poems to her from the House of Commons and was to become Irish Secretary. Only George Curzon is a more down-to-earth pouncer, writing from his travels to remind her nostalgically of an amorous skirmish "on a blood-red sofa in front of the fire—oh would god there were a fire now and a sofa for you and me!" Mr. Mosley comes to the conclusion that at least one or two of Ettie's affairs were sexual and serious. The task of unravelling the relationships was complicated sometimes by one letter writer's device of referring to a mythical third person with whom he was in love, which was supposed to provide a coverup for arrangements to meet: "Would you also be very kind and ask C. if ever you are writing whether there would be any



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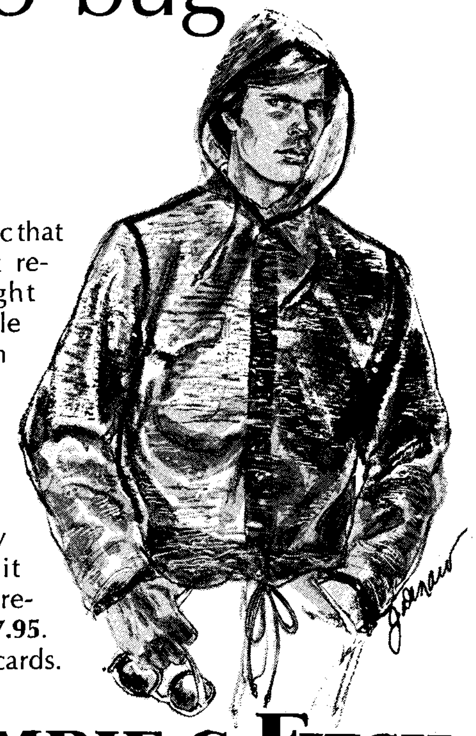

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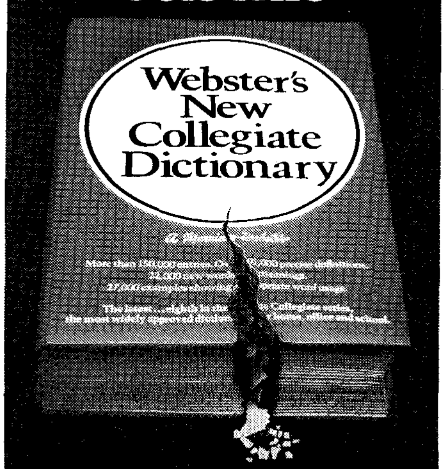

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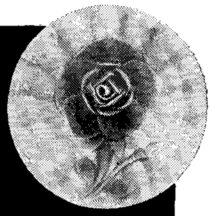

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chance of seeing her on the 31st in London? Because I *know* that I *cannot* be a fortnight without seeing her darling face." Even a preoccupied husband should have had no difficulty in cracking the code.

What did Julian, as a child, make of the perpetual discreet presence of certain men friends around his passionately loved mother, while his father removed himself cheerfully to kill still more animals and birds? Mr. Mosley thinks that a good deal probably filtered through the muffling baize-covered door of the Taplow nurseries, as adult complexities appeared obscurely to Henry James's Maisie. In this wealthy Edwardian world, "children were bemused not so much by grown-ups' lack of morals as by their inability to think of anything being real except the fantasies about keeping each other in thrall." In short, by its stupefying boredom. Julian seemed to fit into it well enough at first, as he grew up. In his friends' memories after his death he appears as a splendid physical creature, a happy companion who, in the words of an Oxford contemporary, Sir Lawrence Jones, "rowed, and he hunted; and he read, and he roared with laughter, and . . . boxed all the local champions; capped poetry with the most precious of the dons, and charmed everybody from the Master of Balliol to the ostlers at the Randolph." Ettie could approve everything in this picture of brilliant social success.

But under the brightness was an increasingly critical and questioning observer of her double standards and her wiles—an essential solitary who despised Willy's large, organized pheasant shoots and was happiest going out alone with a gun or a fishing rod and his dogs. Until he left England, Julian and Ettie fought continually and bitterly over her philistine caste notions. She tried to make him feel guilty by accusing him of not loving her enough, and he refused to feel guilty. He refused, too, to go to her smart parties, and he tried to strike out now and then by mixing with sporting low life in Brighton pubs or paying rather pathetically awestruck visits to the grubby Soho studio of some "artist" acquaintance. He fell in love with Marjorie Manners, one of the beautiful Rutland sisters, but his mother could not tolerate that sort of competition, and Taplow was implacably barred to her. Nothing more could come of it, for unmarried girls of good family did not have experimental erotic adventures; in fashionable circles, these were the accepted prerogative of the matron. Writing to a friend a gay description of

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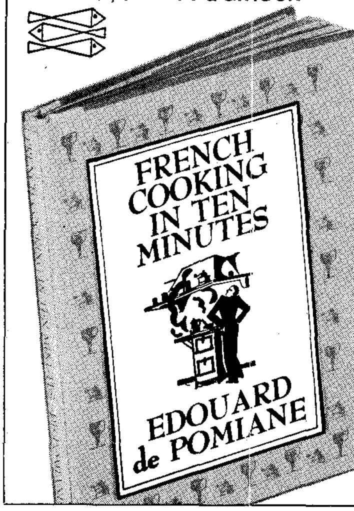

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a houseparty "teeming with Balliol boys," which she and her daughter had found "the utmost fun," Ettie added demurely, "I exploited all the fragments cast to Mothers." She was about to exploit another: a new adorer only three years older than her eldest son. In her middle age, she turned more to younger admirers who were extravagantly flattering, uncritical, sunny-natured—everything she could not force Julian to be. It seemed to be the last straw for him. Ever since Eton, he had been troubled by attacks of psychosomatic illness. Now, aged twenty-one and reading for Greats at Oxford, he wrote a series of seven remarkable philosophical essays—their revealing titles included "On Conventionalism," "Sport," "On Calling Names by Their Right Things," and "Divided Ideals"—which put forward his ideas of what the good life might be and attacked the pretenses of a society that he detested. His family and friends were embarrassed and nonplussed by the work, and the two editors to whom parts of it were sent (one was the editor of *Punch*—a peculiar choice) rejected it. The typescript languished in a tin trunk until Mr. Mosley unearthed it, sixty-five years later. All the frustration and the anger in Julian's mind exploded in a severe nervous breakdown, during which he had melancholy thoughts of suicide. His dogged fight back to health was helped along by an at last complete love affair with a married woman. Ettie might rage, but this time it was in the Queensberry rules; she could not object. Then, with relief, he got away into the Army and to India, where he began to write poetry.

For the rest of his life, the tension of its central mother-son relationship was more relaxed. He still continued the battle at a distance, furiously deriding Ettie's appointment as Lady of the Bedchamber in Waiting to Queen Mary (whose court was the ultimate in respectability, be it noted) and her schemes to get one of his sisters married into the peerage. When war broke out, everything seemed suddenly to be back in the days before he and Ettie were enemies. In the family journal that she had always kept, and that was circulated among friends after her sons were killed, she quoted a letter Julian had written about their last afternoon walk on the downs near his camp on Salisbury Plain, just before he sailed for France. "Did you love our day on the hill tops? . . . I have never been so much in love with any woman as I have been and always shall be with you." Mr. Mosley points out that the original

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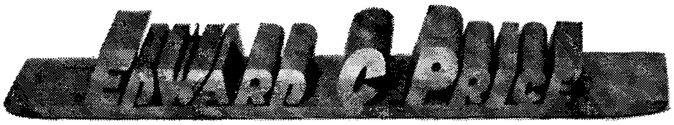

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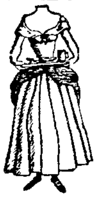

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is not among Julian's carefully preserved letters, and that its style is suspiciously like the comforting lines that Ettie sometimes added when transcribing the letters into the journal.

War was the biggest relief of all—the ultimate simplification for this confused, lonely young man, who appeared to others to be so lovable, and in whose violently active frame there seemed to be a poet trying to get out. "We've had it pretty hot this last day or two," he wrote to his mother from the first battle of Ypres. "I've never been so fit or nearly so happy in my life before; I adore the fighting and the continual interest which compensates for every disadvantage. . . . No one grumbles at one for being dirty. I've only had my boots off once in the last ten days and only washed twice." It was still war recognizably in the old pattern, before the mechanized holocaust began. When he returned from leave, he brought back his three greyhounds and boarded them with a friendly woman on a farm. He won the D.S.O. for the solitary stalking and shooting of three German snipers, entered laconically in his peacetime game book as though they were partridges. Killing—of birds, of beasts, of England's enemies—had, after all, always been the poetry of the Grenfell world. He wrote in his diary, which was in a lower key than his letters home, "Plato's idea of happiness realised—no personal property or ties, just as ready to move or to stay." A few days later, he was hit by a shell when he was reconnoitring a hill to find out if the Germans were advancing on his division's flank. He took thirteen days to die, surrounded by his family.

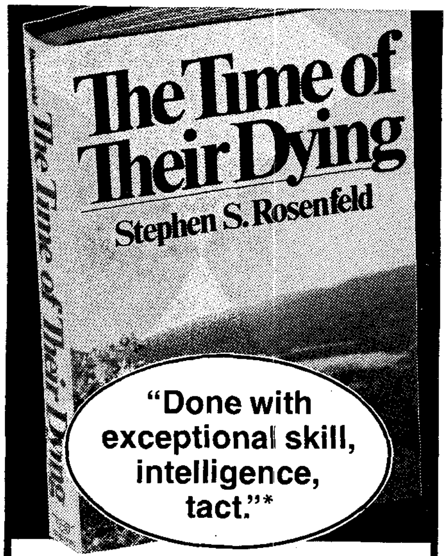
Willy explained to strangers who wrote asking what his son had written besides "Into Battle," "He did not look on himself as a poet, but essentially as a fighting man, boxer, steeplechase rider, and lover of animals" who scribbled verses from time to time and often threw them away. "Whether he would have taken up writing seriously when he grew older and less absorbed in outdoor pursuits it is impossible to say." Or he might have ended as a Socialist peer, voting with his party in the House of Lords to dismantle still further Ettie's and Willy's way of life, which he had hated. Instead, he moved on, and without doubt he was ready.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

GOING BLIND, by Jonathan Penner (Simon & Schuster; $7.95). The title of this impressive first novel



THE author's description of the death of both his parents is "an evocation of what this country, at its best, is all about; a celebration of stable, intact family life; and not least, a touching psychological and moral document."
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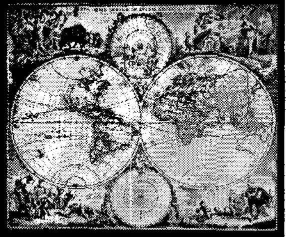

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means exactly what it says. Paul Held, an assistant professor of medieval literature at a New York university, suffers the loss of an eye in an automobile accident, and then the other eye, afflicted with a condition known as sympathetic ophthalmia, begins to dim. But Held is threatened by more than blindness: he is up for tenure at the university, and he is in reciprocated love with the widow of an old friend recently dead of a creeping cancer—and he is fearful that disclosure of his impending blindness will lose him both his job and his girl. He attempts to disguise his state. Mr. Penner gives us here a truly virtuoso performance: a shattering depiction of the dimming and dying of vision, a dramatic struggle of deception, a touching love story. And, for overflowing good measure, he writes with elegance and wit and precision.

GENERAL

A RUMOR OF WAR, by Philip Caputo (Holt, Rinehart & Winston; $10). The combat recollections of a very young Marine officer in Vietnam in 1965 and 1966. Caputo later became a newspaperman and, as this book attests, an extremely good writer. He remembers himself as a patriotic youngster, eager to prove his manhood, and then, in simple, intelligent, and graphic prose, he takes us through his step-by-step discovery that war and manhood and their interrelation are more complicated than he had dreamed. His experiences were wider than he had expected—from pity to terror—so that his compassion for every victim, including enemies, was offset by the sort of panicky rage that leads to atrocities. The land itself began to seem hostile, and so, in action, the author found himself questioning the premise of his mission: he no longer believed that the Marines, or the United States, were fighting *for* anything. A Book-of-the-Month Club selection.

UNFINISHED JOURNEY, by Yehudi Menuhin (Knopf; $12.50). The famous violinist's beguiling autobiography is all about love and learning. Menuhin, who was born in New York in 1916, made his professional début in Oakland in 1924; an instinctive violinist, he had a succession of great teachers—Persinger, Enesco, Adolf Busch—who knew just how much they should teach him, and by himself he gradually found out what he was doing and why. His recollections of those men are warm,

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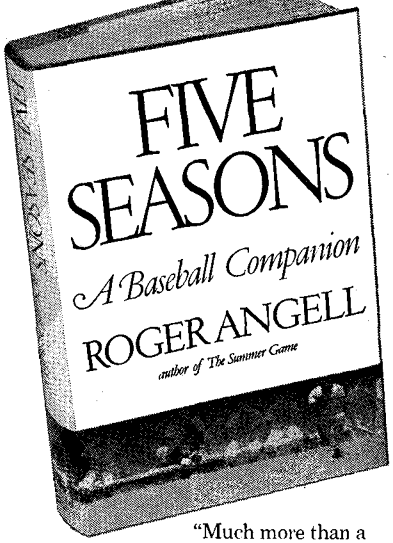

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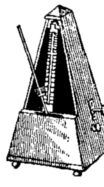

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vivid, and exact. Indeed, one of the book's great assets is Menuhin's capacity to discriminate among different kinds of excellence: the reader does not merely meet a lot of celebrities but understands why, say, Bruno Walter was so great an accompanist and why nobody has successfully copied Toscanini. Menuhin's life has had spells of tragedy and bewilderment—his sister Hephzibah, who often performed at the piano with him, speaks of the "lack of contact with life as it is generally lived" in their art-dominated childhoods. But then we are back in the light as the author overcomes overprotection with the help of a happy marriage, by serving causes (amnesty, ecology), by founding a music school, and by evangelizing for all kinds of music—the standard Western concert repertoire, modern music, Indian music, jazz.

The Life Science: Current Ideas of Biology, by P. B. and J. S. Medawar (Harper & Row; $8.95). Sir Peter and Lady Medawar are extremely distinguished biologists (he won the Nobel Prize in physiology and medicine in 1960), and they write marvellously well. The effect of this brief book, which ranges over all of modern biology, is like dropping in at some dazzlingly brilliant literary salon. Each page scintillates with wit, some of it acidulous. The Medawars have no use for the fashionable modern melancholy that afflicts many popular writers on biology. We have ourselves manufactured whatever soup we find ourselves floundering in, they feel, and we have—or should have—the ability to extricate ourselves from it. The language of the book is fairly technical, but a long glossary at the end will enable most readers to follow along.

•

John Sherwood whose farm lies just east of Warnerville Hill road told The Times-Journal that Charles Ingraham, the mail carrier, spied a bear crossing John's property Friday a short distance above Charles Phelan's farm, stopping at the next house to tell John Snellbaker.—*Cobleskill (N.Y.) Times-Journal.*

It's not every bear that'll go to the trouble.

•

CORRECTIONS

JULIA CHILD—In some editions yesterday, the ingredients for Duxelles included "2 tablespoons liquor." It should have read "2 tablespoons flour."—*The Post.*

Maybe so, but it was delicious.

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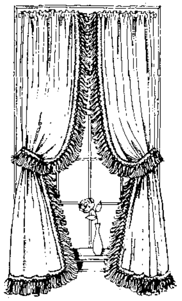

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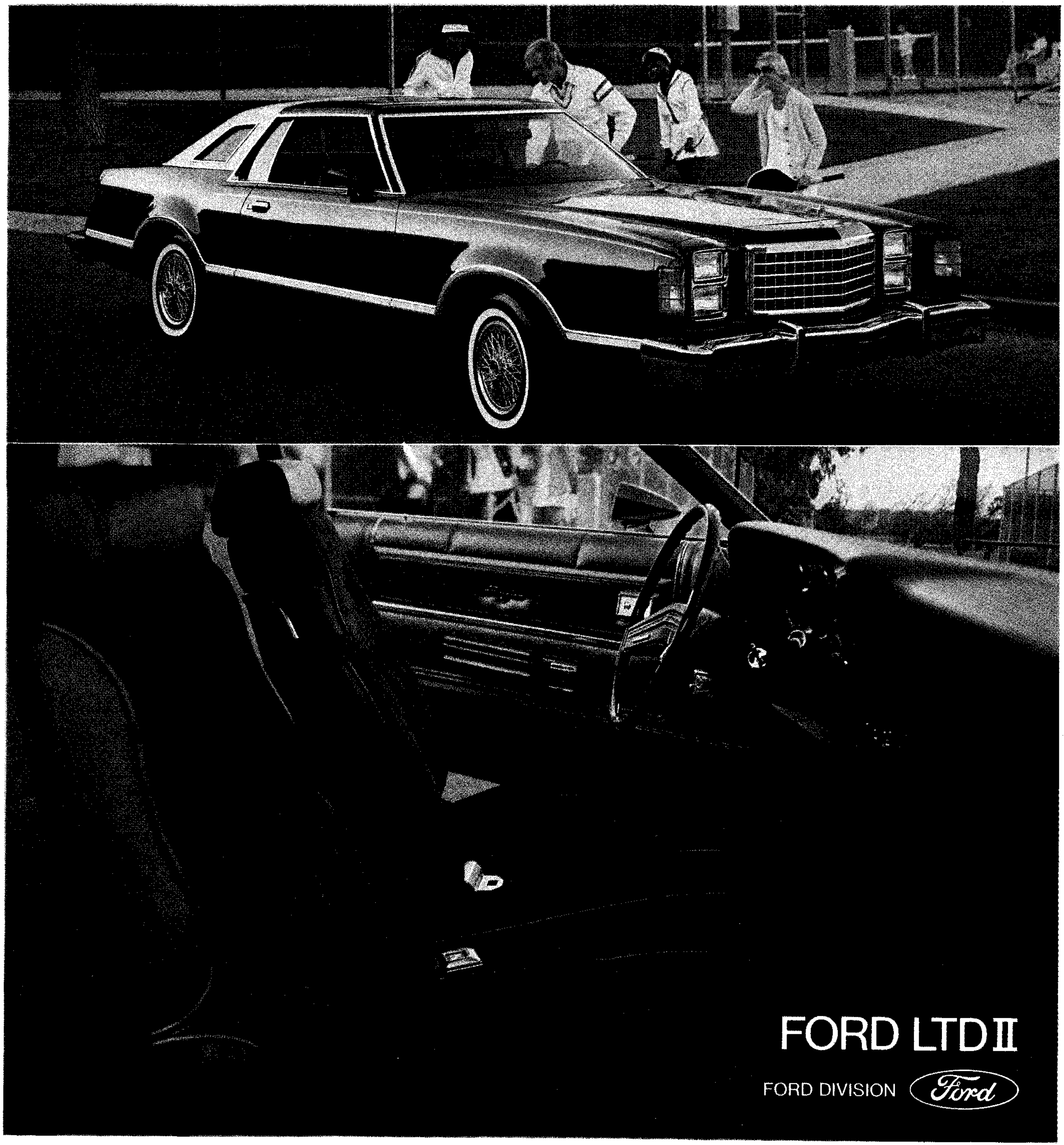

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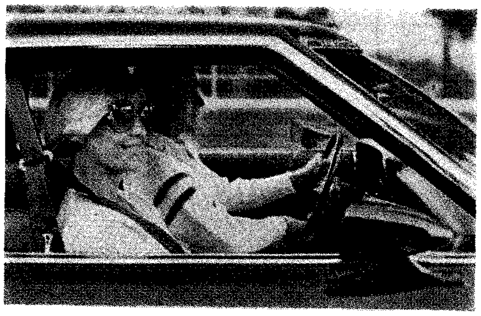

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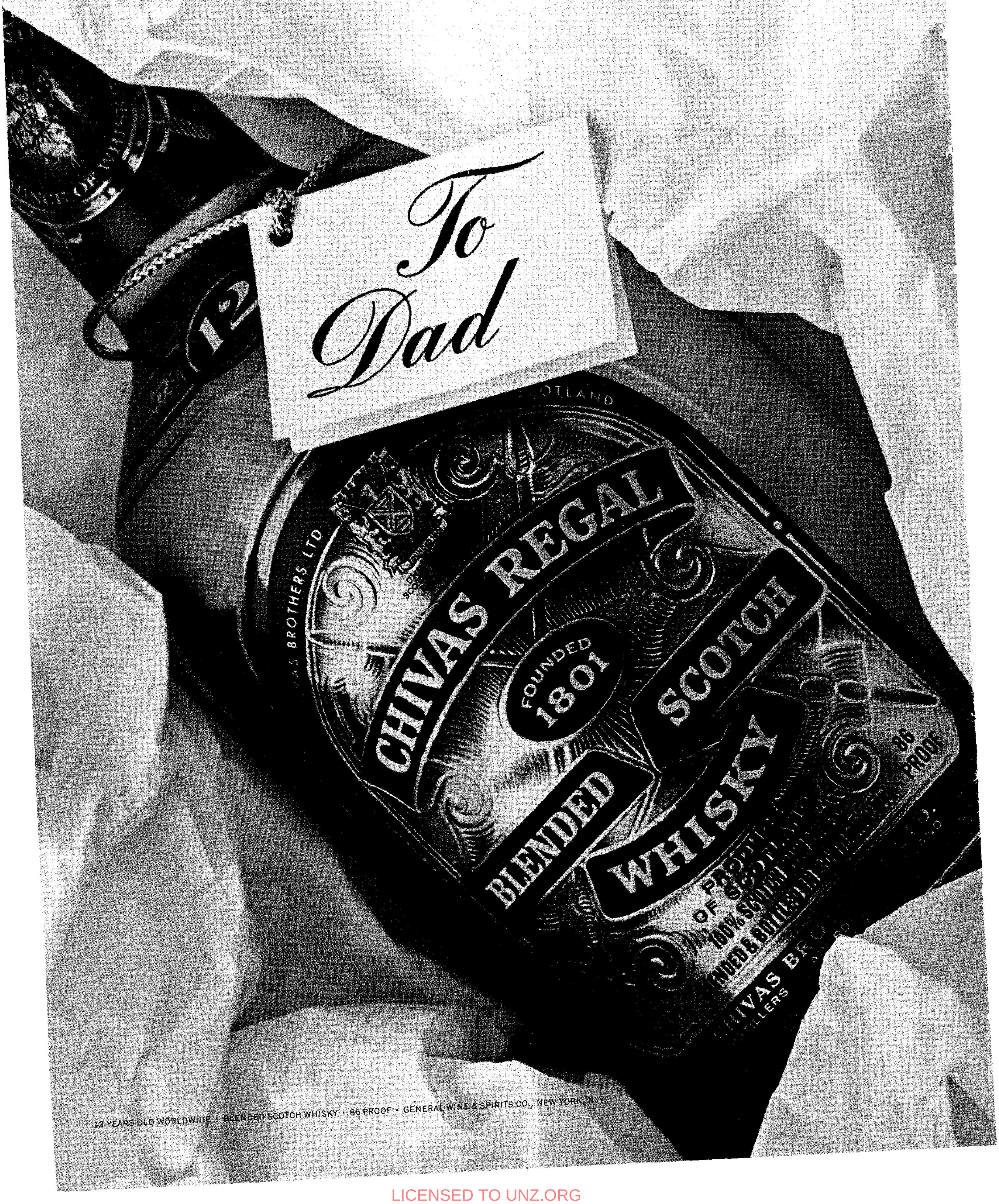
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